Collier's

DECEMBER 21, 1946

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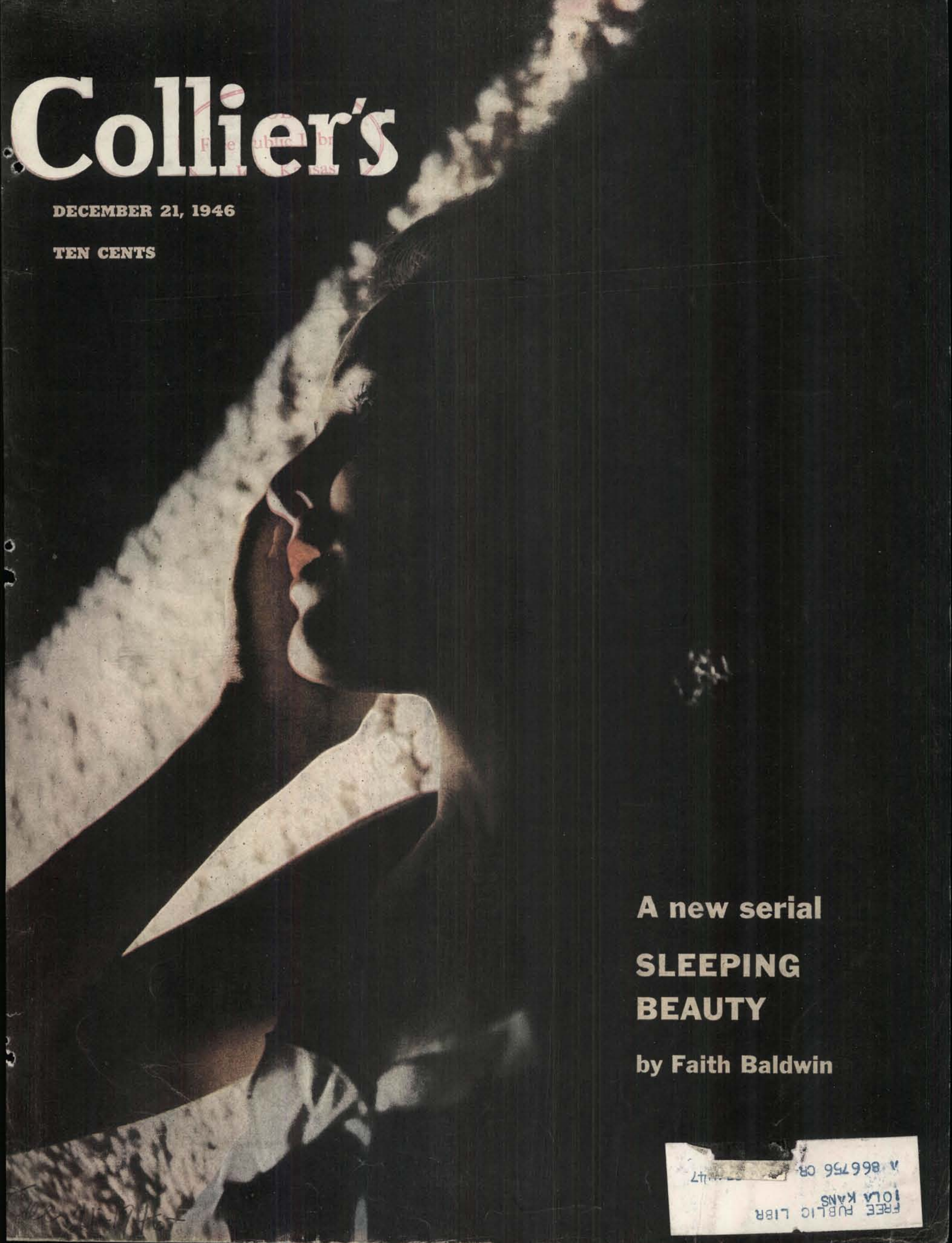

A new serial

SLEEPING BEAUTY

by Faith Baldwin

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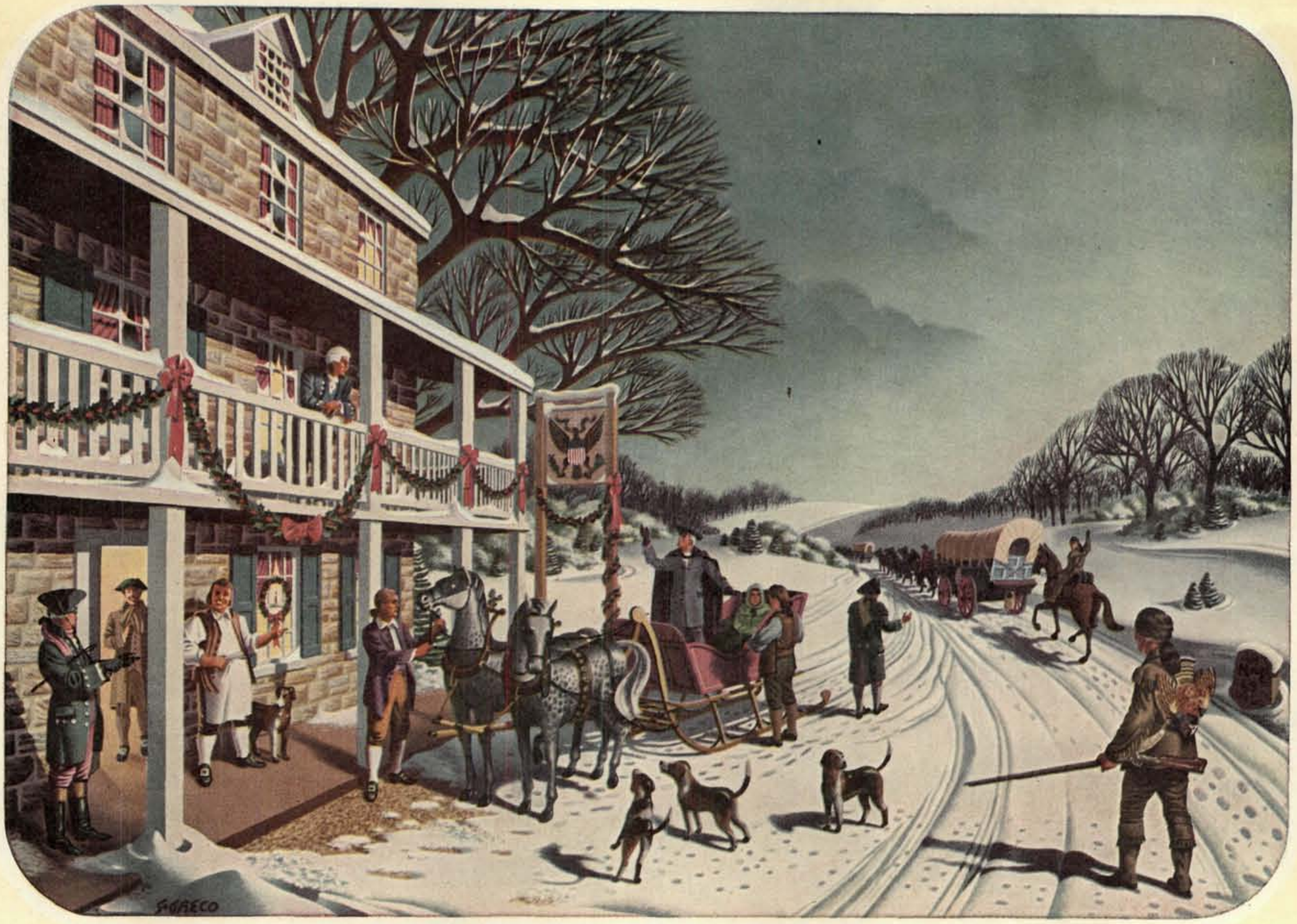


THE SPREAD EAGLE INN, STAGE HOUSE ON OLD LANCASTER ROAD, PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT 1796.*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"We observed several curious tavern signs in Philadelphia, and on the roadside . . . The most common signs are eagles, heads of public characters, Indian kings, etc."

. . . FROM REMARKS OF A VISITING ENGLISHMAN

Fortunate were the travelers who broke their rugged journeys at wayside inns to enjoy the legendary hospitality of Colonial Philadelphia. Such feasting set an enviable standard throughout the Colonies, a tradition eminently sustained today by Philadelphia Blend . . . The Heritage Whisky. Warm, cherishing, agreeably mild . . . here is whisky so precious you might serve it only on special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia . . . regularly and often.

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

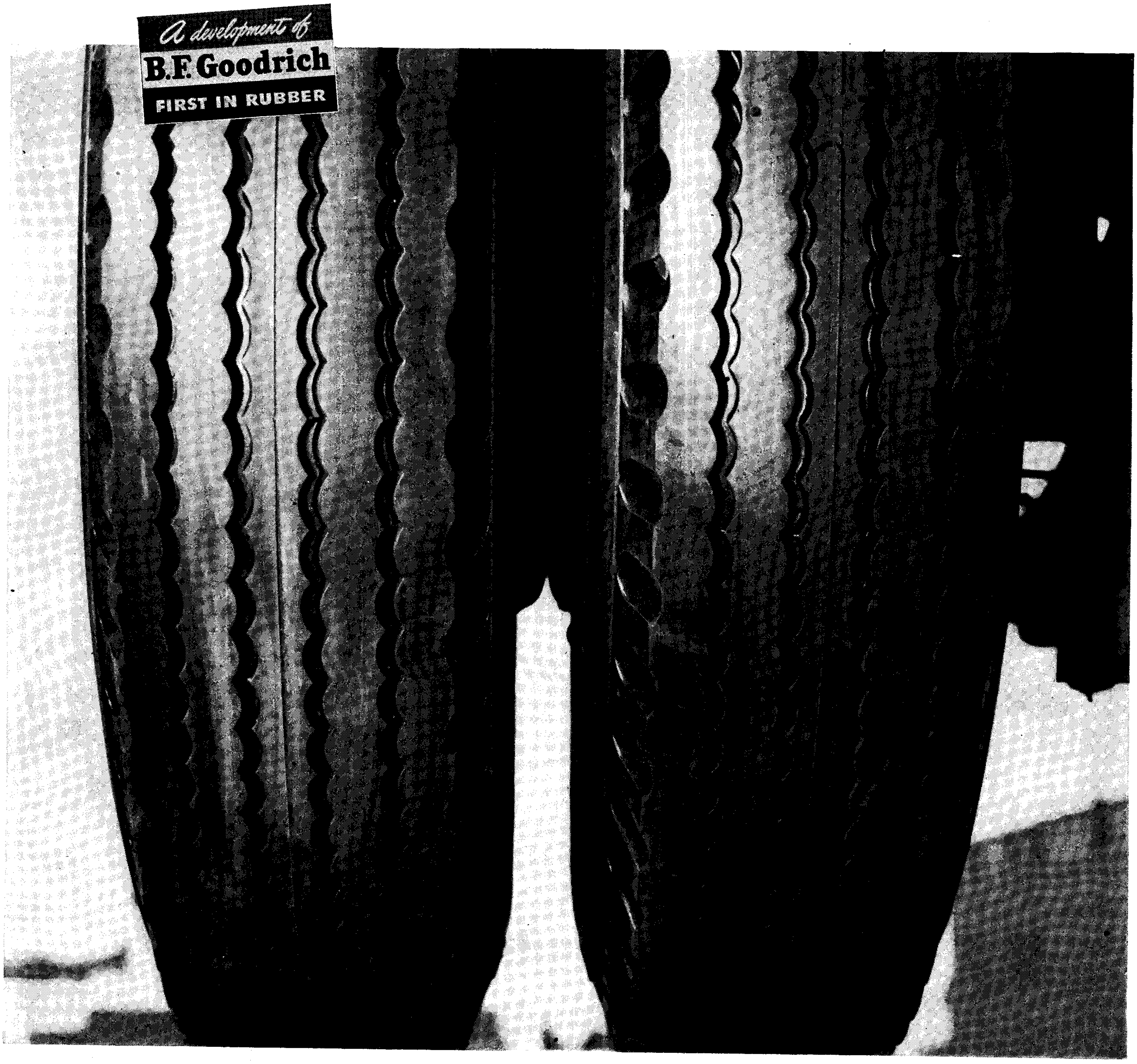
Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA.

*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894



New truck tire for light trucks will outwear prewar tires

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich product improvement

MORE than a year ago B. F. Goodrich announced a new tire for *passenger cars* that outwears prewar tires. Truck tires at that time still weren't as good.

Now a newly designed truck tire for light trucks, sizes 6.00-16 to 7.50-16 (those known as heavy-duty commercial) is announced. Substantial quantities have already been manufactured.

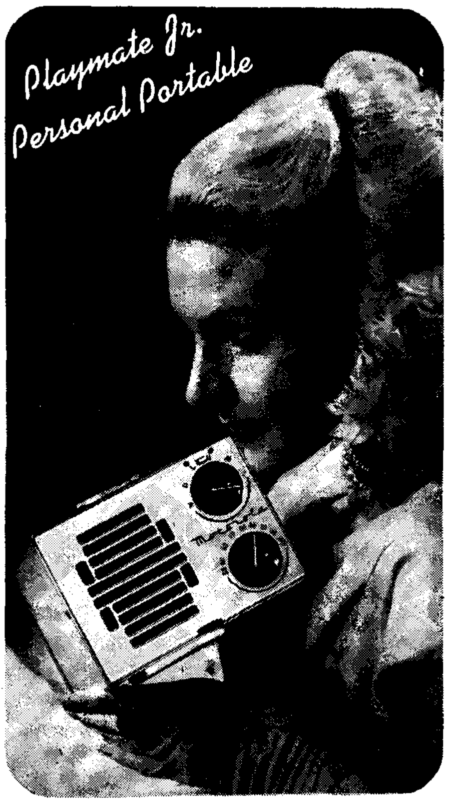
Its reinforcement is 100 per cent rayon cord. Like the new B. F. Goodrich passenger car tire, it has a wider, flatter tread that puts more rubber on the road, spreads the wear more evenly. It outwears prewar tires and has greater resistance to bruising.

The rayon cord is weftless, which means there are no cross threads whatever. Cords are held only by the rubber itself. Each cord is straight, uniform in length and tension. No other tire manufacturer today uses weftless rayon.

Quantities of the new tire are limited at present. They will be increased as fast as new steel molds can be made. In the meantime, however, even those tires of older design have the weftless rayon cord. They are all better than prewar tires in this respect. These new tires show how surely and how steadily tire improvement goes on at B. F. Goodrich. Even today's greatly increased tire production cannot keep up with the demand. It's best to check your needs well in advance and talk to your B.F.Goodrich dealer. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Truck Tires BY

B.F. Goodrich



this is the most

WANTED

radio in all

America

Yes, it's back . . . the radio desired above all others by every member of the American family. It's the wonderful Motorola "Playmate Jr.," . . . *at home* on a train or a plane, in the bleachers or the grandstand, on the beach or the lawn . . . *everywhere.* This tiny radio with the deep-throated "Golden Voice" of a Metropolitan opera star is as grand to give as to receive.

Motorola
playmate jr.

PERSONAL PORTABLE
AC/DC AND BATTERY OPERATED

the proof is in
the listening!

Motorola
A-M
F-M
Radio
FOR HOME AND CAR

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51

COLLIER'S
December 21, 1946

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LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*
MAC LENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

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●

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HYPNOTIC CHILDBIRTH?

DEAR COLLIER'S: Your article on Motherhood Without Misery (Nov. 16th) certainly sounds like a challenge. It is well known that hypnosis can relieve pain. Dr. Blackwell Sawyer is quoted as stressing the necessity of persuading the patient (and her husband) throughout the prenatal period and during labor that she will not suffer. Whether consciously or unconsciously, Dr. Sawyer may be hypnotizing his patients and in this manner banishing the pain.

MARY HALTON, M.D., New York

We asked Dr. Sawyer who is using Dr. Read's new obstetrical technique to answer Dr. Halton. He said:

"Dr. Read employed a psychiatrist to watch him work in England, to determine whether he was using hypnotism. The conclusion reached was that hypnotism did not enter into the method. The American Medical Dictionary of Dorland says that 'hypnotism is a condition of induced sleep or of a trance resembling sleep.'

"This condition was not noticed by me in any of my patients. Read attempts to utilize the emotions of the woman in helping her to have the baby without pain, or with as little pain as possible. For this reason her active and conscious assistance is necessary. Hypnotism would defeat the purposes toward which he is striving."

. . . I would like to ask the good doctor how that "foolish notion" that childbirth is painful ever got started. How I'd like to watch him have a nine-pound baby! I'd sit by him and give him a pep talk about it being a "glorious experience." Phooey!

MRS. MARVIN STEIN (mother of four),
Sedgwick, Kan.

HOUSING

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Your fine series on the housing situation reminds me that America has become the land of the free and no homes for the brave.

PHIL BAKER, Hollywood, Cal.

TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP

DEAR SIR: People of this world seem to be divided into two categories, the constructionists and the destructionists.

The latter, depicted in Ringtail on the Run, Edwin J. Becker (Nov. 16th), are not true sportsmen. The sight of a single "treed" raccoon (an extremely intelligent animal) first frightened out of its wits, then thrown to the hounds, reflects no credit upon men who call themselves civilized.

Another instance of diabolical cruelty is that cited as a "new feature" in bullfighting. "The barbed darts plunged into the

(Continued on page 78)

Vol. 118, No. 25. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador Mexico, Newfoundland. Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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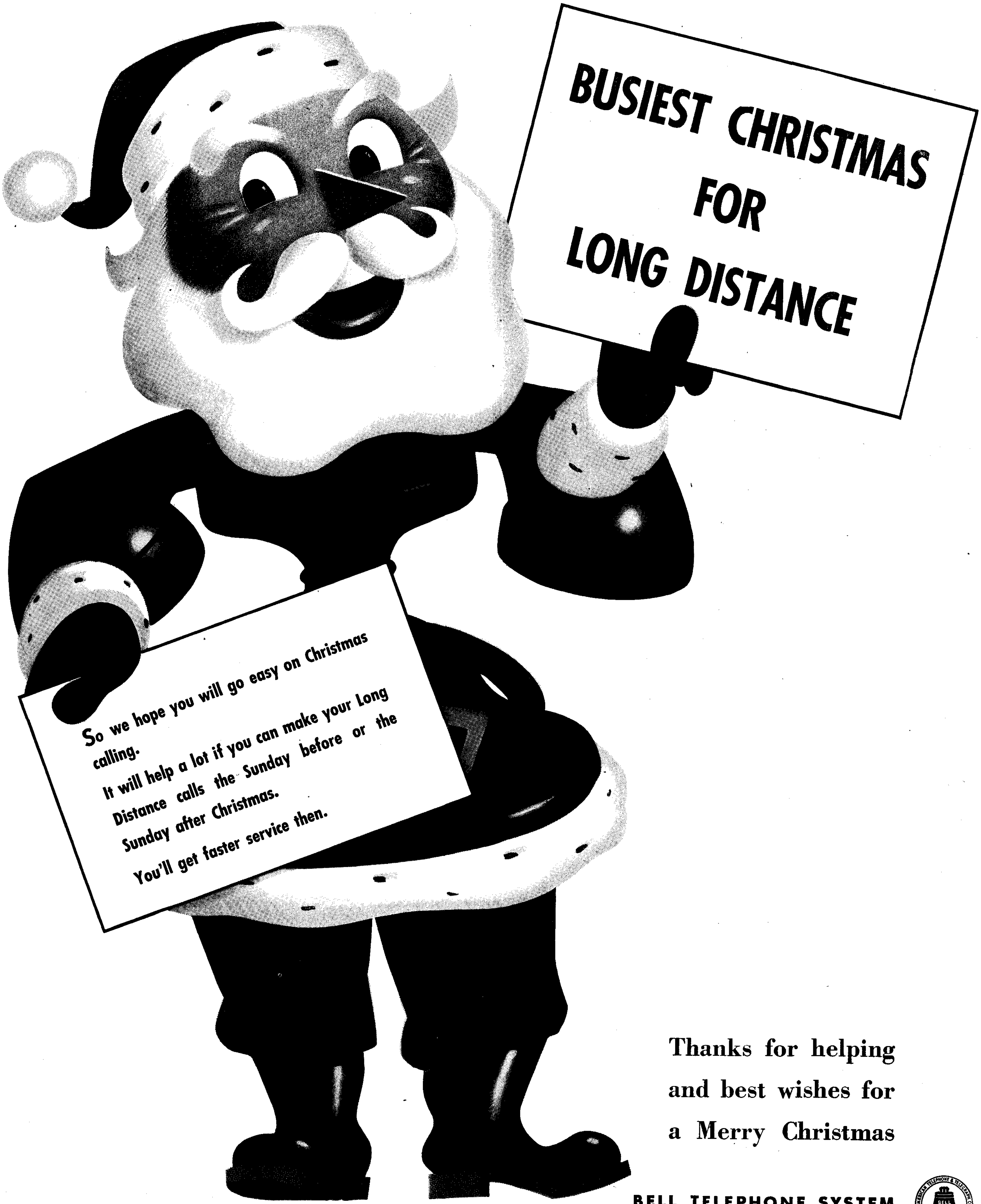

BUSIEST CHRISTMAS
FOR
LONG DISTANCE

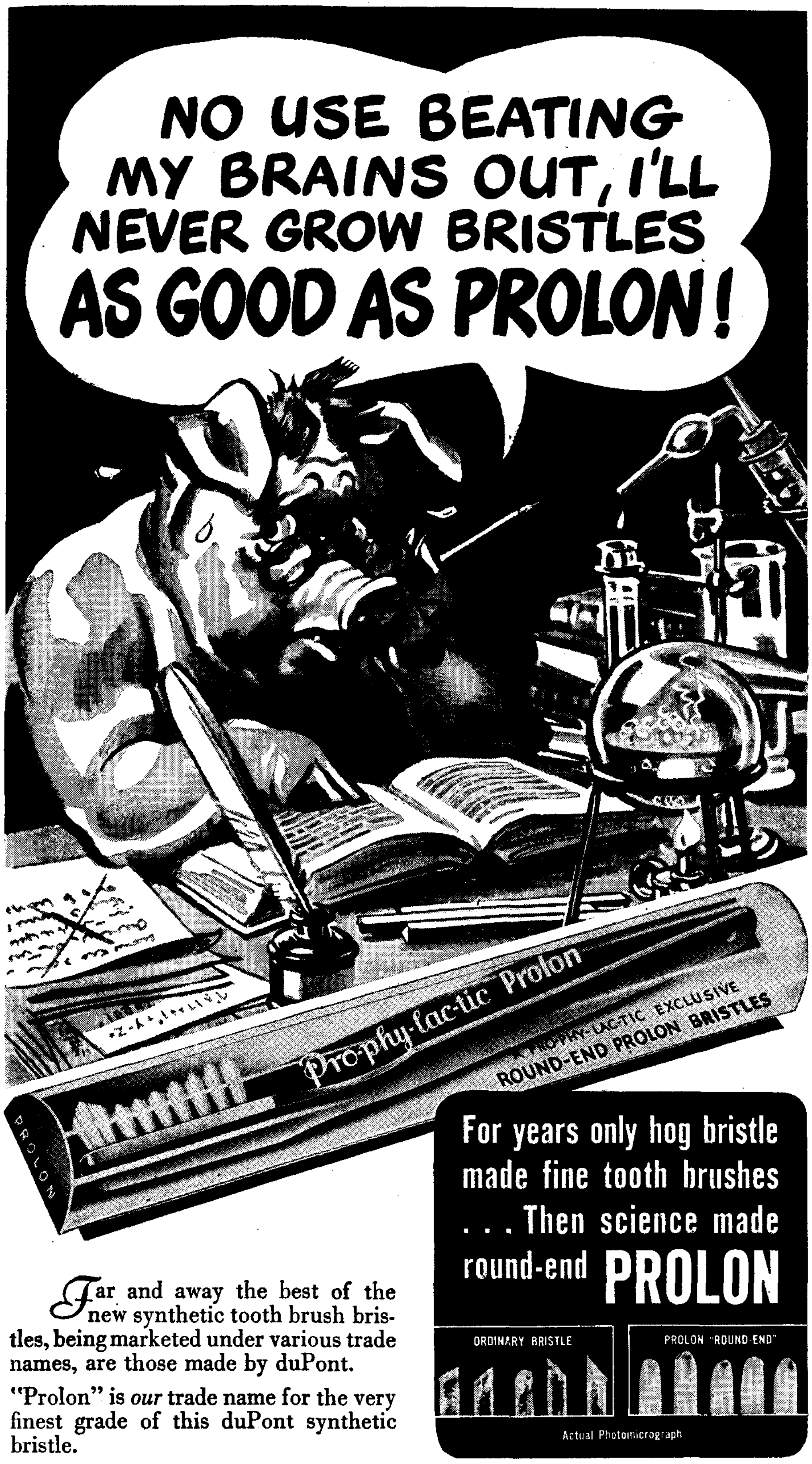
So we hope you will go easy on Christmas calling.

It will help a lot if you can make your Long Distance calls the Sunday before or the Sunday after Christmas.

You'll get faster service then.

Thanks for helping
and best wishes for
a Merry Christmas

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM


NO USE BEATING MY BRAINS OUT, I'LL NEVER GROW BRISTLES AS GOOD AS PROLON!
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
A PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC EXCLUSIVE ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES
PROLON
ORDINARY BRISTLE
PROLON "ROUND-END"
Actual Photomicrograph

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end PROLON

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

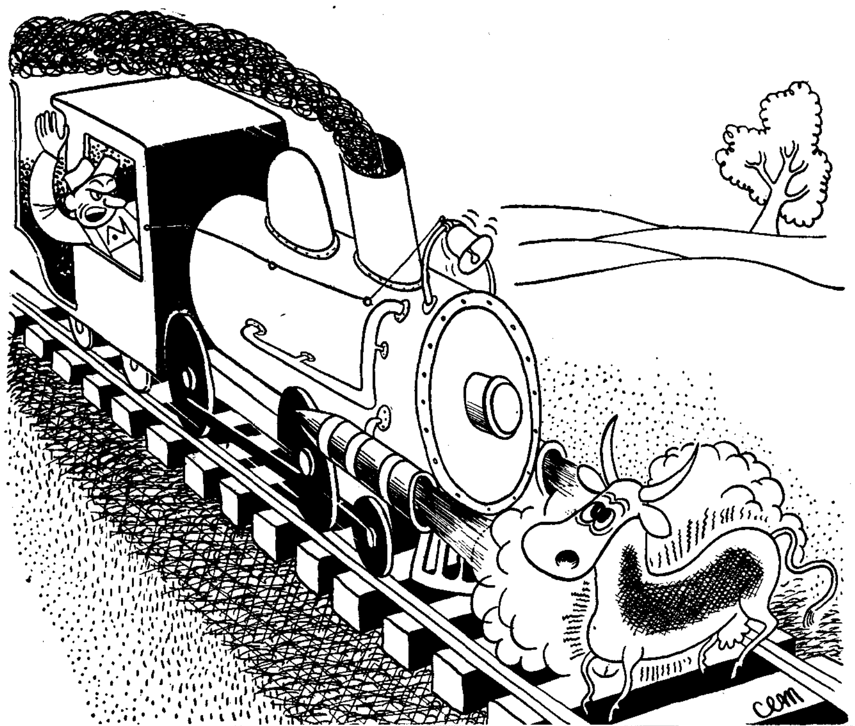
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRUSHES
REGULAR 50¢ PROFESSIONAL



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The jet power of rockets, which has so far been employed almost wholly as a propulsive force, is expected to be used soon in the opposite way—to brake the speed of planes and trains in cases of emergency. Experts estimate that a train which travels 1,500 feet after the air brakes are applied could be brought to a stop in 375 feet, or one fourth the distance, by the additional braking force of forward-firing rockets installed on the locomotive.

A forthcoming M-G-M film, The Beginning or the End, on the development of atomic energy, depicts the A-bomb explosions in New Mexico and Hiroshima with trick shots instead of using the newsreel pictures. How these effects were achieved is as much a secret with the 15 studio technicians who developed them as is the making of the real bomb among nuclear scientists.

Some 1,500,000 Jap prisoners of war are still held in seven countries and 5,500,000 Germans in 20 countries, most being employed in reconstruction work.

Many cities forbid the planting of poplar trees because they require so much moisture their roots often penetrate and damage sewers and water mains.

Sweden has had but one major labor strike since the end of the war in Europe, chiefly because Swedish business firms have an agreement with labor unions under which wages are increased automatically to conform with increases in the cost-of-living index.

A championship singles tennis match exceeds all other sports in the number of officials compared with the number of contestants, requiring one umpire, one net-cord judge and ten linesmen for the two players.—*By Henry E. Rodney, McKeesport, Pa.*

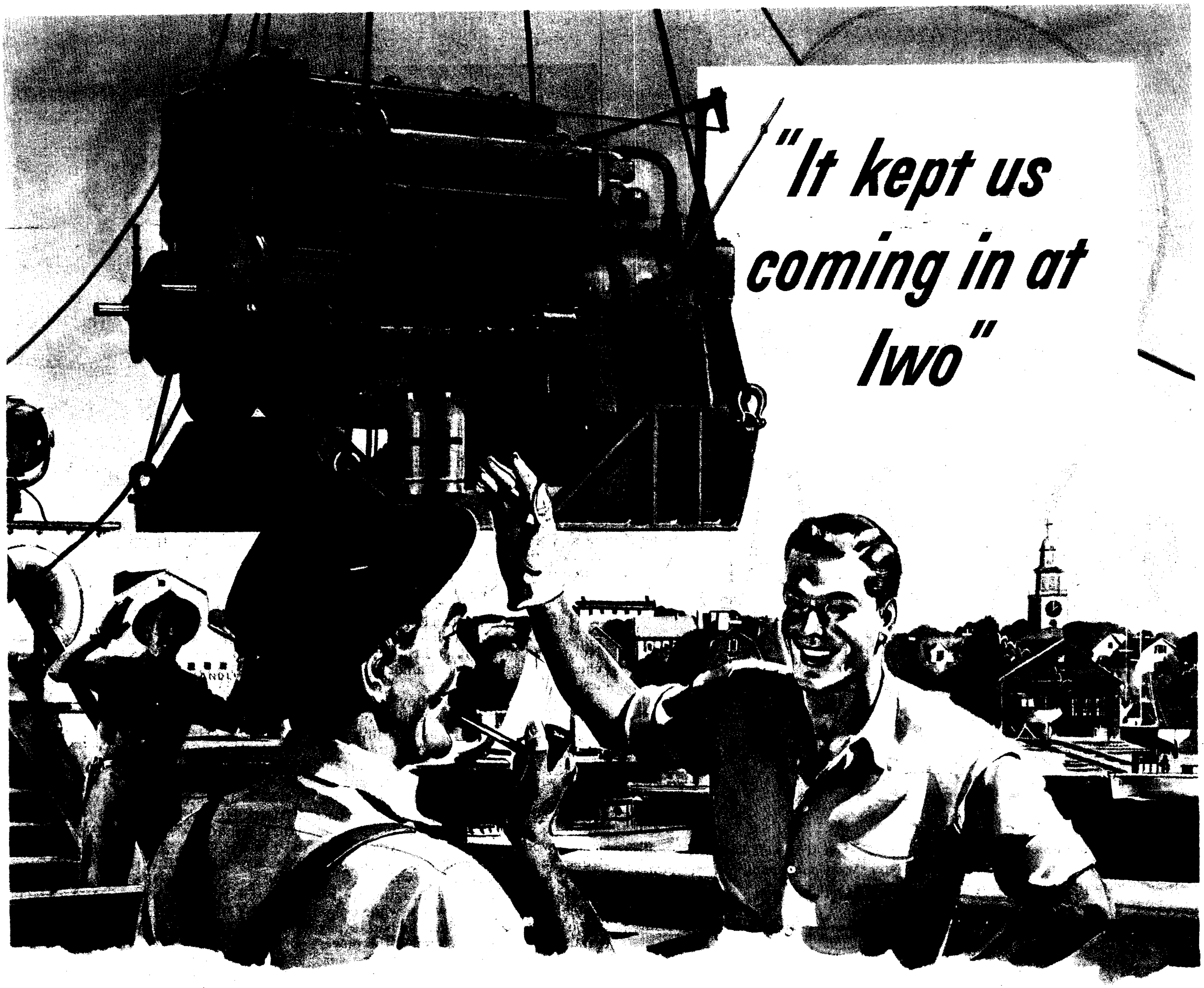
Of the four crematories for pet animals in this country, the most modern is in New York City. Established in 1939, it cremates annually over 500 pets, such as dogs, cats, parrots and canaries, charging from $15 to $25 for the service, from $5 to $300 for the urn and from $25 to $100 for a niche and its perpetual care.

The grandfather clock, for exactly 200 years after its first appearance in 1676, was known as a tall, floor or long-case clock, both here and abroad. But in 1876, it became known by its present name through the popularity of an American song Grandfather's Clock which was written by Henry C. Work about one of these clocks that had belonged to his grandfather.—*By Brooks Palmer, New York City.*

A new artificial eye moves in perfect unison with the natural eye, being stitched to the eye muscles with threads of the noncorroding metal tantalum.—*By A. G. Benedix, Cicero, Illinois.*

A unique record is held by a book called The Social Interpretation of History, written in 1921 by Dr. Maurice William, a New York dentist. As it refuted Marxian Communism, preaching co-operation instead of war between the classes, and therefore appealed to neither Communists nor capitalists, the author himself had to publish its single edition of 2,000 copies, most of which are still unsold. But in 1924, a copy happened to reach and was read by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, causing this confirmed Marxist to reverse completely his revolutionary policies. Thus, this book halted the spread of Communism in China and changed the whole history of modern Asia.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission


"It kept us coming in at Iwo"

BOATLOADS of troops—thousands of tons of supplies—poured ashore on Pacific beaches in crafts powered by General Motors Diesel Engines.

So GI's know what these engines can do.

GM Diesels pack a lot of power into every inch of space. They start at the press of a button. And with power at every piston stroke they pick up their load fast.

Clean, simple design makes parts accessible and any maintenance easy.

These features of GM Diesels make them important to every power user—even those who never tried Diesel power before.

So, whatever your power needs—for tractors, buses, boats, pumping, road machinery, cranes or shovels—be sure to investigate the GM Diesel.

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, *coast to coast, twice weekly. See your local paper for time and station.*

Features of GM Diesels Important to Every User of Power

- ***QUICK TO START*** on their own fuel
- ***LOW COST***—run on common fuel oil
- ***EASY TO MAINTAIN***—clean design plus accessibility
- ***LESS FIRE HAZARD***—no volatile explosive fuel
- ***COMPACT***—readily adaptable to any installation
- ***SMOOTH OPERATION***—rotating and reciprocating forces completely balanced
- ***QUICK ACCELERATION***—2-cycle principle produces power with every downward piston stroke

Ask the GI—he knows

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION

DETROIT 23, MICH. • SINGLE ENGINES . . Up to 200 H.P.
MULTIPLE UNITS . . Up to 800 H.P.

GENERAL MOTORS

DO YOU MAKE THESE SOCIAL ERRORS ?

Use a Hook? It's not being done, even if it *will* keep shorts up when buttons go "pop." Better way: Get trouble-free shorts equipped with convenient Gripper fasteners!

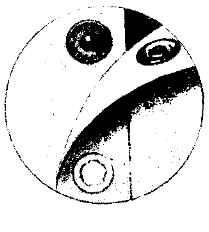
Shoot Your Wife? Don't! It's illegal... she won't like it... and shooting won't help her mend those torn buttonholes any faster. Treat her right... wear shorts with laundry-proof Gripper fasteners!

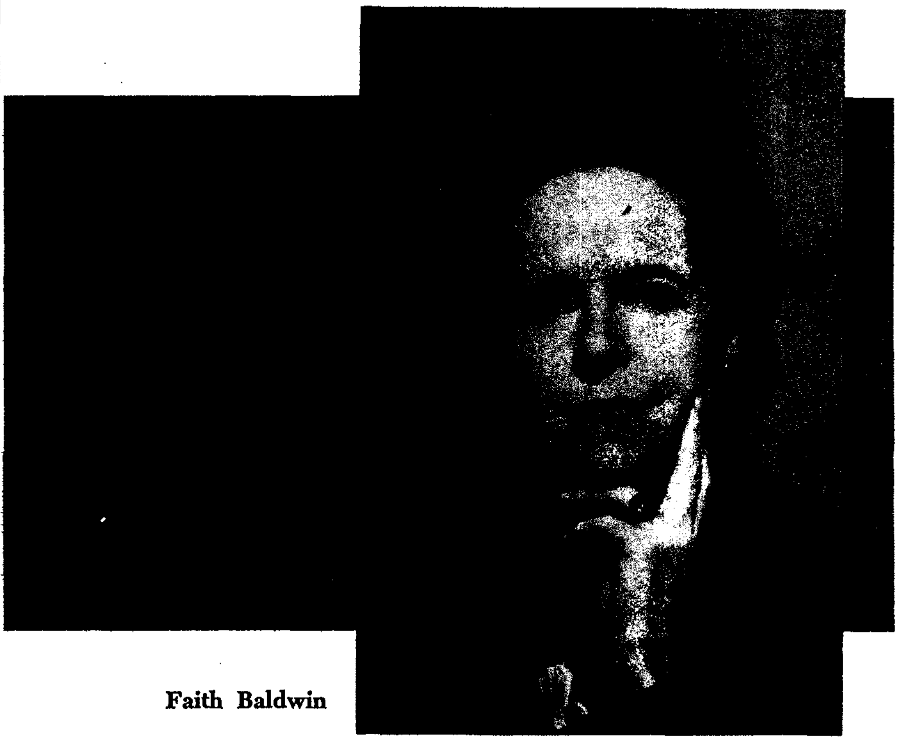
Socially Correct. Obviously a real gentleman. Wears shorts with long-wearing Gripper fasteners. Wife loves him madly (no sewing to do). He loves everybody (war is over, Gripper fasteners are back again)!

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

the laundry-proof snap fastener [illegible] "button-bother"

[illegible] Waterbury 91, Conn. [illegible]rica's Leading Manufacturer of Snap Fasteners





Faith Baldwin

DELAR

ADVENTURE?" replied Colonel Paschal N. Strong to our question. "None!" Well, that all depends on how you look at it. . . .

Born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1901, the good colonel is a West Pointer, worked on the Corregidor tunnels in 1932, spent this war helping engineer the Normandy invasion, and carries quite a chestful of multicolored affidavits to attest his services.

He started writing for Boy's Life back in 1927, has six novels and about 200 stories to his credit—mostly juveniles. He was scripting Jack Armstrong, the A-a-a-ll A-a-merican-n-n Boy! for the radio when the war took him abroad. Right now he's content to story-line Jack's adventures, every other week. This gives him time to do his regular Army work as Flood and River Controller in the Savannah area, fly his own plane, sail his sloop, and write.

The Unpredictable Contraption (p. 54) came to him one day when, while crossing a West Virginia river, he had to pay a fare while his car supplied the power for the ferry trip. The indignation survived till he could put it in story form. He thinks anybody who would rather write than salt-water sail is daffy.

WE HAD been trying unsuccessfully to get in touch with Miss Faith Baldwin to ask her about her new serial, Sleeping Beauty, starting this week on page 13, when the following telegram arrived: "DEAR MR. SHANE: ARE YOU NEVER HOME? I TELEPHONED YOU SATURDAY TO LEARN YOU WERE AT THE STADIUM AND AS YOU DID NOT CALL ME BACK SUNDAY I ASSUMED YOU REMAINED THERE FOR THE WEEK END. HENCE CALLED YOU MONDAY NIGHT TO FIND YOU WERE AT THE CINEMA AND A GOOD PICTURE TOO. BUT DO YOU REALLY NEED SO MUCH RELAXATION? PLEASE ASK MR. LITTAUER TO TELL YOU ABOUT SLEEPING BEAUTY AS I AM SOMEWHAT SENSITIVE ABOUT IT. WHAT HAPPENED TO ME BETWEEN INSTALLMENTS ONE AND FOUR SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DICK TRACY CHARACTER. HOWEVER THAT IS ALL PINK CHAMPAGNE UNDER THE BRIDGEWORK AND I HOPE FOLKS LIKE MY UNHAPPY HEROINE AND ADD THE SUGGESTION THAT WHILE THE ILLUSTRATOR WILL DO RIGHT BY THE LITTLE LADY A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AUTHOR CAN BE OBTAINED WITHOUT CHARGE AT RINEHART AND CO. I REMAIN, SIR, YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT, FAITH BALDWIN."

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bergen introduce Charlie McCarthy to his little sister, Candice

INTERNATIONAL

WE WERE rushing to work the other morning wondering whether it was worth the effort, when we came on Archie McMasters, our spruce doorman at 250 Park Avenue, in the midst of a Town Meeting of the Open Air with the patrolman on the beat. Archie's voice stopped us: "I tell you childbirth can be painless. Just because your mother went through hell, does your wife have to?"

The officer, towering a good foot and a half over Archie, bellowed: "Sure, the whole thing is a lotta boloney."

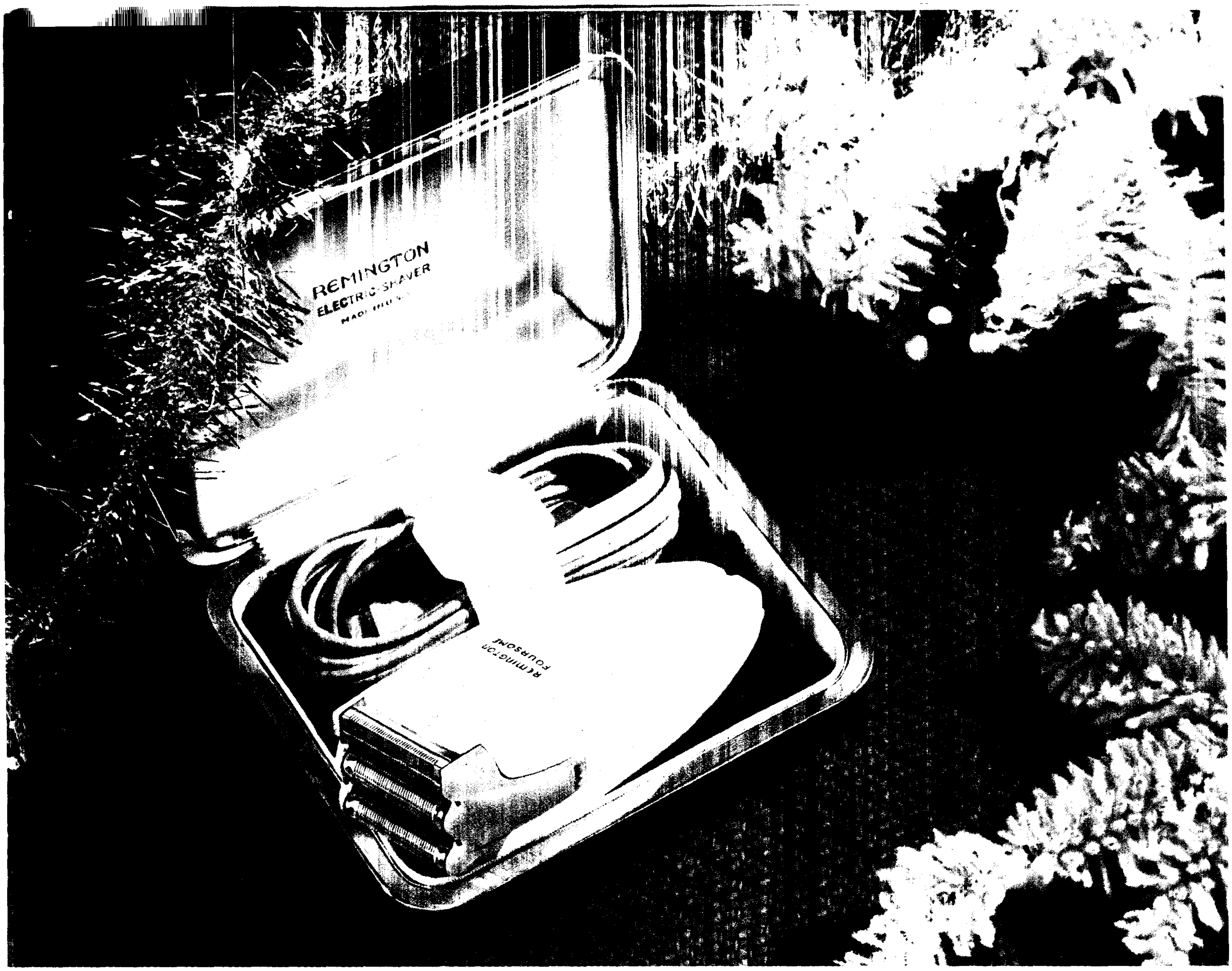
To which Archie shot back: "How do you know, did you read the article?"

"No, I didn't," was the hotter reply, "but I know."

The two gentlemen were discussing our recent excursion into painless obstetrics, Motherhood Without Misery (Nov. 16th). Somehow our burdens grew lighter as we flew upstairs to the 13th floor where we labor. . . .

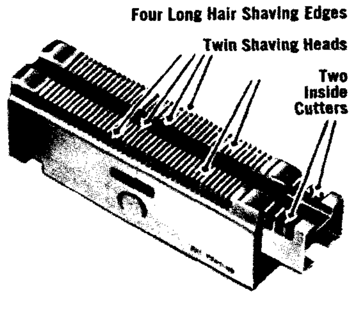
This week's cover: The lady in the shadows is not a sleeping beauty but a very wide-awake one named Frances Westcott, nee Westerman, who has since become Mrs. Edgar Bergen. Photographers Bauman-Greene were trying for a different mood shot and got this. Mr. Bergen, being no dummy, married Miss Westcott. . . .

TED SHANE



Give him the electric shaver that's five years ahead

— THE NEW REMINGTON FOURSOME



The Foursome is the only shaver with the sensational new Blue Streak twin shaving head. This efficient long and short hair trimming head, combined with two round heads, makes the new Foursome the equivalent of four single-head shavers. It's a "must" for men with mustaches... handy for trimming sideburns.

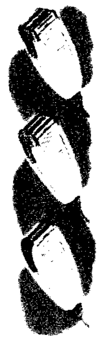
You're looking at the greatest electric shaver built since Remington Rand pioneered the first multiple-head shaver — and one of the grandest gifts a man can find under his Christmas tree.

The new Remington Foursome — the latest product of Remington Rand research — packs more shaving power on the head end than any other shaver. It has two of the famous Remington round heads, plus the new Blue Streak twin shaving head — the equivalent of four single-head shavers.

Powered by an improved motor, the new Remington Foursome will handle any beard — shave it fast, close, clean and smooth. Whiskers disappear at a touch and it will cut a neat hair-line around sideburns and mustaches.

Packed in a satin-lined presentation case with cord-holder and brushes, the Remington Foursome (AC-DC) is priced at $19.50.

Count heads when you buy an electric shaver!



The Remington Foursome, newest and greatest shaver in the Remington line . . . . .
$19.50

The Remington Threesome has three precision-ground shaving heads . . . . .
$17.50

The Remington Dual is your best buy in twin-headed electric shavers . . . .
$15.75

All Remingtons operate on AC or DC. Remington Rand, Inc. Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn. In Canada, Remington Rand Ltd, Toronto.

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS A PRODUCT OF *Remington Rand* INCORPORATED

If fathers wrote letters to Santa Claus—

Dear Santa:

Here are the things I really want most:

I want to be sure that, no matter what happens to me, Sally and the children will always have enough to eat and enough to wear and a home of their own to have their Christmases in.

I want to be sure that, whether I'm around or not, my kids will have an education that will give them all the equipment they need to tackle the world.

And if I live, as I certainly expect to, I want to be sure that things are fixed financially so that Sally and I can grow old together in peace and comfort.

Hopefully yours,
Frank Harrel

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

SMÖRGÅSBORD CIRCUIT

BY IRVING WALLACE

Sweden's Royal Dramatic Training Academy continues to send its graduates to Hollywood, but school authorities feel that Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman gave up their studies too soon

STOCKHOLM

WHEN an Ingrid Bergman movie comes to Stockholm, Mr. Rudolf Wendbladh, director of the Royal Dramatic Training Academy, puts on his best monocle, bow tie, checkered suit, and grimly attends. Usually a cheerful fat man, he appears on these occasions to have a premonition of disaster. Seated in the darkened theater, he occasionally emits an audible growl. Recently, after observing Miss Bergman's performance in Trollbunden—Spellbound—Mr. Wendbladh at last spoke his mind.

"What a pity!" he exclaimed. "To think what a fine actress she might have been!"

This may prove startling to millions of Ingrid Bergman fans in America who have made her top box-office attraction for 1946. It may seem insulting to Miss Bergman's Hollywood colleagues who saw fit to present her with an Academy Award. But it is typical of opinions held about the actress by her onetime dramatic instructors in Stockholm. It can be understood only by understanding the Royal Dramatic Training Academy, which produced Ingrid Bergman, and which stands today the most exclusive, exhaustive and incredible proving ground for actresses and actors in the wide world.

The Royal Academy accepts only eight Swedish dramatic students a year—after a competition that makes the Golden Gloves look like pat-a-cake—and it enlists 50 experienced instructors to direct and otherwise mangle these students for five grueling years, three years consisting of regimented study, and the remaining two of apprenticeship on the legitimate stage. Strong men, in Sweden, look upon the acting trade as a labor for Hercules, and happily escape into less demanding professions like medicine or glass-blowing.

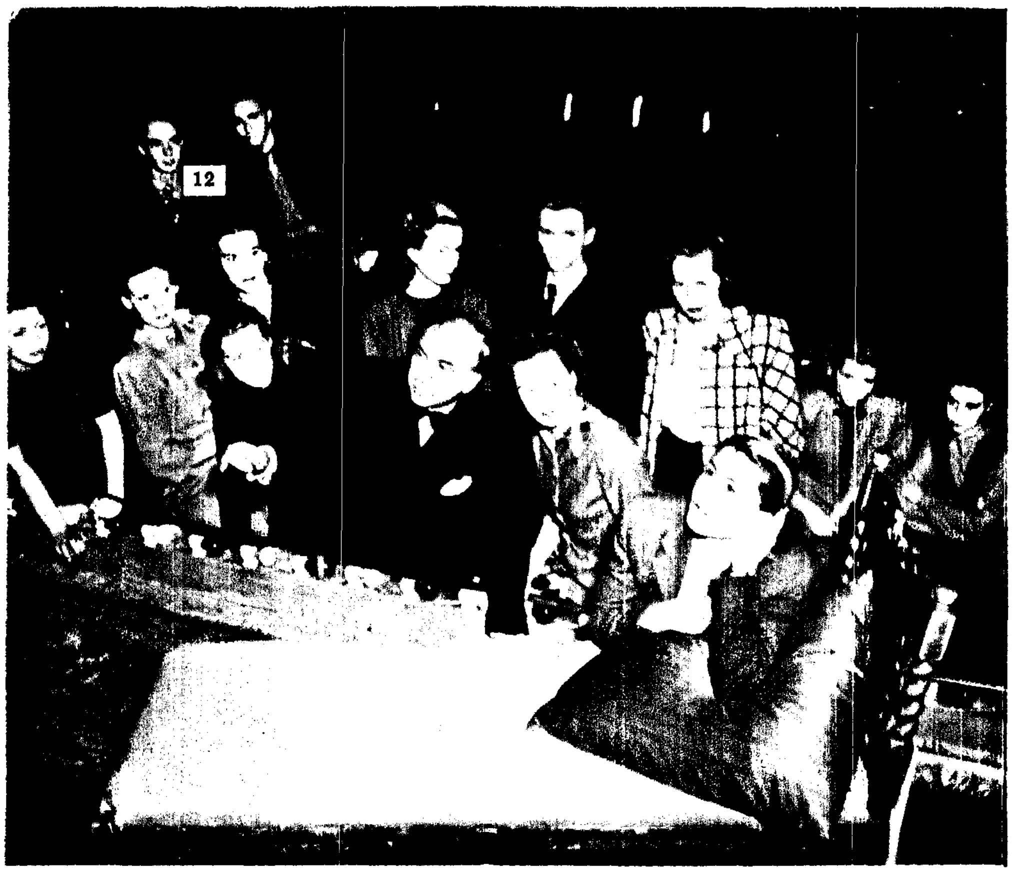
Against such standards, the alma mater's disappointment in Miss Bergman is understandable. For she was the one prize pupil who succumbed to motion pictures prematurely, submitting to half as much training as another pupil, Greta Garbo, and to a third as much as more recent graduates like Signe Hasso and Viveca Lindfors.

"She had a great natural talent, all her teachers admit that," says Mr. Wendbladh wistfully of Miss Bergman. "She defeated other Swedish girls in competition, was accepted by the Royal Academy for training in 1933, and by 1934 had progressed rapidly. Then, instead of returning for her second and third years, she quit and rushed into local films, and then on to Hollywood. We taught her much, but she left too young."

The Royal Academy, supported by a socialist government, first came into international prominence with the meteoric success of Greta Garbo in far-off Hollywood. Garbo had been a student in 1922 and 1923, during which time, Swedish friends recall, "she was always made to play ugly old women." Miss Bergman's hectic attendance—classmates remember her as "a chubby and impulsive girl, who knew exactly what she wanted"—and her subsequent success in films helped clinch the prestige of the Royal school.

When Signe Hasso, a full-fledged graduate, regarded by Swedish actors as superior in natural abilities to both Garbo and Bergman, left for

Star student currently attending the Academy is 21-year-old Maj-Britt Nilsson. Here she is as Viola in Twelfth Night. Hollywood papers please copy



Leaning on the cushion (right) is Maj-Britt Nilsson, now in her third year at the Academy but already famous throughout Sweden. Here she goes through a scene, coached by Director Rudolf Wendbladh (center), while the other students, including a comer named Margareta Fahlen (between the two), look on

Flanked by his star pupils, Nilsson (left) and Fahlen, Director Wendbladh smiles in the Swedish sunlight. Before becoming director of the Royal Dramatic Training Academy, he studied in Moscow with Stanislavsky, traveled Europe as an actor and for 15 years headed the Hälsingborg Municipal Theater

Hollywood in 1940, and when Viveca Lindfors, another graduate, and the highest paid film actress Sweden has ever had, went to Warner Brothers this summer, no one was any longer surprised.

The Royal Academy is now considered a suburb of Los Angeles. Big, blond, handsome Swedish girls, and hard, lanky Swedish men flock hopefully to Stockholm every autumn for the elimination trials. The number of competitors grows annually. Over a decade ago, when Bergman competed, she had only 50 rivals. Now there are more than twice that many contestants. All of them feel that acceptance by the Academy will be a guaranteed springboard to Hollywood.

And Hollywood is anxious to have them—or some of them. Talent scouts continue to pester the Royal Academy because they know that though it is one of the smallest schools on earth, with fewer persons to draw upon for students than most other European countries (there are, after all, only about six million Swedes, and these include the lame, the halt, the infants, the Lapps, and the rather considerable Royal Family), though it emphasizes stage technique and dismisses the magic lantern as a toy, it has managed to supply a handful of young ladies who have overshadowed American home products and who have practically dominated the American cinema scene since the twenties.

In the last year, moreover, other nations have become equally interested in the box-office possibilities of Academy students. English and French producers have taken to vacationing in Stockholm, for the chance of discovering another Garbo or Bergman in the Royal Academy's classes.

In fact, even while Warner Brothers was importing Viveca Lindfors, England's spectacular film boss, J. Arthur Rank, got himself into the Scandinavian sweepstakes by signing his first Swedish star, a new sensation named Mai Zetterling.

Despite the continued demand for its graduates, the Royal Academy is not stepping up its output. Even now, only four women and four men are accepted annually. The usual three years in class and two years on the boards of the Royal Theater are still required. Since the school is run by the state, there is no profit motive and no premium on speed. The school persists in its tradition of grinding slowly.

Murder at a Masquerade

Ever since the middle 1700s, when King Gustav III returned from France a fanatical theater fan, there has been some kind of dramatic instruction in Sweden. After the king was murdered at a masquerade ball in Stockholm, there was no patron for a time, and acting fell into disrepute. Then, about a half century ago, when stage entertainment was again booming, the king decided that part of the budget should be diverted into an academy for training would-be actors. In 1908, a Royal Theater was built, a concrete structure one block square, situated in the very heart of Stockholm. Inside this Royal Theater was a vast stage, with an ornate auditorium and balconies large enough to hold 1,000 spectators.

The Royal Academy was now moved into the huge building. Previously, the Academy had been a poor stepson of the national theater. Its entrance qualifications were a farce—anyone who could read three lines of poetry and be heard beyond the third row was accepted—and the school curriculum was as likely to turn out an Olympic runner or a hog caller as an actor. Overnight, inspired by their new surroundings, the directors of the Academy reupholstered their little school, purged the faculty, refilled its ranks, reorganized the classes, introduced new methods, and generally stiffened the standards.

The first class graduating from the revived Royal Academy 38 years ago included a young Swedish boy who became a great Hollywood silent picture star. His name was Lars Hansen. In the twenties he appeared opposite Lillian Gish in The Scarlet Letter, and later, opposite Garbo in The Divine Woman. Today, back in his native land, Lars Hansen is Sweden's highest paid stage actor and is currently appearing on the boards of the Royal Theater in a Swedish translation of Life with Father.

The Royal Academy itself is physically less impressive than its students. It occupies less than a dozen small rooms on the fourth floor of the Royal Theater.

Picture of the Academy

Director Wendbladh, who was a graduate of the Academy 35 years ago, has one of the smallest but most attractive rooms. It is a spotless office done in blond Swedish modern. All the other rooms of the Academy are for the students—two dressing rooms for men and women, the former somewhat barren, the latter featuring benches, wooden lockers, a tremendous full-length mirror at one end; a study room with a T-shaped table for reading poetry aloud under the gaze of a small, white statue of the Bard of Avon; a miniature gymnasium, where at all hours, elastic young men in baggy drawers or leggy young women in black tights vary ballet with stylized modern dances; a little theater with stage, footlights and 98 red plush seats (which are used only by faculty members and students, never by outside audiences).

Every summer a single-page printed announcement headed, "Kungl. Dramatiska Teaterns Elevskola, Prospekt," is posted throughout Sweden. It states that the Royal Academy will hold its annual contest for eight new students. Those interested and eligible—women must be between the ages of 16 and 22, men between 17 and 22—are requested to submit applications. Those whose papers are in order, most of them newcomers, but some who have tried before (one young man who admires Errol Flynn has tried and failed for five successive years), are summoned to appear in Stockholm on the morning of August 15th.

This year, after several dozen had been rejected for various irregularities, 112 students finally arrived for the trials. In the first elimination, each student was permitted to select his favorite scene from a popular or classical play, step out on the stage of the little theater before an audience of seven judges and do his best. A friend or professional actor is allowed to sit off-stage, out of sight, rattling off the other parts and cuing the contestant.

Ingrid Bergman was so apprehensive about this ordeal that she hired a private coach for weeks before the elimination in order to get her scene down word-perfect. At the critical moment, in August, 1933, the eighteen-year-old Bergman enacted a scene from The Tower of the Conscience, with only minor slips. One judge was

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GORDAN ALGARD—PIX

SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY FAITH BALDWIN

The story of Carla, and her deliverance from a strange bondage. Carla, born to flawless beauty and gentle ways, yet driven by fierce integrity. Carla, who feared she might never know the freedom to love. The first installment of a compelling novel

THE young man, driving slowly along the country road, turned a corner and looked down the empty stretch ahead. Past the next turn lay his destination. He was sharply aware of this, his nerves taut, his heart a hammer in his breast.

On either side the fenced property was very familiar to him. He had played in these fields, climbed the crowding hills, he had hunted and fished on these farms for many years.

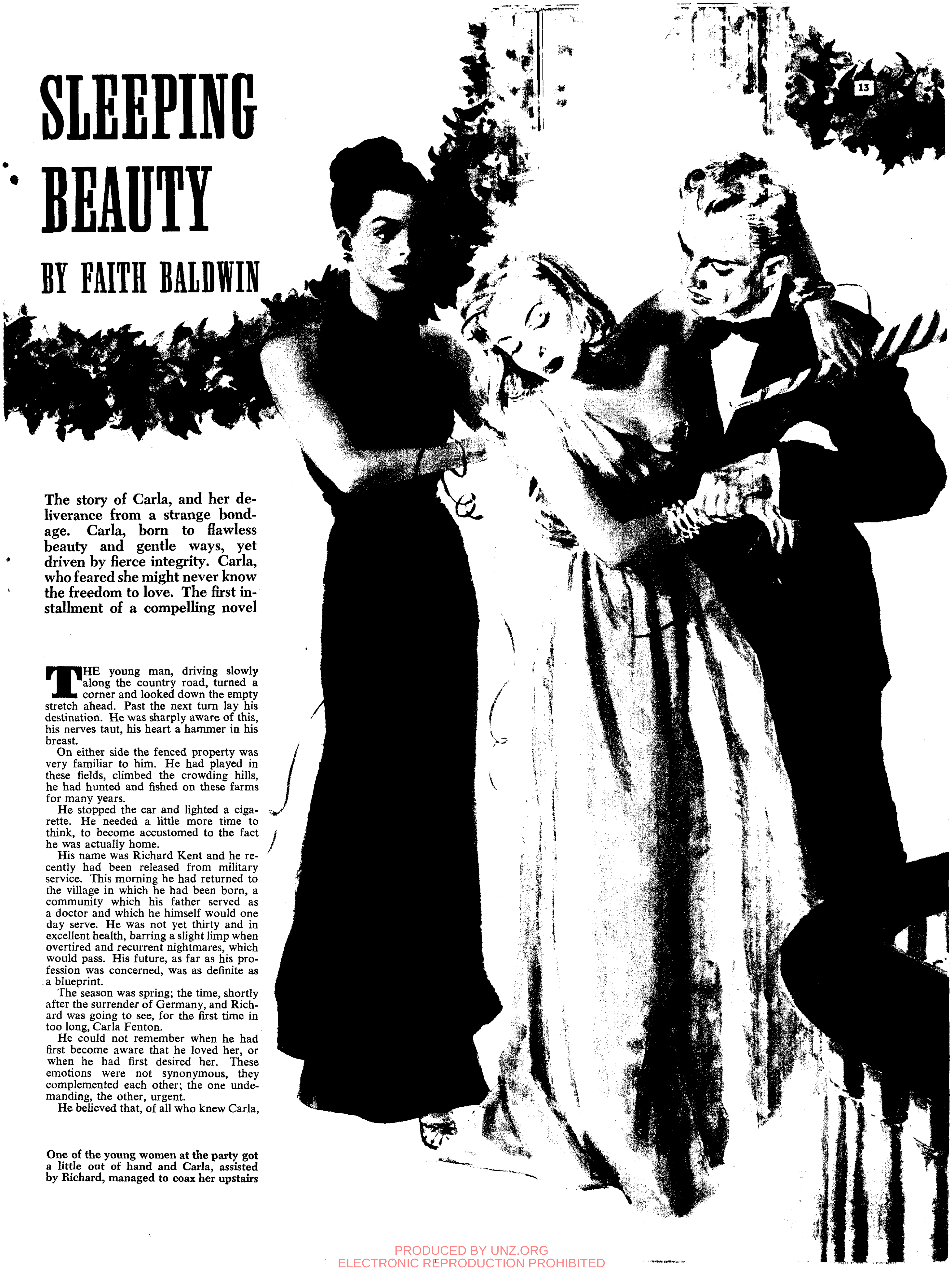
He stopped the car and lighted a cigarette. He needed a little more time to think, to become accustomed to the fact he was actually home.

His name was Richard Kent and he recently had been released from military service. This morning he had returned to the village in which he had been born, a community which his father served as a doctor and which he himself would one day serve. He was not yet thirty and in excellent health, barring a slight limp when overtired and recurrent nightmares, which would pass. His future, as far as his profession was concerned, was as definite as a blueprint.

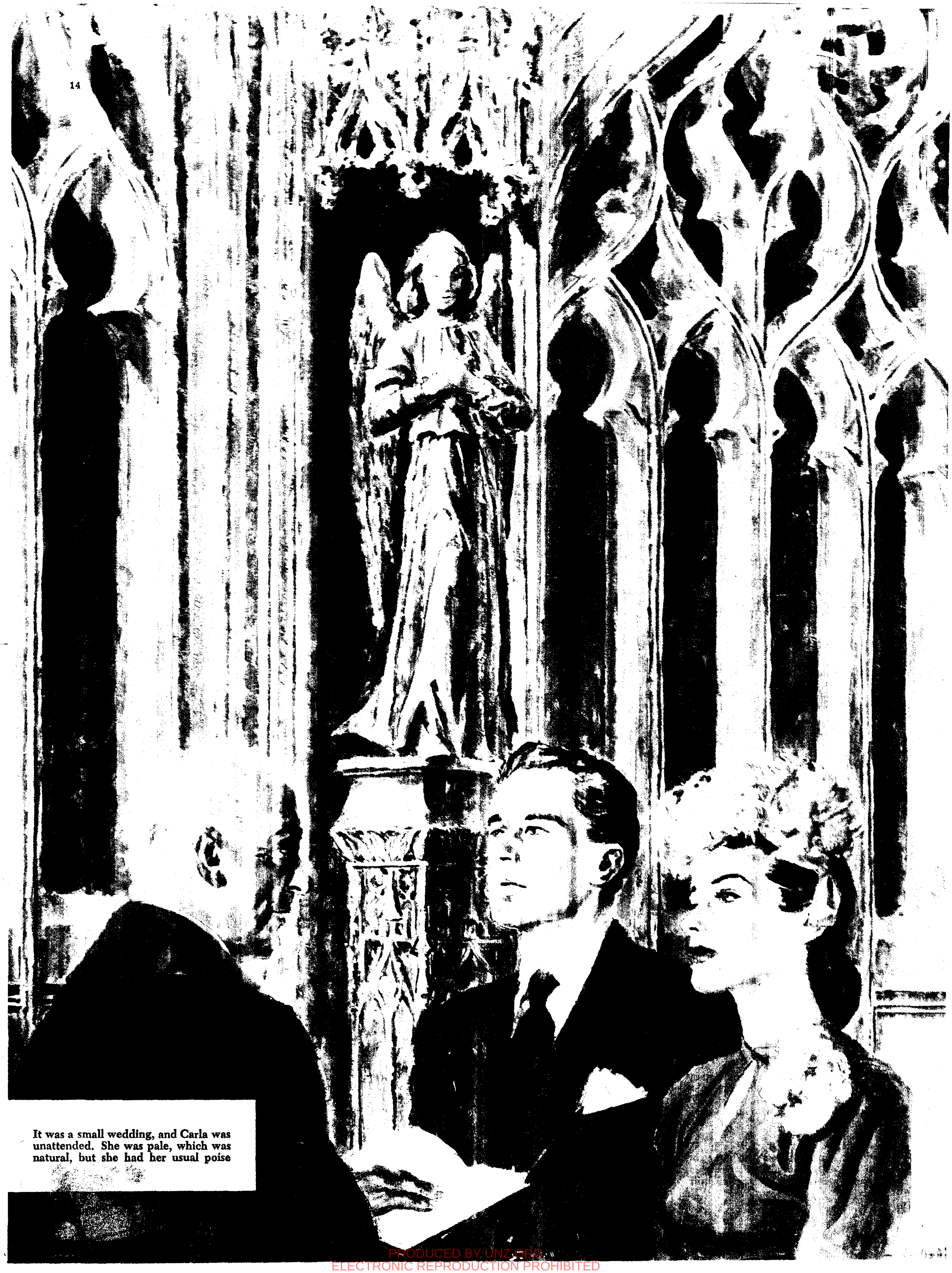
The season was spring; the time, shortly after the surrender of Germany, and Richard was going to see, for the first time in too long, Carla Fenton.

He could not remember when he had first become aware that he loved her, or when he had first desired her. These emotions were not synonymous, they complemented each other; the one undemanding, the other, urgent.

He believed that, of all who knew Carla,



One of the young women at the party got a little out of hand and Carla, assisted by Richard, managed to coax her upstairs



It was a small wedding, and Carla was unattended. She was pale, which was natural, but she had her usual poise he alone recognized and properly evaluated her peculiar predicament. It was, he had told himself with increasing frequency, as if she lived under a continuous spell, a long enchantment. Looking at it objectively, or endeavoring to explain it to a stranger, there was so little that you could establish or say. Simply, that here was a girl, produced by quite unextraordinary parents, one a country storekeeper, the other a retired schoolteacher. A girl born to so flawless a beauty that any man seeing her would stop to cry, "Who *is* she?" but none, as in the old song, would ask. *"What* is she?"

Richard looked away to the rounded hills, dark against the cold delicate blue of the sky. He saw the somber outcroppings of rock, the massed evergreens, the trees coming into fragile leaf. This had been a treacherous spring, summer-warm in March, bitterly cold in April, blackening the blossom on the bough. He saw, and yet did not see, for he was asking himself again, for the thousandth time—*Have I a chance?*

Watching Carla grow up, he had seen men fall in love with her. He had seen boys turn awkward and tongue-tied if she looked their way, spoke or smiled. He had seen men glance from her to their wives. Before he had entered the service, Carla had come to New York to train at the hospital at which he was an intern, and he had seen the pattern repeat itself again and again—holding his breath in anticipation of the blow from which, he knew, he would not recover. But Carla had loved no one, not even himself.

DURING his war service, he had thought only of Carla, with an intensification of his hopeless longing, at times intolerable, but without which he would have been singularly bereft, as it was now integral to him.

Carla was fond of him. More than that, he was the one person in the world to whom she opened her mind, to whom she spoke without reserve. Perhaps she was more than fond; perhaps she loved him. But she was not in love with him; the difference and danger lay there.

Other men had taken their chances, spoken, been refused. I can also, he thought, wearily, having covered this ground too many times. Why not?

But it had not occurred to him before this last, long separation. He had so little to offer and she merited the world, the moon and the stars. It had always been impossible to visualize her caught in the quiet backwater of Maplehill, working with him, being the wife of a doctor who would inherit the exacting drudgery of his father's practice.

During his service, working literally in blood and with sweat, humbled before heroism, fighting death with all the weapons at his command, he had been conscious of his lack of wisdom, and the chasms in his knowledge; he had felt terribly young. But he also had dreamed, as a man in love will, of some stupendous, dangerous deed which he could lay like a trophy at her feet. Now he was home, comparatively unharmed, with no medals save the Purple Heart reposing in his mother's sewing basket.

He thought: She hasn't fallen in love while I was away—she would have written and told me so.

He tried, mentally, to see her now, as he had so often during the past long days and longer nights. He had carried a picture of her with him, and his fellow officers had regarded it with complete incredulity. The low whistle, the "hubba hubba," the "Has she a sister?" were inevitable. But even a good photograph fell far short.

You could say, "Her bone structure is such that when she is seventy she will still be lovely"; or "Her hair is dark and her eyes are neither blue nor violet"; or even, "She is without a flaw," yet you would have conveyed nothing.

For Carla's imperishable beauty was not contained in coloring or texture, in the sweet fashioning of her body, the tender modeling of her flesh, the perfection of her bones. He knew this. But who else shared the knowledge? Not the men who loved and coveted her, who could not look beyond the outward shape of beauty. For all they knew, she could be good or evil; sensitive or insensitive. Well, that she was good in the accepted sense they would learn, of course, some of them the hard way; and that she was intelligent even the most bemused must recognize. But that she was enchanted, none, he dared to think, could know except himself.

He heard a car rattling toward him and put his own battered vehicle into motion. A man he had known for twenty years leaned out as the two cars passed and yelled, "Hi, Rich, good to have you home again."

Many boys had gone from Maplehill; some had not returned. He thought of Robert Fenton, Carla's brother. Robert was eighteen when he left the town and still eighteen when his name was starred in gold on the honor roll. He had died in an accident at training camp, a very young soldier, who now slept under a heaven he knew and loved.

The old car banged happily down the road, and the corner was turned. Carla's house sat back among big trees. It was completely hideous, a Victorian farmhouse to which had been added a succession of fantastic bay windows, turrets and gingerbread fretwork. When the sun turned west, a stained-glass window on a stair landing would make a red and purple design upon the grass. The house itself, almost paintless, colored only by sun, wind and rain, was crowned with a cupola, big enough to contain a room. Richard stopped the car before the gate and looked quickly to see if Carla was on the porch or path. Finding them empty, he raised his eyes to the cupola. He thought: She will be there.

It was her room, she had pre-empted it in childhood. He knew it very well and could not count the times he had climbed the crazy stairs. He thought: She is waiting for me.

CARLA had been waiting for some time, for the entire week during which she had been at home, resting after a long, difficult case. She had been waiting ever since she knew that Richard was on his way to the separation center and then to Maplehill.

She sat in a paintless Boston rocker and looked down at the orchard. In good years, the abundant bloom was heavy and sweet; neglected, the orchard grew and blossomed, and to sit in the cupola by the orchard windows was like flying above massed, rosy clouds. In autumn, plentiful apples, although distorted and small, fell with a round, whole sound into the grass. Now, ravaged by frost, only an occasional clenched fist of bloom remained, but birds flew among the young leaves, and sang their love songs.

Carla looked around the room. She had asked her mother, "When Rich comes send him upstairs, will you?" and her mother had shrugged in disapproval. Emily Fenton lived under the shadow of constant fear, voiced to herself and her husband only: What if Carla should throw herself away?

Emily hated the cupola room. She suffered from asthma and a bad heart and rarely climbed the steep stairs to invade the room.

It was a good room for privacy and airy, ringed round with uncurtained windows. Now and then, Carla's father came to sit there and talk, and smoke his pipe. He was a quiet, tolerant man who loved people, which was why he had sold most of his inheritance, the acreage of the old Fenton farm, and bought the general store in the village. Her brother Robert had been a co-owner of the cupola while he lived, and Richard Kent, tacitly, a silent partner. Carla looked across the room and saw the child's desk upon which the three had once carved their initials—her own, C.L.F., for Carolyn Lavina Fenton, R.T.F. for Robert Thomas Fenton and R.K. for Richard Kent. A jackknife lay there now.

The room was clean. Mrs. Fenton saw to that when Carla was away, sending a panting woman upstairs with mop and pail. Carla kept it clean when she was home. But she never kept it tidy. It did not have an ordered personality. The bookcases sagged with books and some were piled upon the floor. The floor had wide boards, carpeted with a faded rag rug. The springless couch was covered with an East Indian spread.

IT WAS a curious room for a girl—no mirrors, no pictures. Her mirrors and her photographs were in her pleasant chintz and maple bedroom on the floor below. Here, she kept her dreams and her toys, the battered doll, with a little trunk half full of dusty clothes, a miniature tea set, the furry bear which had once been Robert's; a top—Robert's or Richard's? The jackknife was her own. Richard had given it to her twelve years ago. All of her childhood was in this room, her growing up, her dreaming, her patience and her grief.

Carla reached in the breast pocket of her tweed jacket, and the ring lay in her hand. It was not a ring for a girl to carry carelessly; it was a ring to wear, and one not easily refused. She looked at it and thought of the man who had given it to her, a week ago.

"But I haven't said yes," she had protested.

"You haven't said no," he reminded her. "Here, take it, and if you make up your mind to wear it—" His voice had broken, it became harsh and hurried, unlike his familiar voice. "Carla, Carla darling."

Carla put the ring back in her pocket. For the past week, she had endured her mother's ceaseless hammering at her privacy, and her father's blundering assistance, "For Pete's sake, Em, leave the girl alone. She's tired, she's here to rest. She doesn't want to talk about the Trasks or their money or their butlers or"—with his faint grin—"their only son!"

No. She did not want to talk about Harry Trask, not until Richard came. Then she could. She always had been able to talk to Richard.

She thought she heard a car drive in, rose and went to the door and opened it. She heard her mother's voice, the screen door slammed and then Emily called, "Carla, it's Richard."

"Tell him to hurry," Carla called back, smiling. She knew that Emily would keep him downstairs for a moment, if only to express her disapproval of a daughter who did not receive her visitors on the front porch like a Christian and an adult, but in a tower. There had been a little argument at dinner.

"But," Emily said, "I don't care *how* long you've known him; it just doesn't look right."

Horace Fenton clucked his tongue. Sometimes he couldn't get over Emily. A quarter of a century ago they had met in Vermont on a holiday and the first thing he knew, they were married. He couldn't get over that either. Sometimes, he thought that Emily had never ceased

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

1947
BASKETBALL FORECAST

BY HENRY P. IBA

Here's the type of play you can expect to see in the coming season's court game, as told to you by the famous coach of the topflight Oklahoma A & M team

IF YOU thought the first, full-blown postwar football season was a wild and turbulent series of crashing upsets and shocking form reversals, you had better get a grip on the arms of your chair as you settle down to watch the basketball parade. The picture, as I see it, is just a blur of flashing jerseys, and it is an intrepid soul who would attempt to read, at this distance, the names of the colleges on the shirt fronts.

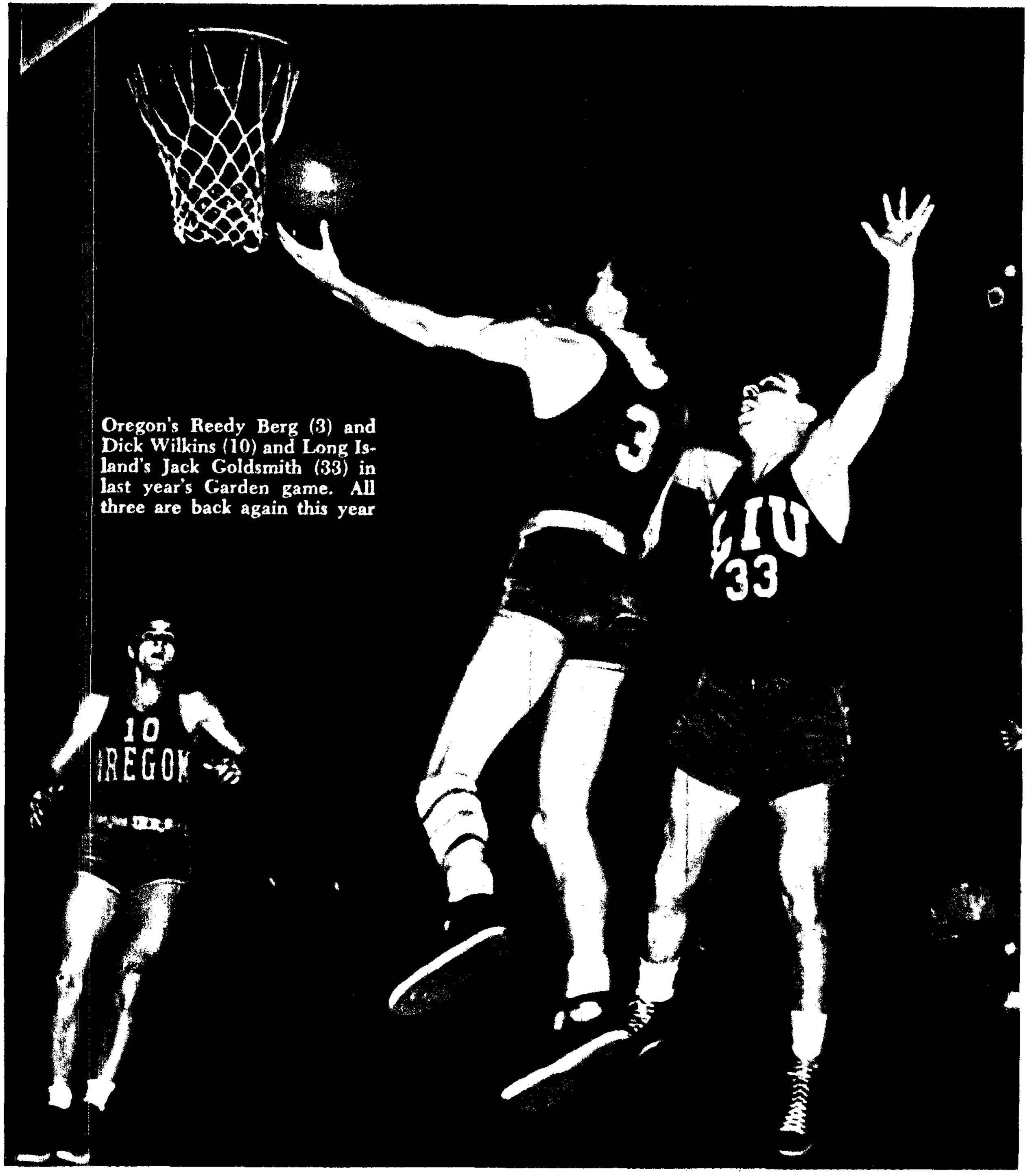
While football brought a weekly rash of upsets, it also brought exceedingly good football, perhaps not back to prewar standards quite, but certainly a reasonable facsimile. It will be the same in basketball. There will be vast improvement in the game over the wartime years, but it will be a wise coach who knows he has his best team on the floor before midseason. And for that reason, it may be close to tournament time before the country's basketball strength can be assayed with any accuracy.

Almost every major college coach looked at 125 to 150 players when he issued the first call for basketball. Some squads ran as high as 300. We had more than 200 candidates at Oklahoma A & M. Where once you expected some 75 aspirants and had the even flow of material through four collegiate years, now you have dumped in your lap at least twice that many youths, some good, some hopeful. It is an overload that is difficult to handle; coaches have, for four years, been fortunate to have 20 lads on the squad. Far be it from a coach to object to too much material, but the current overabundance presents its problems and may send many a club off to a shaky start.

Making up the squads, of course, are dozens of returned servicemen. Many of them played service basketball under sound instructors. On the other hand, many sophomore stars of three or four seasons ago coached their service outfits' basketball teams. They are coming back to college with more basketball ideas than can be found in the books. They have more new plays and fancy shots than are healthy, although some of them might work, at that! And there is a possibility that many former stars have become solo players, by reason of service circumstances, and will have an adjustment problem adapting themselves to team play on the college courts.

I believe the boy who had good basketball competition in the service is going to come to the top in the new season. But the star of prewar days, who has been out of touch with the game, is going to face the same problems that the G.I.s faced in football, and his return to stardom may come the slow, hard way.

Basketball has changed in *(Continued on page* 38*)*



Oregon's Reedy Berg (3) and Dick Wilkins (10) and Long Island's Jack Goldsmith (33) in last year's Garden game. All three are back again this year

Basketball has become the Number One spectator sport of the country. These frenzied enthusiasts were snapped at Madison Square Garden, New York

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

1947 RATING OF THE TEAMS

BY DICK DUNKEL

Sportdom's veteran statistical analyst goes out on a limb to give you his preseason ratings of the college hoopsters

MORE than 800 college basketball teams are now having at one another in this second postwar season in order to determine the select few who will emerge finally as national, sectional and conference champions.

It's nice to know—in advance—the identity of those who will rise to the neck of the bottle. But the job of picking out the leaders is not so nice.

However, there are certain laboriously charted channels through which we can arrive at the approximate—if not the exact—truth.

For example, we have computed relative strength ratings for each of the 800 teams after each of the 72,000 games played in the last dozen years. Besides driving you crazy, this work also reveals certain facts and trends which can be used in figuring futures.

One of these, we've found, is the fact that the average team varies a little less than 10 per cent in rating from year to year. Another is that an upward variation is usually accompanied by better-than-average return of veteran playing talent to the fortunately ascending coach.

So by hitching these two factors together—on the basis of data submitted by the colleges themselves—and by using them to adjust last year's final ratings, we are able to arrive at the accompanying probability tables for the 1946-47 season. But not without backward glances of sheer terror.

However, we've done this sort of thing before and know just what to expect, to wit: Approximately 80 per cent of the preseason top 40 will be in the top 40 at the end of the season, and not necessarily in the order given here; those who like to figure the winners will be right in about four out of five games by following this line-up during the season; and the coaches of the selected favorites will be very unhappy about the whole thing.

Here's the cold dope on that Kentucky . . . to replace Jack Parkinson and Wilbur Schu, only losses from last year's Metropolitan Championship team, Coach Adolph Rupp has only Jim Jordan, All-American last year at North Carolina; Bob Brannum, Kentucky All-American in 1944; or Alex Groza, Kenton Campbell, and Muff Davis, all former Kentucky stars. ★★★

Preseason Rank of the 40 Strongest Teams of 1947 and Their Stars

1.	KENTUCKY	Jordan, f; Brannum, g; Jones, c; Beard, g; Tingle, f.
2.	ILLINOIS	Phillip, f; Menke, f; Smiley, g; Vance, g; Green, c.
3.	NOTRE DAME	Ratterman, f; Kelly, f; Hiller, f; Lujack, g; Gordon, g.
4.	NEW YORK U.	Tanenbaum, g; Forman, f; Schayes, c; Goldstein, f; De Bonis, f.
5.	BOWLING GREEN, O.	Siegferth, g; Martin, f; Knierim, g; Inman, f; Kubiak, f.
6.	OHIO STATE	Huston, g; Amling, g; Underman, c; Bowen, f; J. Wells, f.
7.	NORTH CAROLINA	Dillon, f; White, f; Hayworth, g; Scholbe, g; Paxton, c.
8.	PURDUE	Hoffman, g; Anderson, f; Miller, c; Ritter, f; McCool, f.
9.	MICHIGAN STATE	Roberts, f; White, g; Waldron, g; Mazza, c; Cawood, f.
10.	KANSAS	Black, f; Evans, g; Peck, c; Schnellbacher, f; Clark, g.
11.	DE PAUL	Stump, f; DiBenedetto, f; Kachan, g; Allen, g; E. Mikan, c.
12.	INDIANA	Hamilton, g; Williams, c; Wallace, f; Herman, g; Kralovanski, f.
13.	OKLAHOMA	Tucker, Paine, Buelow, Courty, Hines.
14.	MARQUETTE	Wiesner, c; Meyers, g; Berce, f; Skat, f; Kuffel, c.
15.	TEMPLE	Joyce, Lerner, Fox, Bobb, McLaughlin.
16.	CORNELL	Peterson, c; Gale, f; Gallagher, g; Giles, g; Booze, c.
17.	SYRACUSE	Gabor, f; Ludka, c; Renzi, g; Stickel, g; Crandell, f.
18.	NORTHWESTERN	Felt, c; Tourek, g; Worthington, g; Ward, f; Schadler, g.
19.	IOWA	H. Wilkinson, g; C. Wilkinson, c; Ives, Spencer, Danner.
20.	YALE	Lavelli, Loeffler, Joyce, David, Knopp.
21.	WEST VIRGINIA	Carroll, f; Leverte, f; Wilson, c; Byrd, g; Green, g.
22.	UTAH	Ferrin, g; Smuin, g; Misaka, f; Gardner, c; Watson, f.
23.	WYOMING	Reese, f; Rogers, f; Volker, g; Roney, g; Roberts, c.
24.	CALIFORNIA	Wolfe, f; Smith, c; Hogeboom, g; Rocker, f; Hanger, f.
25.	RHODE ISLAND STATE	Nichols, Allen, Palmieri, Sclafani, Blount.
26.	OKLAHOMA A & M	Williams, g; Jaquet, f; Halbert, c; Bennett, f; Geymann, g.
27.	DUKE	Seward, Gantt, Koffenberger, Rothbaum, Miller.
28.	LOUISIANA STATE	Lindsey, f; Adcock, c; Lowther, f; Walters, g; Sanders, g.
29.	MICHIGAN	Elliott, f; Harrison, f.
30.	DARTMOUTH	Leedy, f; Brindley, c; Monahan, g; Coleman, g.
31.	UCLA	Clustka, f; Arnold, g; Lee, c; Panovich, f; Perry, g.
32.	CCNY	Schmones, f; Malamed, f; Trubowitz, g; Shapiro, g; Farbman, c.
33.	HARVARD	Petrillo, Torgan, McDaniel, Mariaschin, Gantt.
34.	LAFAYETTE	Zippel, f; Krasner, f; Jordan, g; Milne, g; Semko, c.
35.	WISCONSIN	Cook, f; Rogers, g; Rippe, g; Selbo, c; Hertz, f.
36.	ARKANSAS	Kok, c.
37.	WESTERN KENTUCKY	McKinney, c; Ray, f; Spears, f; Gibson, g; Embry, g.
38.	VALPARAISO	Meadows, g; Schmidt, c; Jacobs, f; Belzowski, g; Radecki, f.
39.	TENNESSEE	Hawkins, c; Mehen, c; J. Thomas, f; R. Thomas, f; Wooten, g.
40.	ST. JOHN'S, N. Y.	Boykoff, c; Frascella, f; Doctor, g; McGuire, f; Plantamurra, g.

(Some positions are not given, as they have not yet been established)

●

The Order of Strength in Conferences and Groups

Big Nine

1. ILLINOIS
2. OHIO STATE
3. PURDUE
4. INDIANA
5. NORTHWESTERN
6. IOWA
7. MICHIGAN
8. WISCONSIN
9. MINNESOTA

Big Six

1. KANSAS
2. OKLAHOMA
3. IOWA STATE
4. MISSOURI
5. NEBRASKA
6. KANSAS STATE

Missouri Valley

1. OKLAHOMA A & M
2. ST. LOUIS
3. WICHITA
4. DRAKE
5. WASHINGTON U.
6. CREIGHTON
7. TULSA

Southern

(Top 10 only)

1. NORTH CAROLINA
2. DUKE
3. GEO. WASHINGTON
4. VIRGINIA
5. SOUTH CAROLINA
6. WAKE FOREST
7. WILLIAM AND MARY
8. N. C. STATE
9. VIRGINIA POLY
10. MARYLAND

Big Seven

1. UTAH
2. WYOMING
3. COLORADO
4. COLO. A & M
5. BRIGHAM YOUNG
6. UTAH STATE
7. DENVER

Border

1. ARIZONA
2. WEST TEXAS STATE
3. FLAGSTAFF STATE
4. TEXAS TECH
5. NEW MEXICO
6. TEMPE STATE
7. TEXAS MINES
8. NEW MEXICO A & M
9. HARDIN-SIMMONS

Southeastern

1. KENTUCKY
2. LOUISIANA STATE
3. TENNESSEE
4. TULANE
5. ALABAMA
6. GEORGIA
7. GEORGIA TECH
8. FLORIDA
9. MISS. STATE
10. VANDERBILT
11. MISSISSIPPI
12. AUBURN

Southwestern

1. ARKANSAS
2. TEXAS
3. BAYLOR
4. RICE
5. TEXAS CHRISTIAN
6. SO. METHODIST
7. TEXAS A & M

Other Southern

1. WESTERN KENTUCKY STATE
2. LOYOLA, LA.
3. HOUSTON
4. MURRAY STATE, KY.
5. EASTERN KENTUCKY STATE

Pacific Coast

Southern Div.:

1. CALIFORNIA
2. UCLA
3. SO. CALIFORNIA
4. STANFORD

Northern Div.:

1. OREGON
2. OREGON STATE
3. IDAHO
4. WASHINGTON
5. WASHINGTON STATE

Eastern Intercollegiate

1. CORNELL
2. YALE
3. DARTMOUTH
4. HARVARD
5. PRINCETON
6. COLUMBIA
7. PENNSYLVANIA

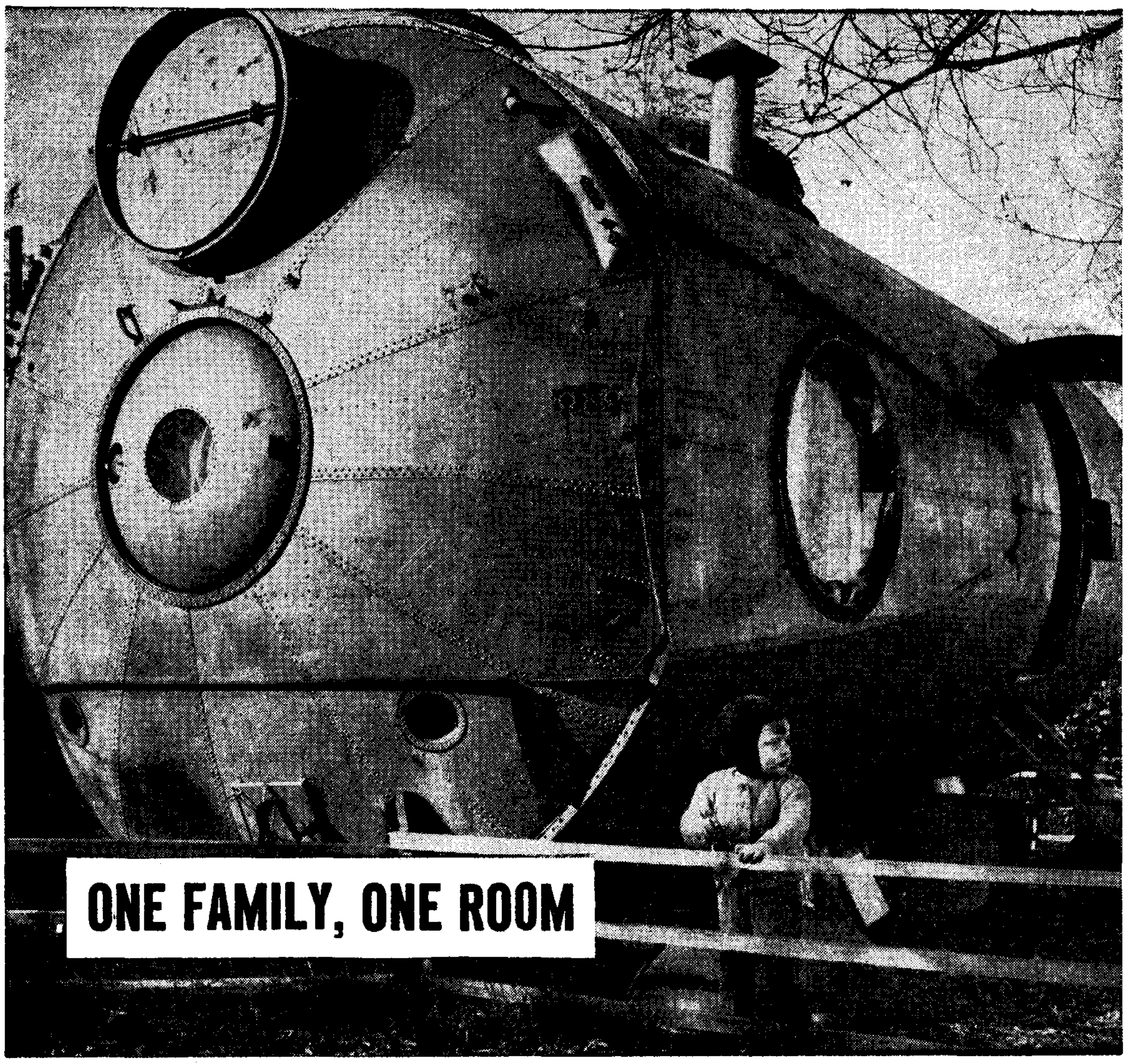
Other Far Western

1. PEPPERDINE
2. NEVADA
3. SAN DIEGO STATE
4. ST. MARY'S
5. SANTA CLARA

HOUSING:
NO HOME IN THE WEST

BY LESTER VELIE

The housing shortage has caught both Denver and Minneapolis without their foundations down. Now prices are so high that even the great middle class can't afford a decent home. Here, as part of Collier's series on housing, is the story



In a piece of the fuselage of a B-29 (above) ex-Marine Roy Rasmussen lives with his wife and son, Skippy. Quarters for other veterans' families are not much better; eight of them live in the Women's Detention Home (below). One of the causes is that Minnesota had not passed legislation allowing its towns and cities to take advantage of offers of federal emergency housing

THE architect drove through Denver's aspen- and poplar-lined streets with their sturdy brick cottages set back on wide lawns. In the brilliant, autumn sunlight of its mile-high elevation, Denver had a prosperous well-scrubbed look. The architect drove to the town's outskirts where suddenly the entire aspect of the town changed. Here were new, raw treeless neighborhoods crammed with boxlike houses, each depressingly like the other.

The architect looked unhappily about him.

"These houses are going to blight Denver for years," he said.

Here without basements, often without garages, without needed storage and closet space was the housing shortage's legacy to Denver—"the minimum house." Yet it meant shelter to the refugee from the trailer camp, from the room in the boardinghouse or a bed with the in-laws. And with only 208 out of 4,000 "starts" completed by mid-October, these minimum houses are being fought for.

What do the lucky ones get? For 50 to 100 per cent more money, they are getting one fourth less house than was built before the war.

I asked builders all over town for the floor plans of their new houses and for plans of houses built before the war and I went over the blueprints room by room with an architect.

Let's take the cheapest house you can buy in Denver, the "handyman house." For $4,400 a G.I. can buy an unfinished house which he can complete (if he is a handyman) by installing interior walls, putting in doors, electrical sockets and fixtures and kitchen cabinets, and then painting the house. If the G.I. is not a "handyman," the builder completes the job for an additional $1,500.

For his total $5,900 the buyer gets a combination living-dining room 16¾ feet by 9⅔ feet—the size of a prewar dining room. One bedroom is 10½ by 10; the other, 10½ by 8. The "master bedroom" barely exceeds the skimpy 100 square feet which some city codes require as the minimum for a bedroom. The smaller 10½-by-8-foot bedroom is below the minimum required by the Federal Housing Administration as a condition for mortgage insurance.

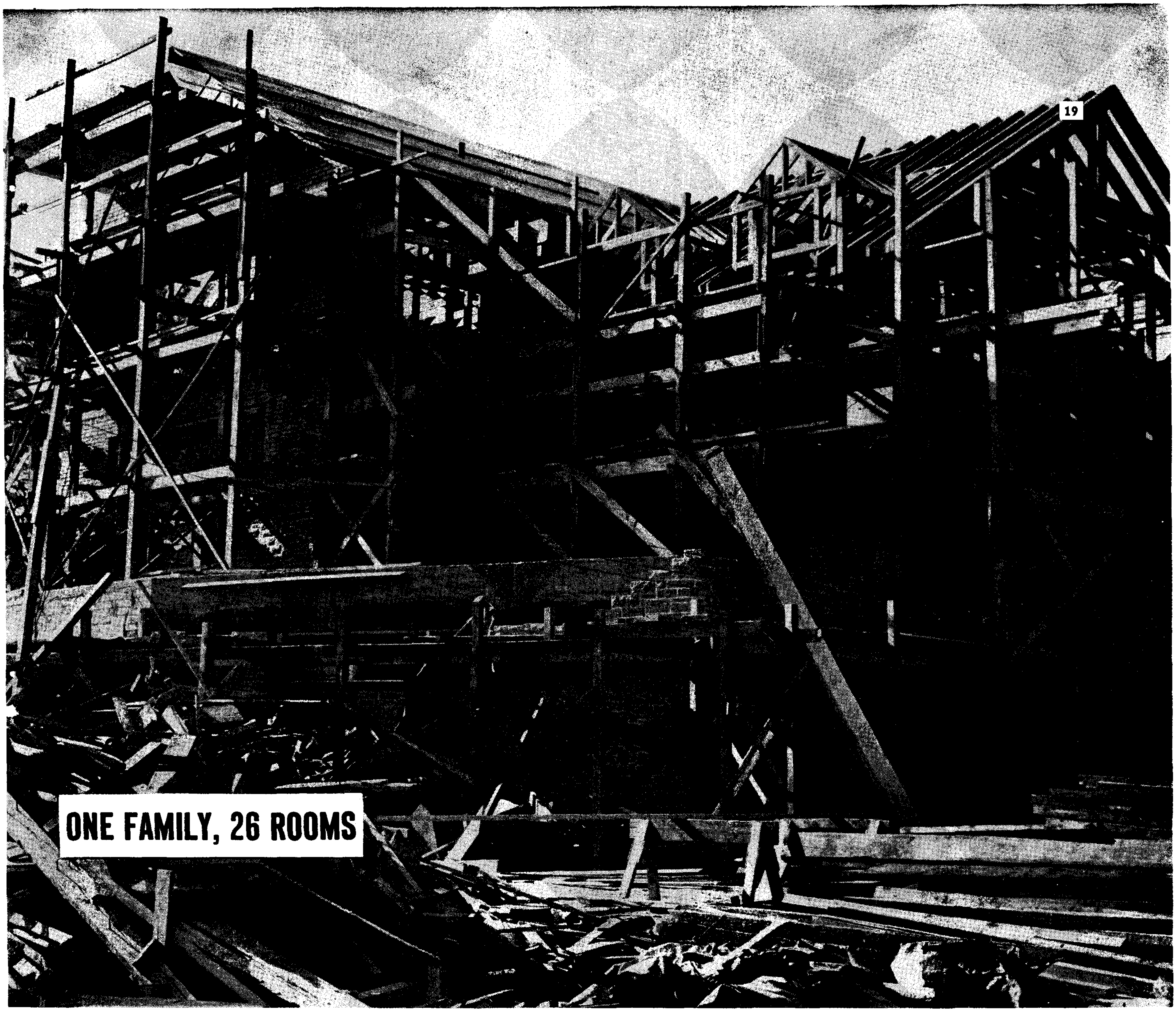
"You can't get twin beds in this room unless you eliminate even the smallest chest of drawers," the architect grunted, studying the blueprint with a rule. The two 24-inch-deep closets, the architect told me, were the minimum depth in which clothes could be hung without protruding into the room. The 8¼-by-7-foot kitchen is rounded out by a utility room to match in which are squeezed laundry tub, water heater and, to the housewife's dismay, storage space of 2⅓ by 4¼ feet. There is no garage, no basement, no attic.

In this product of the postwar world, the householder, his wife and children have 675 square feet in which to take their ease. "This," the architect observed dryly, "is the size of the skimpiest New York apartment." He might have added that it was 125 square feet less than the minimum which the government allotted to families of four persons in its low-cost public-housing programs.

On the assumption that man-made houses should be checked by women for livability, I asked a middle-aged housekeeper to look at the house with me.

"How can you fix a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner here?" she wondered in the closetlike kitchen. "Have to carry the turkey in sideways. And that porch! (3½ by 10⅓ feet.) Couldn't put a glider for the young folks to spoon in, or a rocker for Grandma to knit in. Have to sit bolt upright. Where do you put trunks, and store pickles and preserves?" she demanded. "Where can you keep a dog or a cat? Where can the children throw their books?"

She summed it up, "Where is there room for a family to grow and live?"



ONE FAMILY, 26 ROOMS

While 3,500 of the 3,800 houses started in the Twin Cities lie incomplete, no shortage of materials halts work on this mansion started before restrictions

The "handyman" house was built to create shelter in a hurry and at the lowest possible cost. Yet by cutting all corners the builder could not, or at any rate did not, get the price for the completed house down below $5,900. Let's see what $5,900 could buy in Denver before 1940.

For $5,600 one Denver builder produced in 1939 a two-bedroom brick house with 1,000 square feet of space (32½ per cent more than the "handyman house"). This house had a garage and a basement.

Other Denver builders, pushing into the low-priced house field before 1940, produced a five-room $3,900 home, and one group went as low as $2,950. Some of the low price came out of the building trades workers' hides, for Denver carpenters, plumbers and other tradesmen were not unionized until the war and earned 75 cents an hour as against the $1.50 average in other cities. Other savings came out of the house itself. Builders lopped prices by lopping off pieces of the house. Dining rooms were shaved down to dinettes or shoved into the living room. Basements disappeared and so, in some instances, did garages.

The prewar trend of less house for less money has now turned to less house for more money. The minimum $3,900 house (750 square feet) of 1939 now costs $8,000 to $9,000—a price that puts it out of reach of the average veteran.

This is the price the consumer pays for the building industry's inability to modernize its antiquated handicraft methods. In Denver it is a price he'll pay because he has no choice. Denver is one of the few cities in America which put up no emergency housing during the war although the need was critical. Even 15 months after V-J Day, it still had no temporary accommodations for its stranded citizens, although 570 Quonsets, demountables and other units —a handful—were "under construction."

In Denver, real-estate and building men tell you their town has the lowest per capita public housing in the country. "We have had to fight and fight very effectively to keep public housing out of Denver," A. J. Bromfield, former president of Denver's Chamber of Commerce told me.

This War Defeated Its Own Purposes

During the war, while other towns fought desperately to force the government to send them temporaries, some of Denver's most influential citizens fought just as desperately to keep them out. The fight against temporaries with which the government housed war workers at $30 and $35 monthly rentals was as "very effective" in Denver as the fight against subsidized housing for the poor. Denver got no temporaries.

Yet the need for them was great. Denver, with its year-round flying weather was a natural for such mammoth Air Force installations as Buckley Field, and Lowry Field. The military and civilian personnel that these and Camp Logan brought in breathed deep of Denver's clear air and decided to make Denver their home. It was Denver's clear air, too, perfect for precision-instrument work, that brought to town the Remington Arms plant, Rocky Mountain Arsenal, and other war enterprises. Workers ascended on Denver (the city's a mile up; you don't *de*scend on it). Denver's population leaped 20 per cent.

Called by war manufacturers who couldn't hold shelterless workers, government housing experts looked the town over, prescribed 2,000 temporary units plus materials priorities to permit private builders to put up another 1,800. To their astonishment, the town could not agree to accept the temporaries. When V-J Day came along, the project died.

Denver's housing plight became in the words of Mayor Benjamin F. Stapleton "among the most critical, if not the most critical" in the nation.

Shifting for themselves, war workers built squalid shanties, moved into trailers in Denver's Westwood and Sheridan Heights areas. They blighted neighborhoods which were

(Continued on page 30)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF-PIX

RUSSIA'S RECONVERSION JITTERS

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

FOR the first time since Lenin and Trotsky seized power in Petrograd on a cold, bitter day in 1917, millions of Soviet citizens are now returning after viewing the countries of the West. For nearly thirty years they had seen these countries only through the carefully ground lenses of the official propaganda machine.

No one outside the Kremlin knows exactly how many Red Army soldiers have trekked homeward from Germany, Austria and the Balkans for mustering out. But day after day for many months the dingy railroad stations of Moscow, Kiev and Leningrad have bulged with troop trains from the west.

By the million, Russian soldiers are coming home to the shattered villages of the Ukraine, the broken cities of the north, the threadbare, shabby factory towns of the Urals, to sod huts, to farms where there are only women to pull the plows, and to stores the shelves of which are almost bare of food except for UNRRA contributions and leftovers from Lend-Lease.

Like all soldiers they are glad to be home; like most returning soldiers what they find is less than they'd dreamed it would be. They're coming back to the farm from Vienna and Budapest and Bucharest—cities drab and grim by Western standards but which are described, significantly, by the Soviet press as "fleshpots" where the black market and forcible requisitioning provided Russian troops with plenty of food, silk stockings and luxuries beyond any dream of the stark log villages and war-seared cities of the homeland.

Reconversion is giving the Soviet government a king-size headache which is not at all soothed by the impact of Western ideas on the people. Here a former Moscow correspondent and present foreign editor of the United Press takes its measure

Since Soviet troops began to come home in strength, the Russian press has begun to play up reports of a new purge. It has reported a wave of dismissals in Soviet industry, reprimands and reshuffling among Soviet writers and artists, shake-ups in the Communist party command and much soul-searching argument about the party line. Some days, if you read only Izvestia and Pravda, you get the idea that practically nothing is right in Russia.

What is the trouble? Is the Soviet machine falling apart? Has Stalin's grip on the country started to slip? Is Russia headed for another bloody orgy such as marked the trial of the "wreckers" and Trotskyites in the mid-thirties?

I think the answer to all those questions is probably no, and the questions themselves miss the point.

What is happening is that Russia is having its reconversion hang-over. And one of the chief ingredients of that colossal headache is the fact that the Red Army has seen the West for the first time.

Anyone who knows human nature can imagine what is happening. Millions *(Continued on page 91)*

This one-legged Russian soldier, shown celebrating reunion with Yanks, is one of millions whose view of the West is changing internal Russia today

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

The author of My Sister Eileen reports the hairbreadth escape of a peculiarly ingenuous and engaging victim of innocence from—

A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

BY
RUTH
McKENNEY

IN THE summer of 1930, when I was sixteen, going on seventeen years old, I was almost overtaken by what I feel sure still is called in Ohio A Fate Worse Than Death. I got run over by an automobile, but only just in the nick of time. The whole affair was very unlikely. I was one of the homeliest girls for my age in Ohio. There is no accounting for some people's tastes.

I met Robert Poncet in an unconventional way, and it only goes to show you that a young girl cannot be too careful. I was a freshman at Ohio State, Columbus, Ohio, the spring of 1930; I lived in a dismal little apartment with four other girls who also were dirt-poor and were working their way through college. But they were years older than I (Clarissa hovered on the brink of twenty-three) and when the girls decided to hitchhike to Cleveland, they proposed to leave me behind. Hitchhiking was all very well for mature types like themselves, but I was only a callow sixteen and might be imperiled by the dangers of the open road—gas hawks, for instance. Gas hawks were much feared by Columbus maidens, circa 1930.

Naturally I was infuriated by this cool idea of blackballing me for the great adventure, and I argued so much they finally let me trail along, but only after firm warnings, especially about telling my name to strangers.

Nobody wants to give five girls, together, a free ride. This may be called an axiom of the open road. We stood at a suburban crossroads of Columbus from 3:10 P.M. to 12:05 A.M. Truck drivers whistled and men in sporty roadsters made rude remarks. At 12:05 A.M. it began to rain and we were straggling home along the concrete, when Robert Poncet appeared in a long black limousine and told his chauffeur to pick us up—all five of us.

Mr. Poncet was, I judged, as I peered at him in the gloom of the back seat, about sixty, maybe seventy. Afterward he told me he was forty-seven, which was all the same to me anyway. I thought anybody over twenty-five had reached the stage of decay and decline. I didn't give Mr. Poncet's appearance a second glance, either. He looked natural, for an old man. He had a fat stomach and his head was bald; he had what I took to be kindly eyes. I was utterly indifferent to Mr. Poncet, the man; however, I was fascinated after the first ten minutes by Mr. Poncet, the littérateur.

For Mr. Poncet and I discovered rapidly on that ride to Cleveland that we had much in common. Mr. Poncet occupied himself, he told me sadly, with crass business—oil and building-and-loan banking. Ah, how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable was the world of commerce! Mr. Poncet's real love was literature, which was quite a coincidence because I was going to be a writer myself when I grew up. Mr. Poncet was very impressed when he heard about my future. He said he did not suppose I would allow some Philistine in the oil racket to be a patron for my career but, nevertheless, he would never forget this night. Never. Ten years might pass but when he saw my name on the flyleaf of my first novel, he would remember.

So I told him my name. My colleagues were infuriated, just at first, but even Clarissa was reconciled eventually to Mr. Poncet. For, as the spring wore on, we kept losing our part-time jobs or getting our wages cut and, as a result, we were very often hungry. Mr. Poncet occasionally had business in Columbus, he said, and he used to take all five of us to the Deshler-Wallick Hotel and buy us the three-dollar steak dinner. On these festive evenings, Mr. Poncet's behavior was always superlatively correct: he was jolly, fatherly and generous.

Of course he chatted mostly with me; he was very interested in my novel. I showed him Chapter One, and he took the trouble to write me five pages of criticism, all favorable. In June, at still another dinner, he begged me to be sure, if I needed money during the long school vacation, to let him know; he would be delighted to help me with an easy, well-paying job. I made a mental note of this generous offer but I hesitated to tell Mr. Poncet all my financial troubles. He was going to get my novel published as soon as I finished it (he had a friend who was a publisher) and I didn't want to be bothering Mr. Poncet *all* the time.

MR. PONCET'S steak dinner the first week in June proved to be the last square meal my friends and I ate in a good many days. For when the Ohio State University term closed, the other four girls were laid off at the college laundry, the Faculty Club, and so on, and four days later the print shop where I worked nights for a measly $10 a week went bankrupt. The situation in our apartment was intensely desperate, when suddenly I got a job selling books, on commission, in Wapakoneta, Ohio. However, I did not sell any books.

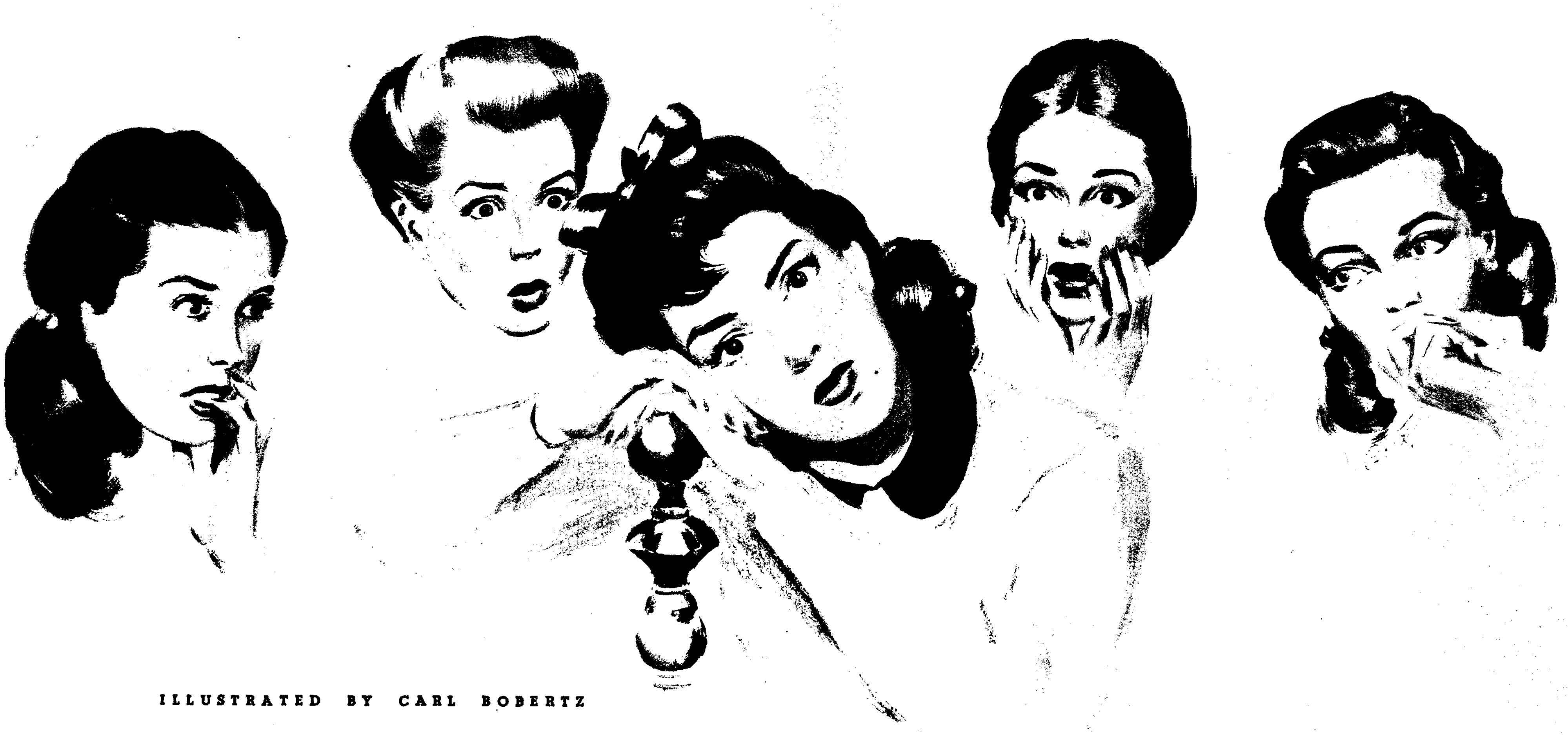
I was rooming in a minister's house in Wapakoneta, and after my money ran out and I couldn't sell any books, I just sat on my bed, with the door locked, getting scared. After worrying for an entire depression year, it now looked as though I was really, seriously, completely, going to starve to death. I could hardly believe it. On the other hand I sat in my room and did not eat anything for two entire days. I was very hungry, right from the start, and I kept getting hungrier. I was ashamed, too. I was afraid the minister's wife, who looked rather Nosy Parker, was going to figure out I hadn't emerged from my quarters to patronize the Wapakoneta Grill around the corner. I felt it would be the final humiliation to have this minister's wife come up to my room and poor-girl me. I didn't want sympathy. I just wanted to starve in peace and quiet. That was how I felt the first two days.

I woke up at 7:30 A.M. the third day in extremely bad temper. A fine thing! A sixteen-year-old girl starving to death right under the noses of a minister and his helpmate. I hoped they never heard the last of it. I hoped—

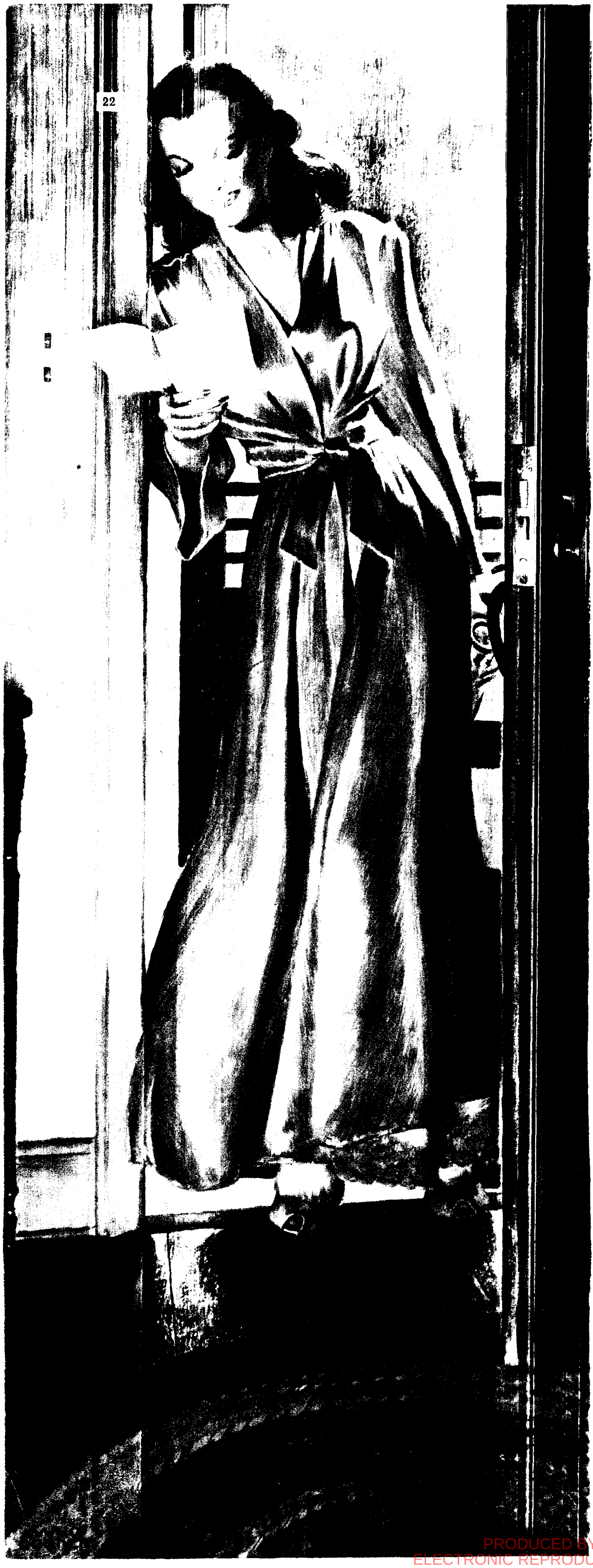
At 7:45 A.M. the minister and his wife knocked on my door. They asked me if I would be their guest at breakfast. I ate a whole loaf of fresh home-baked bread, eight eggs and other tidbits such as a jar of home-made strawberry jam and the like. The minister, his wife, and I were all very much embarrassed and afraid to look at one another. The minister gave me $5.35, the exact fare back to Cleveland, and said he was sorry it couldn't be more. The minister's wife said it was getting pretty hot for June. I said I would never forget them and their kindness. I never have.

Feeling much refreshed by my

(Continued on page 48)



ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ



SIT DOWN MISS YOUNG

BY L. A. CAMPBELL

Recipe for breakfast: Orange juice, toast, coffee and one love letter under glass

Dear Miss Young

No doubt you will think it strange that in place of your regular order of two quarts of milk and a half pint of coffee cream you find only one quart of milk and a half pint of cream this morning. I hope this does not greatly inconvenience you.

I realize this sort of thing is extremely annoying, Miss Young, but let me explain how it came about.

I am aware, Miss Young, that the traditional literary form of the note-in-the-milk-bottle has been a brief, succinct statement of bare facts: "Leave 1 pt. whipping cream"; or "Sorry, no whipping cream today." That sort of thing. But has it proven adequate in all cases? Sit down, Miss Young. In order to avoid any misunderstanding, let me picture for you the events leading up to your finding only one quart of milk on your doorstep this morning.

To give you a true picture, Miss Young, I have to go back to the beginning. That's, oh, maybe a year and a half ago, when I was still in the Army. I was stationed at an Air Corps field in the Great Southwest, and I was not happy about it. Those fields were all alike, Miss Young, a couple of paved runways, a bunch of tar-paper-covered barracks, a near-by town of five or six hundred souls and a few honky-tonk cafés overrun nightly by the five or six thousand soldiers from the field. After you've seen one honky-tonk you've seen them all, Miss Young, and it seemed to me I was spending the best years of my life sitting in a honky-tonk, drinking beer.

"Forget that bottle of milk for the time being, Miss Young," she read, "and let me tell you about Margie"

I was dissatisfied, Miss Young. Other men went overseas, but not me. All my friends went overseas, were decorated, came back, and there I was, still changing spark plugs, washing airplanes, winding clocks and earning my Good Conduct Medal.

I know you're wondering what all this has to do with your bottle of milk, Miss Young, but I have to give you the true picture if you're to understand.

Anyway, finally I was transferred—to the Great Northwest this time—not very far from here, as a matter of fact.

This I liked. It looked more like home—the hills, the trees, the clear, sparkling streams—mighty pretty country, Miss Young. My new post was near a good-sized city, too. I like cities, Miss Young. The first couple of weeks, I used to go into town and just walk up and down the streets, looking at the bright lights and the tall buildings—it was nice.

One day I saw an announcement on the bulletin board. The university in town was going to have night classes during the winter months. Fine. I'd had only two years of college before joining the Army, and here was a good chance to make up some college credits. I believe in grasping every opportunity to better oneself, don't you, Miss Young?

So I signed up for three courses. Four nights a week I'd trudge up the hill to night school. It wasn't easy, Miss Young. I had forgotten how much studying was necessary for even the simplest courses, and of course I was out of the habit of applying my-

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

self diligently to academic subjects. Then I hit upon the plan of taking my books into the school library right after supper each night, and studying there until class time.

And there I met Margie.

Forget that bottle of milk for the time being, Miss Young. Let me tell you about Margie. She was a tiny thing, came up to about where you tuck your necktie into your shirt, between the first and second buttons. Soft brown hair with glints of sunlight in it, and blue eyes that crinkled up when she laughed, and she laughed a lot. She was beautiful, Miss Young, and I still have trouble with my breathing when I think of her.

She worked at a secretarial job during the day, and was trying to save enough money to be able to quit her job and go to college. She was going to night school, like I was, to build up college credits in the meantime. She had a lot of guts to be taking on such a tough schedule.

We used to study together, there in the library before class, and after class I'd walk down to the bus stop with her. Sometimes we'd stop at a little café on the corner for a cup of coffee. I liked her a lot, Miss Young, and we got along swell together. We'd sit for hours over one cup of coffee while I talked about the things I was going to do after the war, and the things I did before the war, and just life in general.

Well, one thing led to another. We had a few dates on week ends, and then we were having a lot of dates. The first thing I knew I found myself moping around the field on days I couldn't see Margie. She went out of town one week end to visit her aunt, and I missed her something terrible. I thought Monday night would never come. But come it did, Miss Young, and when I walked into the library and saw Margie sitting there as usual, I decided it was high time I quit kidding myself. I was in love.

THE next step was simple. Just go to Margie and say, "I love you. Let's get married." And live happily ever after.

Simple, Miss Young, but not easy. Because suppose she didn't look at the thing the way I did—suppose she said no—what then, Miss Young? I sweated the thing out for a couple of weeks, getting more and more jittery every day, but finally I had to know, one way or the other. It took me another week to get around to asking her, even after I'd made up my mind to it. I'd maneuver the conversation around to what seemed like a good opening, and then I'd chicken out.

But one night we were sitting on her front porch, and she was talking about something, and I got to dreaming, and without thinking I broke into whatever it was she was saying and asked her to marry me. I almost fainted, Miss Young, when I heard myself asking her that. And I died a couple of times while I was waiting for her to answer.

Because, to be perfectly honest about it, Miss Young, I'm no bargain in any league. My friends apologize for me to strangers, "He's a nice enough guy when you get to know him." In short, hardly the sort of guy to rate a queen like Margie. She deserved the best, Miss Young, and I began to feel like a heel for even suggesting myself as a substitute.

Then she leaned over and kissed me, holding me so I wouldn't float away on the first light breeze that came by. She said, "I love you."

So there I was, Miss Young. From honky-tonks to heaven, on one transfer. I thought of all the time I'd wasted. No more. From now on it was happily ever after—Margie and me.

I was all for getting married right away, but Margie said no, we ought to wait a little while because there were a few things she wanted to take care of first. I guess she wanted to get used to the idea. I said anything she wanted was okay with me.

I didn't sleep a wink that night, which probably explains why I acted so dopey the next morning when the captain called me into the orderly room and handed me my orders. The orders were clear enough. I was to report immediately to a new squadron that was being formed at Kelly Field, Texas. It was a maintenance outfit, and it would be in training for a few months before going overseas. A few weeks ago I would have been very happy about a deal like that. Funny, how you change your mind about things.

The captain was speaking to me. I looked up from the orders.

"Sir?"

"I said, 'Sergeant, your mouth is open,'" he said. "Close it."

He explained that "immediately" didn't really mean that I would have to leave right away. He said I would have until five o'clock that afternoon to get packed, pick up my laundry, and attend to any personal business I might want to straighten out before I left.

I thanked him and bowed. Thinking

(Continued on page 81)

"I watched the milkman deliver your milk, Miss Young, and suddenly realized I was standing in front of your house . . . so don't blame the milkman"

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

THE WINNER OF THE COLLIER TROPHY

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

For developing the Ground Controlled Approach System for safe landing of aircraft under all weather and traffic conditions, Dr. Luis W. Alvarez wins America's highest aviation award

The Collier Trophy winner examines a magnetron, a radio transmitter used in radar and in the GCA System

DR. LUIS W. ALVAREZ, 35-year-old University of California professor of physics and amateur pilot—highly regarded in that exclusive little group that deals with atom bombs and advanced radar, but generally unknown among aviation people—is this year's winner of the Collier Trophy, the nation's highest aviation award. He will receive it from President Truman at the White House, Tuesday, December 17th, on the forty-third anniversary of the Wright Brothers' flight.

The National Aeronautic Association's special Collier Trophy Committee chose Dr. Alvarez "for his conspicuous and outstanding initiative in the concept of, and his contribution to, the construction, adaptation and effective demonstration and use of the Ground Controlled Approach System for safe landing of aircraft under all weather and traffic conditions." GCA, as the bad-weather landing system is popularly termed, enables any type airplane to approach a fog-locked airport and land, simply by following radio instructions from a voice or "controller" on the ground. The controller, via radar, "sees" the plane through the soupy weather and talks the airman down by broadcasting the direction, speed and rate of descent.

The Collier Trophy is awarded at this time by the N.A.A. for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." Thus Dr. Alvarez is the winner for the year 1945. The N.A.A. is the custodian of the trophy and has been through its predecessor, the old Aero Club of America, since 1911 when the award was established by the late Robert J. Collier as an incentive to make America foremost in aviation. Mr. Collier was editor, and son of the founder of Collier's, and an active pilot, plane owner and crusader for aviation when the future of the airplane was held to be very doubtful.

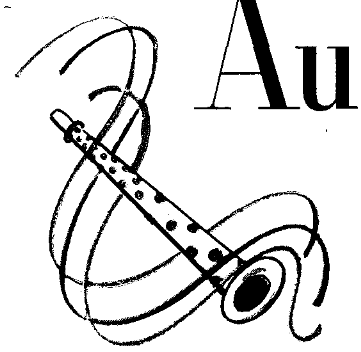
A Pupil of Saint-Gaudens

The large classic bronze trophy is the creation of Sculptor Ernest Wise Keyser, student of Saint-Gaudens and renowned in his own right for heroic memorials in his native Baltimore and in New York City. It depicts "Man having conquered Gravity and Contrary Winds and having touched the bird and learned its secrets, soars from the earth a conqueror."

Dr. Alvarez is the thirty-first winner of the trophy and he will keep it for the ensuing year. For his permanent possession he will receive an attractive bronze plaque, suitably engraved to commemorate the award, from Thomas H. Beck, president of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company and intimate friend of the late Mr. Collier.

Luis Alvarez had left his native San Francisco to study physics at the University of Chicago at the height of the Big Depression. His 1933 Christmas present was a $50 check from his father, Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, noted Mayo Clinic physician. Promptly seeing the opportunity to gratify a long-standing desire to fly, he rushed to the nearest airport, put down the $50 and told the instructor, "I want to solo." The man said the rate was $15 an hour. Afflicted with the poverty of the normal college student, he just had to solo at the end of $50 worth of instruction and he did—in 3 hours and 15 minutes. Thereafter, as conditions

(Continued on page 36)



“Auld acquaintance” ... with new appeal

GLAMOROUS new Hudsons are taking the road, fresh from the humming production lines. But to tens of thousands all over the nation, they are already “auld acquaintances.”

Your first glance tells you these cars are *new*—in distinctive design and over-all beauty. But underneath is the same reliability that has held the year-in, year-out loyalty of a legion of Hudson owners.

And with thousands who are driving their first Hudsons, these great new cars are building an envied reputation for luxurious comfort and top-rank performance.

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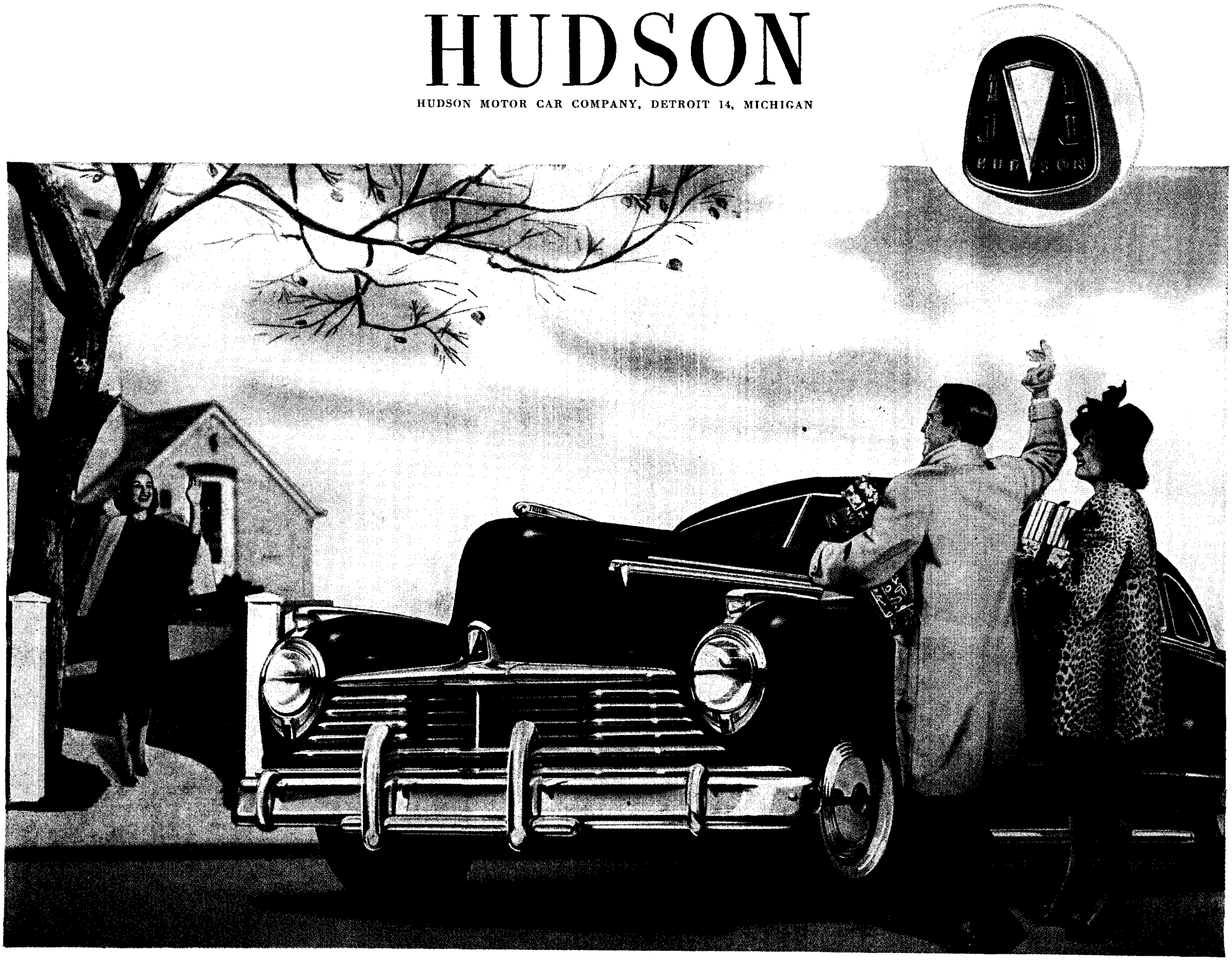
If your dream car combines economy with stamina and superb styling, see Hudson first. Wherever you are and wherever you go, one of Hudson's 3,000 dealers is ready to serve you.

With a Hudson, you'll celebrate 1947 as the year that brought new appeal to an “auld acquaintance” . . . and new driving pleasure to you.

HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN



Choice of famous 102-horsepower Super-Six and 128-horsepower Super-Eight engines . . . Offered in a Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—Sedans, Brougham (Super Series only), 3- and 5-passenger Coupes and Convertible Broughams in nine new standard body colors, with four 2-tone combinations at extra cost.

DOES YOUR WIFE DESERVE A HAMILTON FOR CHRISTMAS?

Does she really bring up the children while you "coach" from the sidelines?

Does she mend mountains of socks and only occasionally say "darn"?

Does she let you read the paper at the breakfast table (something you would *never* let her do)?

Does she bear up bravely when she's cooked your favorite dish—and you're not hungry?

Does she pick up your clothes and never really nag you about it?

Does she keep on believing you're a great man, even when you have doubts?

Does she prefer one good present to a dozen "pretty good" ones?

Does she let you keep your top bureau drawer in just the right state of confusion?

★

Mister, even if half your answers are "Yes," she deserves a Hamilton.

DOES YOUR MAN DESERVE A HAMILTON FOR CHRISTMAS?

Does he remember your birthday and anniversary as eagerly as he used to?

Does he say how wonderful you look—just at the right time?

Does he take you out for the evening when you've had your heart set on it, even though he's tired?

Does he control his wit when you show him a new hat?

Does he still open the car door for you, instead of letting you climb in by yourself?

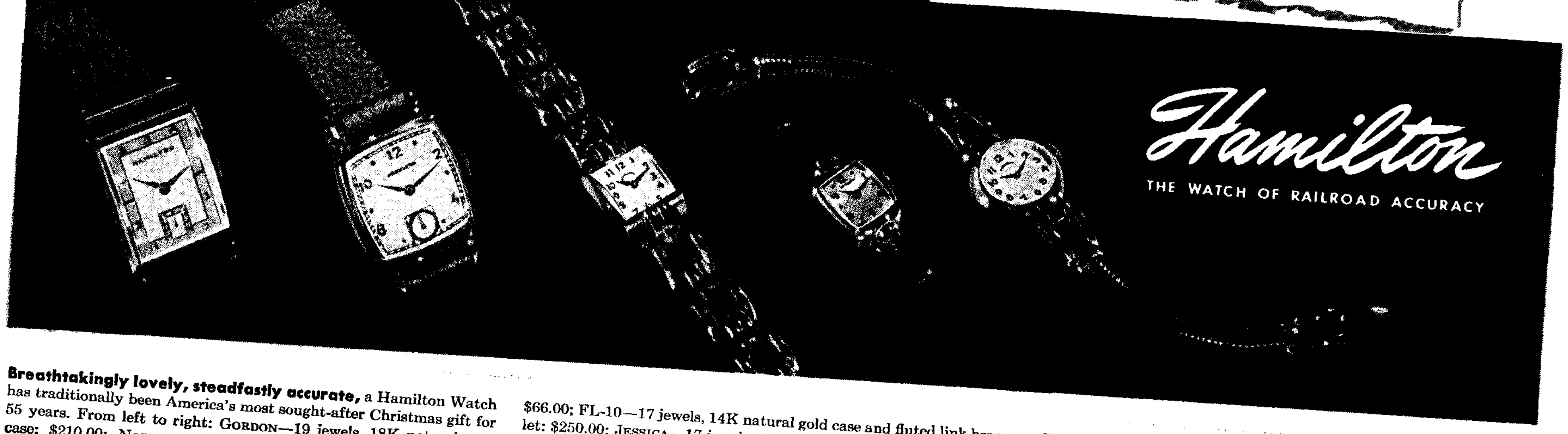
Does he put his ashes in the ashtray (almost all the time)?

Does he really want a present he can be proud to show, instead of the kind men usually get?

Does he like all your relatives—or at least put on a convincing act?

★

Then give him the present he deserves for Christmas—a Hamilton, of course.

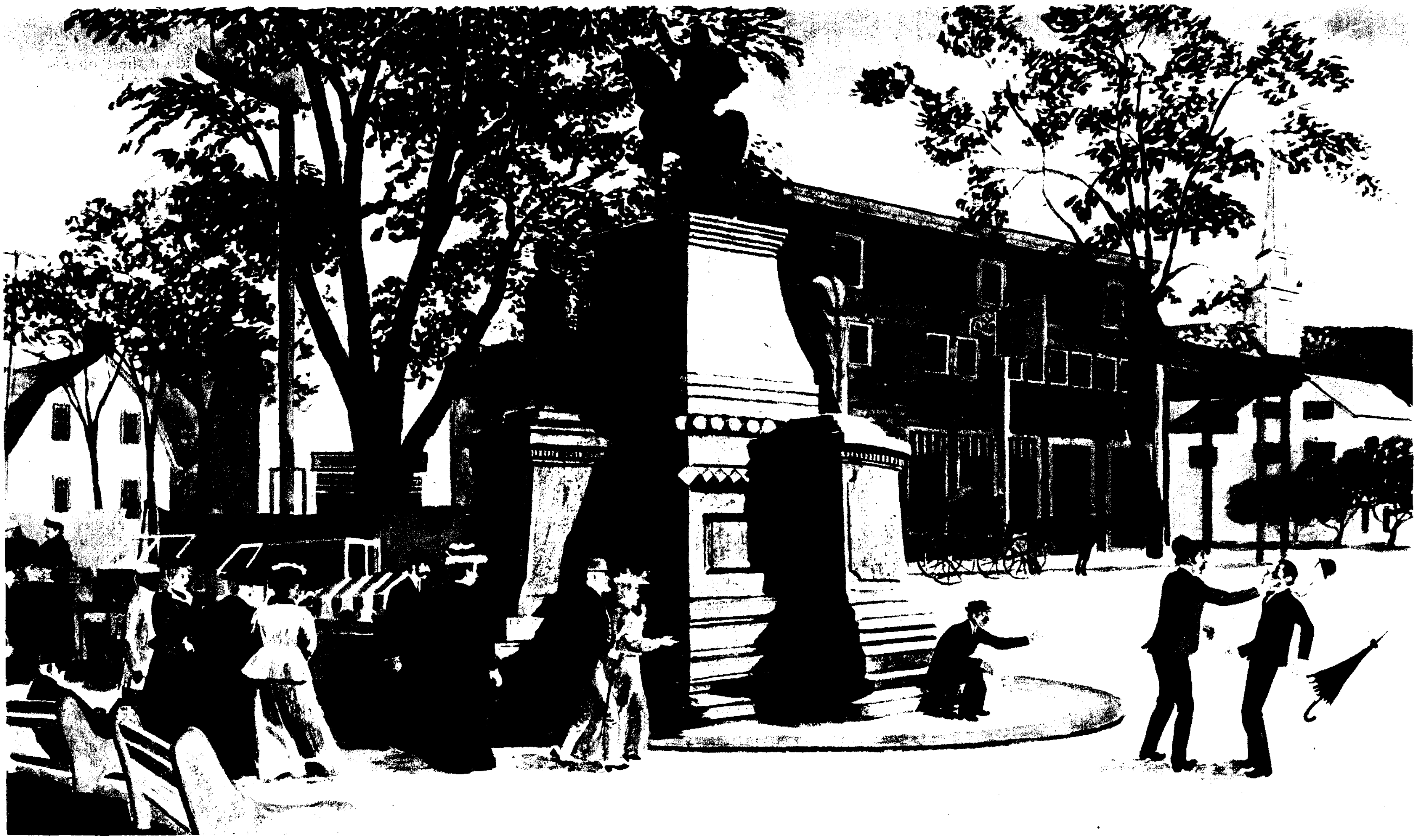


Breathtakingly lovely, steadfastly accurate, a Hamilton Watch has traditionally been America's most sought-after Christmas gift for 55 years. From left to right: Gordon—19 jewels, 18K natural gold case: $210.00; Norman—19 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled case: $66.00; FL-10—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case and fluted link bracelet: $250.00; Jessica—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case: $66.00; FL-9—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case and snake chain bracelet: $210.00. (All prices include Federal Excise Tax.) There are fine Hamilton Watches to suit every taste. Send for free booklet, showing many of our models. Hamilton's experience building railroad and navigational timepieces assures greatest accuracy in every size and grade. Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. D-24, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

THE LAUGHING THIEF

BY HOWARD RODMAN

Brief story of a life that never deviated—despite appearances—from the line of steady courage



It happened on the square and a great many people saw the drunk deliberately bump into Father and then slap him

FATHER was not a tall man. Even his mustache drooped gently down at the corners of his mouth. He spoke softly because he did not like loud talk. Father was not a coward. He loved people and he did not think that talking loudly or becoming angry was of much use. He preferred to try to understand people.

I say that Father was not a coward because there was much talk about him in our town. Talk about the time the drunk had slapped Father across the face. It happened on the square and a great many people saw it.

The drunk was looking for a fight. He deliberately bumped into Father, and Father apologized. Then the drunk slapped him. Father merely stood and looked softly at the man who had slapped his face. Then he walked away, leaving the drunk alone on the square, and a few people watching and talking in whispers.

When he came home Mother had heard about the incident.

"Why did you refuse to fight?" Mother asked.

"The man was drunk," Father answered. "He was unhappy."

"But he slapped you," Mother insisted.

"When a man is unhappy, he must be treated with kindness and consideration. He will be sorry enough when he realizes what he has done." And that was the last Father ever spoke of it, although the people in the town mentioned it frequently.

I never saw Father angry except once. It was after Mother died and Father and I were living in the house by ourselves. I was ten years old and Father was in his late forties. Father was kind to me, as he was kind to everybody, but he missed Mother and he was lonely. Sometimes, he would sit downstairs by himself after I was asleep.

He would sit and look at the old album of pictures, going back over his life with Mother. The picture of their wedding. The pictures they had taken at Atlantic City on their honeymoon, and on Sunday picnics or around the house on holidays. And after a while Father would dream back to his life with Mother and fall asleep.

Father was asleep the night the thief came.

I heard the window softly raised downstairs, but it didn't bother me too much, because the bed was warm and I wasn't completely awake, and besides, I thought it was Father.

Then I heard someone moving around downstairs, and that bothered me a little, because Father was usually very quiet when I was sleeping.

But when I heard voices talking, I got out of bed and slipped into my slippers and threw my bathrobe around me and tiptoed to the stairs.

I don't know why I was frightened, but I was. I wanted to call out to Father, but my throat was tight and the words wouldn't come out. I just stood there at the head of the stairs, listening.

There was a thief in our house. He had a gun. "Put your hands up," I heard him tell Father.

Father must have been asleep on the chair when the thief woke him up. Father was always a little befuddled when he woke up and the thief had to tell him twice before Father understood.

All this I heard from the top of the stairs, and then, although I was very frightened—more frightened even than the time Abner put the toad down my back at the Sunday-school picnic—I went downstairs. I couldn't bear to think of Father alone with the thief.

I stopped outside the door and listened, but the thief wasn't talking now, and all I could hear was the sound of drawers being opened and things being thrown upon the floor. I squared my shoulders and walked in through the door and took Father's hand and pulled it to his side.

The thief looked at me. Father looked down at me and smiled. He took his other hand down from where it was in the air and he stroked my hair.

"This is my daughter," Father said gently as if he were introducing me to a friend.

The thief scowled. He was a tall man, much bigger than Father, but he was not fat. He was very skinny and it looked as if he had a tapeworm so that no matter how much he ate he would never grow fat. I don't know how I knew that, but he looked like a man that ate well, except that he didn't enjoy what he ate.

His arms were long and his legs were

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

longer than anybody's, too. I supposed he had long arms so that he could pull himself up and in through windows when they were a little bit off the ground. He didn't look like an old man, but he was bald and whenever the light flickered, the reflections danced on the bald part of his head. I never saw a bald man have such a shiny baldness. He must have polished it with shoe wax, I thought. The idea made me forget to be afraid and I smiled.

"What's she grinnin' at?" the thief wanted to know.

"Perhaps she likes you," Father said.

The thief sneered, "You just keep still, the both of you, and we won't have any trouble. Just don't move around none, or suddenlike so you scare me, and we'll get along fine."

He pointed his revolver at us. It looked just like the cap pistol Harvey played with when we were playing Texas Ranger. It didn't look like a bad thing at all, but he kept pointing it at us and scowling as if he wanted to do us harm, and I sort of hid behind Father.

"Sit down, the both of you," the thief said.

Father sat down again in the rocker and he took me on his lap. He lifted the album off the table and opened it.

"You just go on with whatever you want to do," Father told the thief. "We'll keep ourselves busy."

THE thief looked puzzled. He narrowed his eyes and glared at us, but Father looked at me in a way that meant we weren't afraid, either of us, so I smiled back at Father. It didn't take too long before the thief decided we weren't dangerous and he went back to searching around.

He opened the drawer where we kept the silver and picked out a fork and hefted it in his hand and looked at it closely. Then he threw the fork on the floor and Father wanted to pick it up again, but the thief motioned with his pistol and Father sat back again.

"It's junk," the thief said. "Plated junk not worth stealing."

The thief went back to the drawer and out of pure meanness, he pulled the drawer completely out and turned it over and all the silver fell out on the floor with a loud jangling crash. Father sighed.

The thief went on to the drawer where we kept our linens. He hardly picked a tablecloth up and felt it between his fingers before he sneered and lifted the tablecloth out and ripped it into shreds. "Junk! Nothing but threadbare junk!"

He went to the sugar bowl on the icebox and turned it over so that the three dollars Father had put there fell out into his hand.

"I've had more from poorer-looking houses than this," the thief said. "Is this all the money you've got?"

Father nodded calmly.

"I bet it is," the thief said. "I bet it is." Suddenly he shouted, "Where do you keep the rest of it?"

Father never raised his voice. "That's all we have. We don't have any more or I'd tell you where it was."

And Father would have told him, too. The thief knew it, because he didn't make any more trouble. He just turned away with a sort of grunt.

Every time he came across something he thought he might take, he'd look at it and then shake his head and throw it down and yell, "Junk, nothing but junk!"

That was the first time I ever knew we were so poor and I felt ashamed as I never felt ashamed before, because I knew that if he went to any other house in town he would find something to steal. I began to worry about what would happen if this story got around, how we were so poor that a thief came to our house and he couldn't find anything worth stealing. I was so ashamed I couldn't even think of going out and lying about all the things the thief had taken. I began to cry, as softly as I could.

"What's the kid crying about?" the thief asked.

"She's crying because she thinks highly of the things you're throwing about so carelessly," Father answered him.

"That's too bad," the thief said. "But it happens to be a lot of junk."

Suddenly I remembered the little silver vase that Father had brought home from the Chicago Fair as a present for Mother. I didn't want to give it to the thief because I knew Father loved it so much because it had made Mother crying happy when he brought it home.

I stopped crying and sat there on Father's lap, thinking about the little silver vase. I thought that maybe if I showed it to the thief, he would realize that we had some things that were worth something after all. I could ask him not to take it. And if he did take it, I would feel better than I did right now. I didn't give Father or the thief any warning. I just slid off the chair and ran to the china closet and opened the doors and climbed up and took down the little silver vase.

The thief was coming toward me when I held the vase out to him. He stopped still, with that puzzled look on his face. He lifted his eyebrows as if he wanted to lift them clear onto the bald part of his head.

I put the vase into his hands. "There," I said. "There's something that's worth lots of money."

He looked at it closely and turned it over and looked at it at the bottom and then he laughed. He laughed out loud with a whinnying sound, like a horse makes. He sputtered and sprayed the air. He bent over and put his hand under his heart. He couldn't breathe and then he caught his breath with a great, sobbing sound, and then he started to laugh again.

That was the only time I have ever heard Father speak in a loud voice. He sprang out of the chair, letting the album fall on the floor. "You have no right to laugh!" Father roared.

The thief was so surprised he stopped in the middle of a whinny. There was a complete silence in the room, and the tears which had started to roll down my face never left my eyes. They just stayed up there on the rims of my eyes, but they didn't roll down.

Father took my hand. "You're a fool," he said to the thief. "You're a fool and a man without respect for other men! You wouldn't recognize worth if you saw it. You think only in terms of dollars and cents, because you don't have anything happy in your life to remember. You can't know the value of a few quiet moments, or the joy on someone's face when you give them a gift. You're a damned fool!" And Father turned and walked out of the room, still holding me by the hand.

I knew the thief had the pistol pointed at us, and I knew Father had spoken the truth and that the thief would want to kill Father for that. But Father turned his back on the thief and walked out of the room. Father took me upstairs and tucked me in and kissed me good night.

IN THE morning, when I came downstairs, Father had already cleaned the room, and put things back where they belonged. He had gone out and I went to the china closet and looked for the little silver vase. It was gone.

I asked Father about it, and he said the thief had taken it with him, after all. I felt better and went out and told my friends about the thief that had come to our house and stolen the little silver vase Father had brought home for Mother from the fair.

Years later, after Father had died, I was rummaging through some old trunks in the attic and I found the little silver vase. It was stored away together with the album.

That was the only time I ever knew my father to lie.

THE END

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HOUSING: NO HOME IN THE WEST

Continued from page 19

potentially the most desirable in town. Small-time promoters, not missing a trick, sold narrow 25-foot lots for as little as $25, herded 3,500 families into one area alone. While temporary wartime shelters could have been torn down at official discretion without red tape, this slum can now be cleared only after tedious months of condemnation proceedings and the expenditure of money far beyond the $25 per lot which the shantytown dwellers paid.

Other newcomers bought up chicken coops on the town's western outskirts, *improvised floors and walls with cast-off* lumber. A few even moved into abandoned streetcars, blacked out windows, put mattresses on bunks along the car's sides and called it home. In the city's center, the flower of Denver's onetime residential glory, its 20-room mansions, overnight became rooming houses.

In one room, in such a rooming house, lives James J. Hulley, chairman of the American Veterans Committee's housing committee, with his wife and five-year-old child. "If I only had a partition to separate myself and my wife from my five-year-old kid!" he sighs. His family shares a toilet with 17 other people. The room costs $35 a month, and yet the living is not cheap, because there's no stove, and all meals must be taken outside, putting a strain even on the $4,000 income which Hulley, an artist, earns.

Five Applicants for Each Shelter

For the 570 temporary shelters Denver was building, there were some 3,000 urgent applications, Walter A. Gail, executive director of Denver's Housing Authority, told me. So desperate is the need for homes that when local newspapers reported that the city, prodded by veterans' groups, might take over barracks at Buckley Field and create a vets' village, welfare agencies were swamped with frantic appeals for quarters.

"The situation is terrible," Gail said. "These people just don't leave their applications at the desk. Men as stable as you or I who stood up to the rigors of the war break down and cry in my office."

Builders and realtors estimate conservatively that Denver will need some 10,000 additional housing units over the next three years. But others note that one of every 10 Denver homes is unfit to live in or is so in need of repairs that it's not worth saving, that 20,000 of the town's dwellings have no private toilet or bath, that many are over 50 years old—and put the estimate at 30,000 for the next ten years.

But how much are these homes going to cost, and who is going to be able to afford them? When the city of Denver sought answers to these questions in 1941, it found in a survey that two of every three Denver families had weekly incomes of $40 and under; that one of every four earned $25 a week or less and that only one of every ten had weekly incomes of $55 and more. While incomes have increased since 1941, it is not conservative practice to buy a home now and mortgage oneself for 15 to 20 years on the assumption that wages and salaries will stay at their present peaks.

According to the good old real-estate rule of thumb, monthly housing costs should not exceed an entire week's income. Let's see who can afford the present-day house.

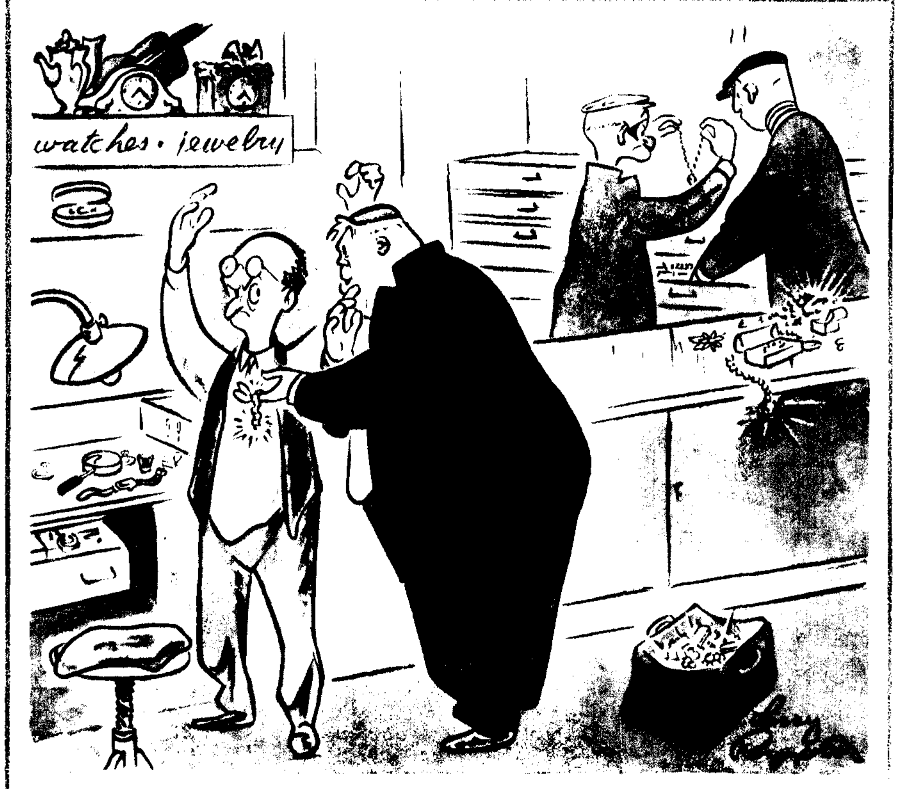
The lowest-cost house in Denver is $5,900 (the complete "handyman house") and only 75 of these have been built. Although builders optimistically start out to build houses under $7,000, rising costs, delays, black and gray markets force prices up so that the bulk of houses being built in Denver today range from $8,000 to $10,000.

So there's your situation: the average homeseeker with $40 to $50 a week in his wallet and the builder with his shiny, new $8,000 to $10,000 home to offer. Both of them know that this sort of home should take $80 to $100 weekly income to maintain.

Like Mr. Micawber, Denver's bankers know the importance of spending no more than you earn. They also remember that in 1936 when Denver had only one per cent vacancies, and builders *rushed in to fill the breach, the high-priced* houses they built found so few customers that the market collapsed, and builders lost their shirts. The demand was there all right, but not what economists call effective demand, i.e., money in the bank.

With costs still rising and consumer resistance almost certain, bankers who have been putting up the construction money fear that they'll be holding the bag when the completed house can't sell for what it cost to build. So they're tightening up on loans to contractors, which means that the construction boom may be nipped even before the current batch of houses is completed.

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Whilst th' other guys ain't lookin', would you engrave, 'To Daisy, wit love, Butch' on this for me?"

COLLIER'S

Talk to a builder about low-priced houses today, and he'll counter with harrowing tales of black and gray markets, inefficient labor and make-work rules.

Even if the builder pays the legitimate ceiling price for lumber there is now the little matter of freight from the point of shipment which he never paid before. To get shingles he must pay the supplier for "dipping" although dipping, too, is something new to him. Other new charges have been added. He pays legal wages for bricklayers, all right. But these days, to get bricklayers, he may have to agree to count windows as walled spaces when the laid bricks are counted. It adds 20 per cent to the bricklaying wage bill.

To some builders who rushed into the happy market, costs are no cause for dismay, for they know the desperate homeseeker will mortgage his life away to pay the piper. When building controls went off in October, 1945, and before ceilings were slapped on new houses last March, some Denver builders got $13,000 for houses they had expected to sell at a profit for $7,000. Other builders took the minimum garageless and basementless home built for war workers under wartime scarcity conditions and sold it as the postwar home. Acres of these neat, trim, skimpy houses lie on the outskirts of Denver.

"I wouldn't want to go back in five years and feel I did that to the town," one *builder told me.* "That's why I've been sitting this thing out."

In Denver, carpenters talk of working with wood that is so green that the "birds are still singing in it." Unseasoned flooring opens up quarter-inch cracks in time for the housewarming. Bricks must be picked over on the site, lest a careless builder use some, so imperfectly made that they melt in the sun.

All builders complain about lack of morale among workers. But how can they expect pride of workmanship when materials are shoddy? I heard a laborer on a concrete foundation job exclaim, "Look at this unprintable job that some sucker will pay $7,000 for. I'd like to be around when they set a piano down on this!"

While most builders, even in the face of the new obstacles, play the game as they always have and get their profit by adding to their price or lopping off the house, a few are trying to beat the game by streamlining their methods.

Garrett-Bromfield & Co. is trying to do a job through mass production. The company is building 412 houses on an 80-acre site, a project big enough to permit the builder to buy out a lumber company to assure a continuous flow of lumber; to set up a mill-working plant at the site to furnish window trim and cabinet-work; to set up a metal shop and assemble plumbing fixtures into larger units; to generate his own electric power.

This builder brings precut lumber to the site; each piece has its numbered place. The carpenter's job is reduced to fitting it in like a jigsaw puzzle and nailing it into place. Because of the size of the job, assembly-line methods can be used. Specialist teams go down the line laying the concrete foundations. Other worker teams lay the floors, put up the studs. Others put on the roof. The sum of these methods, the superintendent on the job told me, saves about 20 per cent of the cost.

In assembly-line techniques like this lies one way of bridging the gap between the cost of the house and the homeseeker's pocketbook. But the greatest protection to the consumer's pocketbook, the ability to sit out the crisis by renting comfortably until the house of his dreams is built at a price he can pay, was taken from Denver citizens by the war's overcrowding and by the city's failure to build temporary shelters.

A thousand miles to the northeast another American town which had always considered itself a city of homes was caught without its foundations down when its soldiers came home from the wars. Minneapolis was one of the few towns in America which lacked even a local housing official to cope with the housing shortage. The reason: Minnesota is one of the five states which never passed enabling legislation to bring government low-cost housing into the area. While Detroit's housing commissioner wangled 3,500 temporary shelters and Chicago's Housing Authority brought in 4,000, there was nobody to bring a single government emergency-housing unit into Minneapolis.

The Mayor Raises a Fund

Into the breach leaped 35-year-old, enthusiastic, 4-speech-a-day reform mayor, Hubert Humphrey. Without a law on the books or housing funds in the bank, Mayor Humphrey roused the town to the plight of its homeless. He passed the hat among the town's businessmen to raise $55,000 to buy 107 trailers, set them down near a Women's Detention Home. He moved eight vet families into the Women's Detention Home itself.

I visited one of the families living at the jail. Mrs. John Petersen, formerly of the Marine Women's Reserve, was keeping house for her baby and her husband, a former first lieutenant pilot in the Marines, in a 10-by-15-foot one-room home. The community living room, furnished by the Red Cross, was on the floor above as were the community kitchen, laundry and washrooms.

"How do you feel bringing up a baby over a row of cells?" I asked Mrs. Petersen.

"One of the inmates cut loose the other night and screamed for hours," she reported. "It was hard on the baby, but still a room of your own, even here, is better than living with in-laws."

The mayor jammed another twelve families into an abandoned schoolhouse. With money for labor scarce, aldermen pitched in to prepare the place for the new tenants.

The mayor went to the city council for $150,000 with which to bring in 500 Quonset huts. But under the city's antiquated charter, a health emergency had to be shown first. The welfare agencies could answer that one. They reported the story of the mother of four who, homeless, bargained to give her youngest to a childless couple in return for a home for the rest of her brood.

"I don't want to sell my baby," the mother told the social worker, "but my husband and the rest of my children deserve a chance."

No less difficult a choice faced the J—— family, forced to scatter seven

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Made only by Kraft
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Plenty of these old favorites now!

- **Old English Spread**, with a sharpness similar to aged English cheddars, is marvelous for both snacks and cooked dishes. • **Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese** . . . the brand of rich, delicately flavored cream cheese that's guaranteed fresh! • **Velveeta** is the smooth-melting cheese food that's so nutritious, and digestible as milk. • **Kraft Cheese Spreads** offer you an array of eight wonderful varieties with flavors ranging from temptingly mild to zestful. All are so handy for snacks and sandwiches . . . and every one delicious.

New! Smo-kay . . . a savory blend of cheddar and hickory smoke flavors! It's marvelous for appetizers.

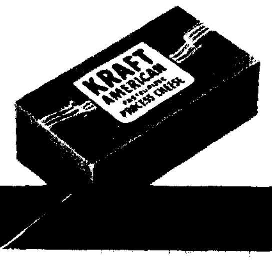
Copr. 1946 by The Kraft Foods Company

The folks at Kraft invite you...

Dear Cheeselovers: *For the past five years our first responsibility has been to supply nutritious cheddar cheese to Uncle Sam. Now we're aging cheddar for you! That takes time. Of course, we have some. But just to supply all the Kraft American you cheeselovers want, for instance, we must have thousands upon thousands of long-aged cheddars to give it the mellow-rich flavor it's famous for!*

But right now we can invite you to revel in the many other grand Kraft varieties that are available. And more will be coming right along. Watch at your food store for these cheese treats . . . to feast on now and during the holidays ahead. ***The Folks at Kraft***

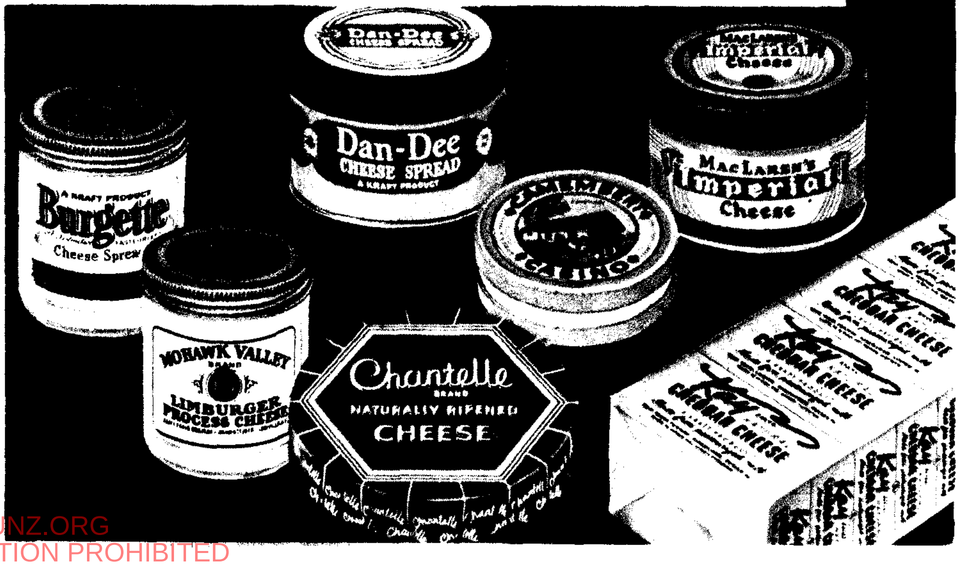
THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY *Kraft*


Kraft American Process Cheese

Some of this famous variety is available now. More coming!

Wondrous Kraft varieties you may not have tasted yet

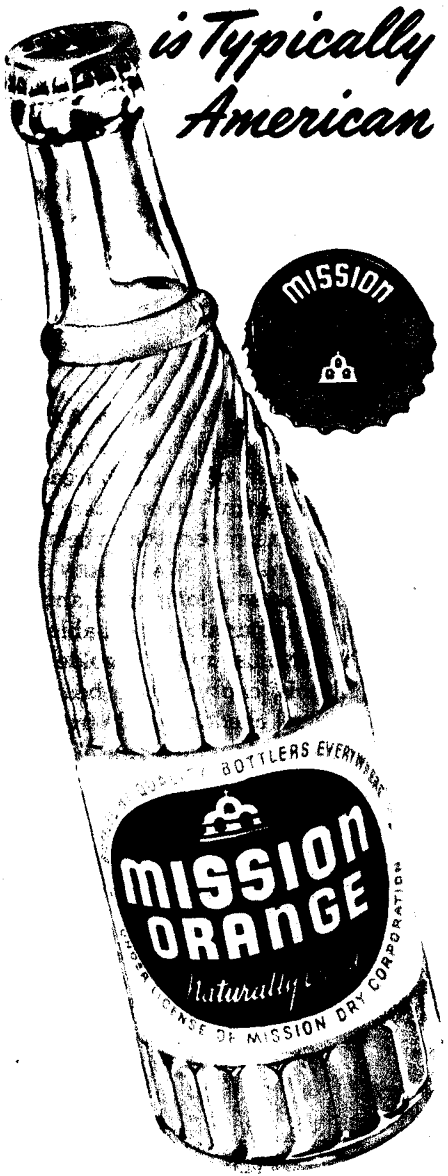
- **Burgette** in the neat jar, has a hearty, convivial flavor . . . marvelously creamy texture. A new treat, just beginning to arrive in food stores. • **Mohawk Brand** is the delight of all Limburger lovers! • **Dan-Dee**, a golden spread with a zestful flavor *makes* a snack party! • **Casino Brand** brings you Camembert that's been aged to the perfect flavor and creamy-softness. • **MacLaren's Imperial**, aristocrat of natural cheddar cheese—long-aged and sharp. Of course, not much MacLaren's Imperial is available, but it's well worth searching for. • **Chantelle**, natural golden cheese made *only* in quaint Galena, Illinois, captures the heart of all true cheeselovers. • **Kay** Brand natural cheddar made from pasteurized milk is a real triumph in cheese making. It's aged right in the wrapped loaf from which you buy slices.


Dan-Dee Cheese Spread
A Kraft Product
Burgette Cheese Spread
A Kraft Product
MacLaren's Imperial Cheese
Casino Camembert
Mohawk Valley Brand Limburger Process Cheese
Chantelle Brand Naturally Ripened Cheese
Kay Cheddar Cheese

IN THE PHILIPPINES IT'S *Basi*

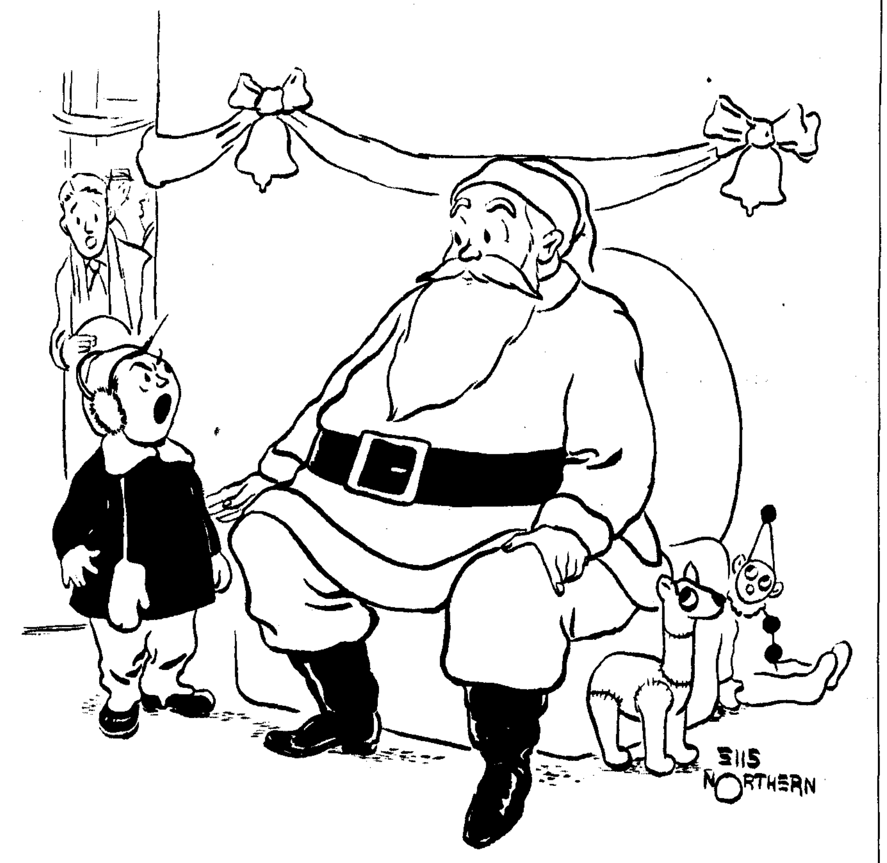
Basi is made from the seedlings of the Nipa Palm mixed with sugar and plain water. Slightly milky in color, it is a delicious and refreshing beverage. Commonly served in railroad stations and restaurants.

MISSION ORANGE *is Typically American*



Naturally Good!

MISSION DRY CORPORATION, LOS ANGELES



"You just bring me what you promised me last year"

COLLIER'S ELLSWORTH NORTHERN

children in seven boardinghouses. Mrs. W—— put her four youngsters in an orphanage 100 miles from Minneapolis, confidently expecting to visit them often until the family could find a place to live together again. After several heart-rending partings, when the children clung to her and had to be pulled away, the Sisters took Mrs. W—— aside and advised her not to visit again. "It upsets the children," they told her.

To these social-agency cases the mayor had his own personal experiences to add. A frightened young couple walked into the mayor's office one day. In the mother's arms, a baby burned and shuddered with a 105-degree fever.

"We've been sleeping in our car for three weeks," the father said, "but the baby can't take it any more."

The office staff went into a huddle. William Simms, the mayor's assistant, offered his summer cottage. On cool Lake Minnetonka, the cottage had no electricity, heating or toilet. But it was better than a car, and the couple took it gratefully after leaving their baby at a hospital.

The city council agreed with the mayor that the lack of housing was a *health* emergency and voted the $150,000 bond issue to finance the Quonsets.

With housing construction at a standstill and delivery of the Quonsets months away, there was only one thing to do: ask the well-housed to share their homes. In a whirlwind campaign of appeals on the radio, ads in the papers, house-to-house canvasses by women's clubs, 3,200 families found temporary shelter.

But how long before these emergency solutions can be replaced by good, permanent housing for all? Judging from the type of building going on in Minneapolis, it will be a long, long time.

The visitor to Minneapolis, staying in a downtown hotel is awakened promptly at 8 A.M. by the clatter of hammers, so busy that it could account for a hundred houses. But it is not a hundred houses. It is a $2,000,000 addition to Dayton's department store. And the clatter of hammers on St. Paul's Gold Coast across the river is not for a hundred houses either. Men are working on a 26-room mansion with five bathrooms, being built for a prominent St. Paul family. The mansion, costing much more than the $10,000 limit placed by the Veterans' Emergency Housing Program, was started before March, when limitations were imposed.

But there has not been enough material for G.I. housing. Of the 3,799 houses "started" in the Minneapolis-St. Paul metropolitan area by August 1st, an estimated 3,500 were standing uncompleted as this was written. So scarce has soil pipe been, for instance, that when a carload arrived during September, news of its arrival spread like wildfire, and a delegation of builders went out to the freight yard to view the miracle.

For $7,150 the Minneapolis home-seeker is likely to get a one-story, 2-bedroom house whose 720 square feet of space are still 80 square feet less than the minimum prescribed by federal housing authorities for rehabilitated slum families.

FHA officials at Minneapolis told me that most new houses in town were selling between $7,200 and $7,800. I saw more of the $8,800 type than any other. In any case, in Minneapolis as well as in Denver, you have a chance for a new house only if you can pay from $7,500 to $10,000. These homes cost from $75 to $100 a month to carry. And in Minneapolis, only 3.5 per cent of renting families paid rents of $75 or over, according to the 1940 census.

It's the old story. The builder can't or won't build a house that most of the people can afford to buy.

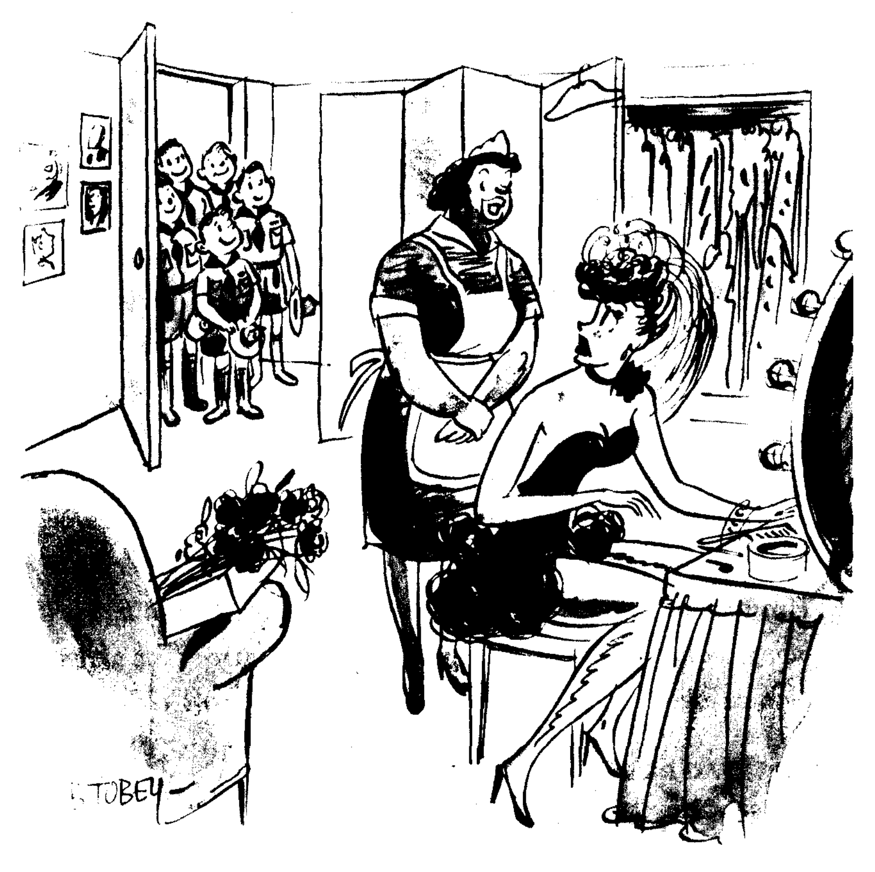
The builder who now complains of materials, costs and labor difficulties had his chance when the "market was normal," when materials were plentiful, and when there were no government controls. How did he meet the need then?

Construction Has Lagged for Years

The Minneapolis Contractors & Builders Association admitted in a survey published last February, that "building (in Minneapolis) has not kept pace with the normal increase in population." Mayor Humphrey put it more sharply, "During the thirties," he reported, "home construction was less than one half of what was necessary . . . by 1941, there was a housing shortage of approximately 7,000 units."

In Denver as well as Minneapolis some builders did try to produce houses for moderately circumstanced families. But most were selling expensive houses to the lucky ones at the top of the economic pile. Talk to a real-estate man, and he'll defend this practice. "Suppose we do build for the man of higher income. He moves into his new house, and the man with the lower income moves into the home just vacated."

What's wrong with this "hand-me-down" process of providing houses? The vital statistics are wrong with it. Not enough people are at the top to buy houses. Couples marry; babies are born; population increases faster than the slug-



"They say you been chosen Miss Beaver Patrol for 1946"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

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ONLY WITH A ZENITH!

These exciting "exclusives" have made Zenith Radios the talk of the nation—the most desired of gifts for your joyous Christmas giving. See and hear them now at your dealer's.

The Amazing Cobra Tone Arm . . . Sensational New Way to Play Records. Reproduces tones on a Radionic Wave—no needles to change! Brings out full musical beauty for the first time. No annoying hiss, scratch, rattle. Rides lightest in the groove—only ⅔ of an ounce. Records stay like new—you enjoy them *hundreds* of plays longer!

World's Fastest Record Changer . . . gently, quietly changes 10 inch, 12 inch, or both sizes mixed—in only 3½ seconds! So simple a child can work it!

New 2 Band Static-Free FM . . . the genuine, not imitation. Holds stations razor-sharp in glorious new reception for *all* FM channels. Also new cabinets, circuits, tubes, everything brand new and a triumph of 30 years' "know how" in RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY!

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Your choice of 43 completely new Zenith radios and record-playing radios—portables, consoles, table models.

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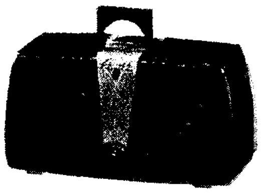


Plastic Table Model Radio. Folding handle, super powered big set Consoltone, Wavemagnet. Choice of Walnut grain, Black, White. Model 6D015.

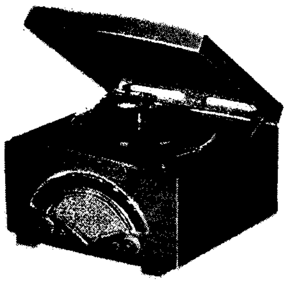
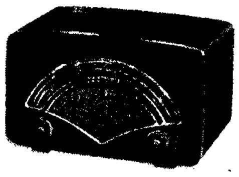
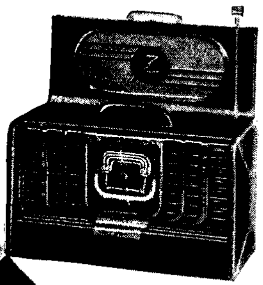


Table Model Radio - Phonograph. Silent-Speed Record Changer. Finest crystal pick-up, long-life needle. Tone control. Wavemagnet. Genuine walnut veneers. Model 6R084.



Modern Table Model Radio. Standard broadcast plus 2 Band FM with exclusive powerline antenna — first time no aerial needed! Model 8H034.



Transoceanic "Clipper" Portable. Standard broadcast plus 5 international short wave bands. Plays on trains, planes, ships, AC or DC current or long life batteries. Model 8G005Y.

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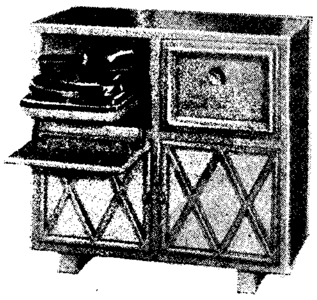
Modern Console. Cobra Tone Arm, Silent-Speed Record Changer, 2 FM bands and standard broadcast. Walnut, Mahogany, Bisque. Model 9H079.



Radio-Phonograph Console, modern bisque mahogany. Cobra Tone Arm, Silent-Speed Record Changer, Standard Broadcast, FM, two international Short Wave bands. Model 12H094E.

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All these Mouquin De Luxe Liqueurs and Fruit Flavored Brandies are made from luscious, full-ripe fruits and berries: Blackberry Liqueur, 66 proof; Apricot Liqueur, 66 proof; Cherry Liqueur, 64 proof; Peach Liqueur, 60 proof; Triple Sec (Orange), 80 proof; Kummel, 86 proof; Creme de Cocoa, 60 proof; Blackberry, Apricot, Peach and Cherry Flavored Brandies, 72 proof; Anisette, 65 proof; Creme de Menthe, 60 proof; Grand Mouquin, 86 proof.

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gish hand-me-down process can allow for them. The result is a forced, intensive use of older and older houses, making boardinghouses of old mansions, tenements of apartments, and living quarters for entire families of single rooms. Houses continue to be used and to turn into slums long after they should be replaced.

Denver and Minneapolis are relatively young cities. Yet in Denver, one of every 10 dwelling units is unfit for use or is in need of major repairs, according to the city's own survey in 1941. In Minneapolis the 1940 census showed one of every 4 houses is substandard, one of every 5 is over 40 years old.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's "one-third ill-housed"—the folk at the bottom of the economic ladder making less than $25 a week—have grown to include the bulk of Americans who, earning $40, $50 and $60 a week, can afford to pay up to $60 a month rent or buy a house up to $6,000. Here are the new ill-housed, and nobody is proposing to house them.

Apartment Rents Prohibitive

Denver is one of the few towns in which apartments are being built. But, because of high construction costs, rents for one-bedroom apartments will start at $75. Only 14 per cent of the G.I.s can afford over $50, according to government statistics. To the G.I. who comes with his wife and baby to gaze longingly at the spick-and-span new kitchen and bright new quarters—at $75 and up a month—and is turned away because he can only afford $40, it is clear that something else must be done. Thoughtful builders, noting the rising rumble of discontent from veterans' organizations and other groups, know *it*, too.

Even in stanchly conservative areas, elected officials are beginning to realize that something more than the private building industry's present efforts are needed.

I stood with Governor Thye (now senator-elect) of Minnesota as he looked out of his executive office, through the windbreak of box elders to the row of shabby frame houses across the square.

"We're never going to clear out blocks like that, until the cities sponsor such projects and the federal government cooperates," he said.

Coming from Governor Thye, this was significant, because it meant that the Republican Party in Minnesota was ready to back the enabling legislation, rejected before, which would permit Minnesota to avail itself of federal housing aid.

While Governor Thye was talking only about slum clearance, Governor-Elect Luther W. Youngdahl (Republican) is thinking in terms of a broader program. Minnesota needs a state housing commission, he said in his election campaign, to study new materials, new building methods and help builders bring house prices within reach of the average pocketbook.

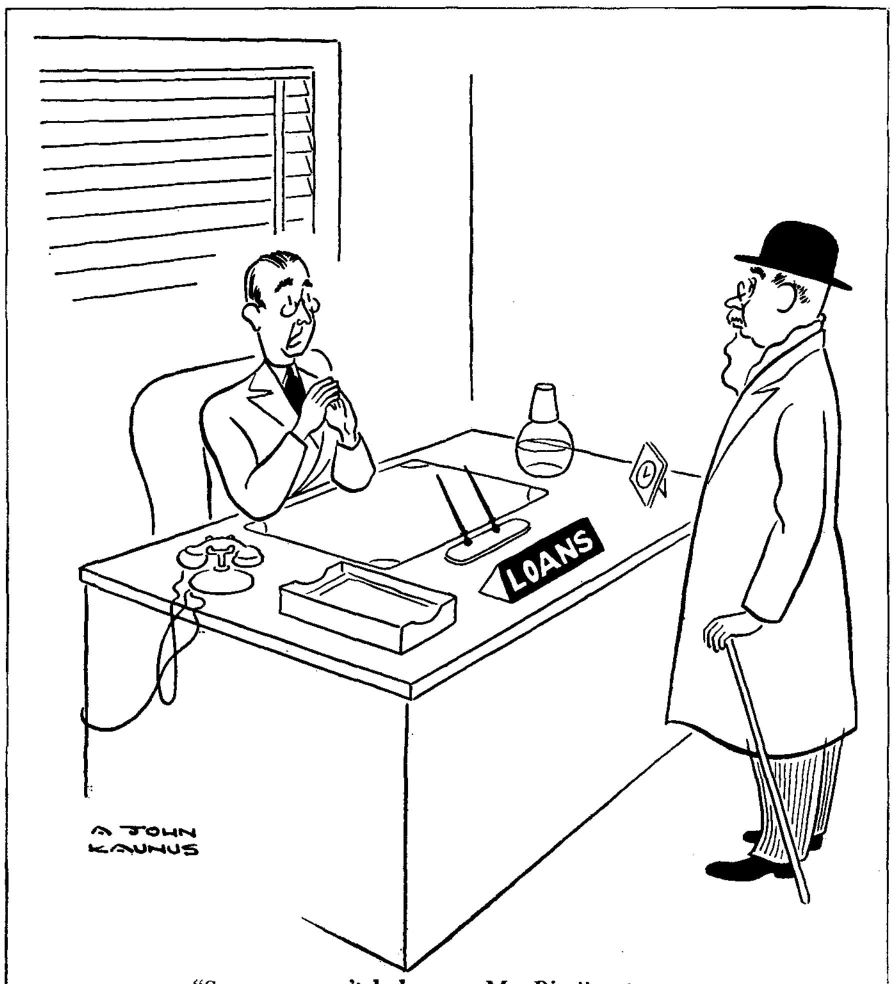
In Denver, where builders have fought successfully to keep government housing out, a leading banker-builder told me, "It doesn't look as if we're building enough houses at the right price, and I'm afraid we're going to get the damnedest housing legislation you ever saw when Congress reconvenes."

The "damnedest legislation you ever saw," to which the banker-builder referred, is the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill or some version of it. Passed almost unanimously in the Senate during the last session, the legislation was bottled up in a House committee.

No legislation has ever struck more terror into the hearts of the law-abiding than this does to builders and realtors. They see in it the first step toward a government-run building industry and have fought the bill to a standstill.

But the builders must fight housing legislation with more than a lobby. They must *fight it* by building decent houses that Americans can afford to buy. This winter, middle-class Americans, freezing in summer bungalows, crouching in chicken coops, waiting in their abandoned trolley-car homes, will be in a frame of mind which can be expressed only in the homely Americanism, "Put up or shut up."

THE END



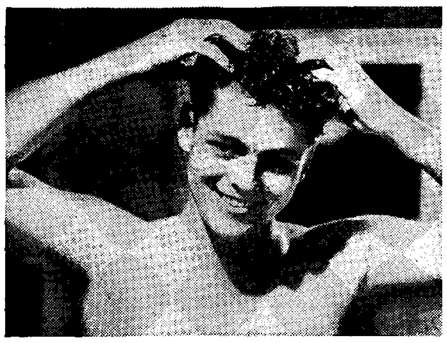
"Sorry we can't help you, Mr. Bindle. I suggest you arrange to get on a quiz program"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

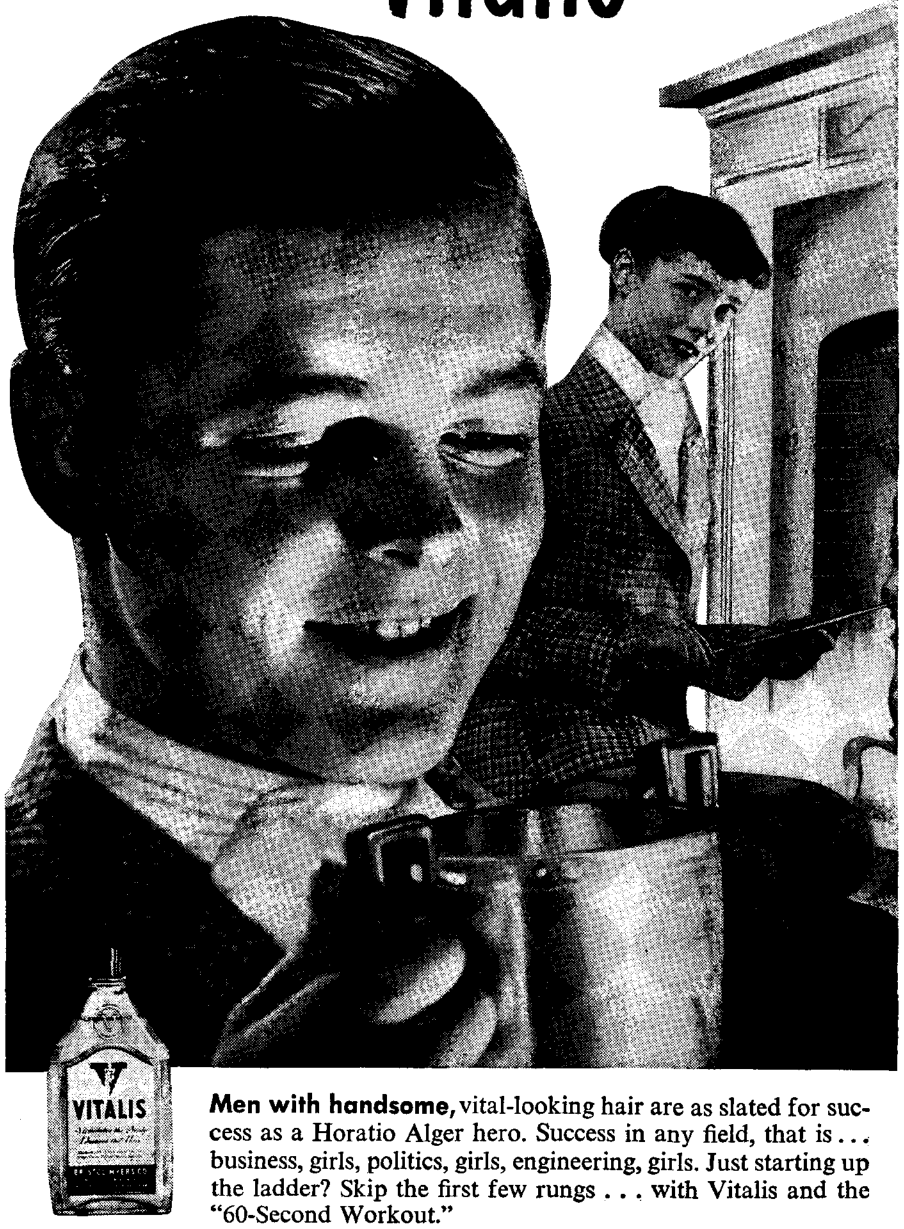
Takes exercise to dust the cobwebs off a man . . . make him look alive, vital. The Vitalis "60-Second Workout" works the same presto-change on dull *hair*. You can *see* its looks come to life . . . *feel* your scalp wake up tingling! If your hair has been keeping its best looks from you, take the following action . . .

bring the looks of your hair to life

50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Vitalis' pure vegetable oils relieve dryness, give your hair fresh lustre. Your scalp feels invigorated as you rout loose dandruff. What's more, you help check excessive falling hair. Now, 10 seconds to comb. Stop looking behind you. That handsome-haired chap in the mirror is *you!*

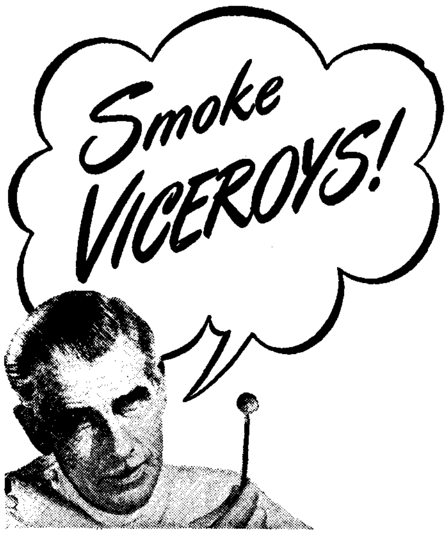


with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"



Men with handsome, vital-looking hair are as slated for success as a Horatio Alger hero. Success in any field, that is . . . business, girls, politics, girls, engineering, girls. Just starting up the ladder? Skip the first few rungs . . . with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Product of Bristol-Myers


Smoke VICEROYS!

ADVISE 6,520 DENTISTS

The Nicotine and Tars Trapped* by The Viceroy Filter CAN NEVER STAIN YOUR TEETH!

"YES!" advise 6,520 dentists, "Smoke Viceroys!" The nicotine and tars trapped by the Viceroy Filter *can never stain your teeth.* No unsightly bits of tobacco can lodge between your teeth, cause more stain.

Smoke Viceroys! No other cigarette gives you such a blend of rich, mild, *luxurious* tobaccos. No other gives you this *exclusive* Viceroy Filter.

*No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.

VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES

Only Viceroy... no other cigarette... has this exclusive Viceroy Filter!

THE WINNER OF THE COLLIER TROPHY

Continued from page 24

got better, he bought more flying time but he never tried for a private pilot's certificate.

Later he was to fly with Army, Navy and R.A.F. airmen in radar research work and Army pilots in atom bombing. He flew in a B-29 which followed a half mile behind the plane that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima and he also witnessed the first A-Bomb explosion at Alamogordo, New Mexico, from an Army plane—on both flights he observed the intensity of the blast waves.

As a result, Dr. Alvarez has accumulated a great but untotaled amount of time as a "copilot."

Two Partnerships Are Formed

With a Ph.D. in physics from the University of Chicago (1936) young Alvarez returned to Berkeley, California, and joined Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, Nobel prize winner physicist at the University of California. He married Geraldine Smithwick of Chicago and planned to settle down to a quiet academic life in the Berkeley Hills near the university. (The Alvarezes have two children, Walter, six, and Jean, two.)

But in November, 1940, the National Defense Research Committee, created six months previously, "to correlate and supplement research on the mechanisms and devices of warfare," organized the Radiation Laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and recruited Dr. Alvarez and other scientists to work there on radar. While watching a gun-aligning radar set following a plane and feeding out range information to the gunner, the idea burst upon Dr. Alvarez that if this device could spot and track a plane close enough to shoot it down, it should be able to track a plane lost above a weather-bound airport so someone could tell the pilot where he was and how to make a landing under zero-zero conditions.

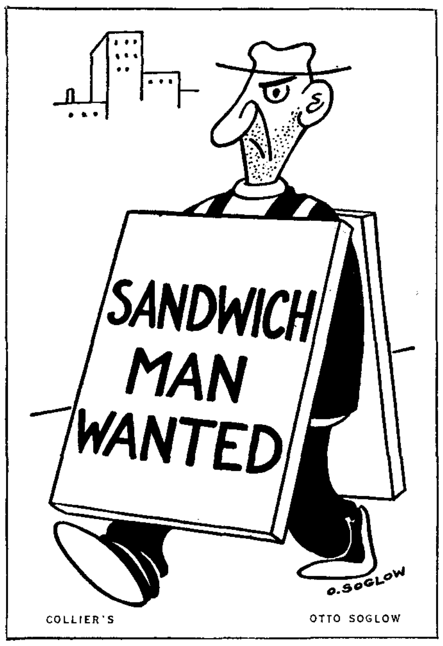
Radar then in use was unsuitable for this precise assignment, so he with a close associate, Lawrence H. Johnston, also of UC and a group of enthusiastic young engineers, undertook the development of a beam sufficiently narrow to do the job. Their working model was finished in January, 1942, and was demonstrated in Washington before the high command of the Army and Navy. It was during this demonstration that the Alvarez idea almost met mortal defeat. For three days the device refused to work because of parts broken in transit. But on the fourth it performed brilliantly. Dr. Alvarez recalls that "if it hadn't worked the last day, no one would ever have been persuaded to look at it again."

As Dr. Alvarez continued with his demonstrations in both this country and in England, of GCA as a blind-landing device to beat the weather and the enemy, he encountered occasional objections from pilots who didn't want anyone on the ground telling them what to do. They wanted to fly in themselves using the system developed by the Civil Aeronautics Administration and its predecessor agencies and taken over by the Army and Navy early in the war.

With the CAA's Instrument Landing System—(I.L.S.)—instruments are in the cockpit to pick up a radio glide path transmitted from the ground—radio beams that outline the runway, and marker beacons that record the distance from the edge of the field. The cockpit instruments tell the pilot whether he is to the right or left of the runway and above or below the radio glide path. Flashing lights warn him of his proximity to the landing area. A vertical needle tuned to the runway marker and a horizontal needle for the glide path are encased in a single dial. By flying his plane so that these needles remain vertical and horizontal and intersect to look like the cross hairs on a gun sight, the pilot can make his own approach through thick weather to a landing without vocal assistance from the ground.

For more than 15 years this glide-path system has been under development and due to war, politics and the inability of the potential users to agree readily and unanimously on a uniform system for blind landings—or instrument approach as the experts prefer to call it—it has been slow in getting into practical application. However, the CAA is now installing the transmitting equipment at 52 airports, and the airlines have endorsed the CAA system as the one for them. Their two- and four-engined transports are being equipped with the necessary receiving sets and instruments so that the air-line pilots this winter can do their own flying down the radio glide path.

The air-line pilots are accused by GCA zealots of opposing the Alvarez system because they want to dominate the landing operation and thereby not lower their professional standing by sharing or delegating responsibility for this important operation to groundmen. The pilots in turn declare pretty generally that the responsibility for the safe landing of a plane carrying half a hundred passengers should not be taken from them and put in the hands of a couple of men peering at "blips" on radar scopes and giving orders by radio how, when and where to fly to a safe landing.



The typical aviation controversial talk in the early days of GCA development fell lightly on Dr. Alvarez. Being no chair-borne theorist, he went out and perfected his instrument flying skill by building up 25 hours of blind flying so as to test the validity of objections against placing all responsibility for the safe landing of a plane in the hands of a ground team of trained radar experts and a controller who is a pilot and operates much along the lines of a landing signal officer on a carrier.

He says he is convinced his system, rather than the CAA device, is better. In this conclusion he has the solid backing of the Army and Navy and the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, a very articulate guardian of the rights of the private airman, who object to the CAA system or any other that calls for adding more expensive and weighty instruments in their tiny personal planes. The CAA system, they hold, slams the door on their ever hoping to make blind landings or approaches to airports when the ceilings are low, while GCA gives them the opportunity to fly with the knowledge that should their airport of destination require an instrument approach, there would be radar experts on the ground ready to talk them down.

But CAA, though charged by GCA fans with trying to play down the Alvarez development, if not eliminate it as an outright competitor, maintains that because its air-borne instrument landing system is at last now ready for utilization on a national basis—and sorely needed to speed up completion of airline schedules—it should not be thrown overboard for GCA.

The CAA welcomes the opportunity to test GCA under actual airport operations "as an auxiliary aid" to its I.L.S. system and it will have that opportunity early in the new year at La Guardia Field, Washington National and Chicago Municipal airports. These three airports were the chief offenders last winter against prompt completion of air-line schedules because of their heavy traffic and spells of bad weather. Using the current system of blind approach from a standard airways radio beacon near the airport, it requires about 15 minutes for each airliner, milling around in the overcast near the airport at specifically assigned altitudes—"stacked up" is the term—to let down and land through the opaque atmosphere.

CAA says optimistically that with its I.L.S., airliners will be able to come in from the stack and land in thick weather every two or three minutes this winter. Army and Navy planes have been landed at two-minute intervals by the GCA method.

Thorough Tests by the Navy

Coincidental with the CAA's formal announcement a short time ago that it was ready to launch its attack on delayed airline schedules with its Instrument Landing System, the Navy announced that as the result of its war experience with both GCA and I.L.S., "GCA equipment is hereby designated as standard for the naval service." Since May, 1944, when the Navy began keeping reports on every blind approach using GCA, 15,000 landings had been made at operational bases up to September 1st of this year and 50,000 landings have been made at pilot training schools. Of the 15,000 landings, 469 were made under actual instrument weather conditions when safety of the plane "was in the hands of skilled Navy GCA crews."

By June 1st, next, the Navy says it will have 39 GCA units available twenty-four hours a day at Navy air bases all over the world.

Then the Army Air Forces revealed it was furnishing the GCA equipment (which it values at $500,000) for the tests at New York, Chicago and Washington, though the Air Transport Association, representing the scheduled airlines, will pay the installation costs and the CAA will furnish the working crews.

The AAF now has the GCA system in service at 20 fields and is equipping 30 more. It began to use the GCA in January, 1945, and more than 18,000 GCA landings have since been made by AAF aircraft. The Army planes have landed in blackouts so complete that pilots had to be led off the field, the AAF declares.

Dr. Alvarez derives no royalties from the production and sale of GCA equipment as he signed over the patents and all rights to the government. The Army, Navy, and Bendix Aviation Corp. and Gilfillan Bros., of Los Angeles, all have made contributions to its further refinement.

THE END

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WONDERFUL!
WONDERFUL!

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with
LIONEL BARRYMORE **THOMAS MITCHELL** · **HENRY TRAVERS** · **Beulah Bondi** · **Ward Bond** · **Frank Faylen**
Gloria Grahame · Produced and Directed by **FRANK CAPRA** · Screenplay by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Frank Capra
Additional Scenes by Jo Swerling · Released through RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

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Folks, here's the hottest tip in years for all you Santa Clauses! Buy the men folks *the thing they really want most*—TruVal shirts, for dress and sportswear! Yes, why not make it a TruVal Christmas for *everyone* in the family? (Note: get some for the teen-age gals who are always swiping Brother's shirts!) *Ask* for TruVal shirts. Oh, and by the way: you'll save money, too, because TruVal shirts are priced way below what you'd expect: Tru(e)-Val(ue)—get it?

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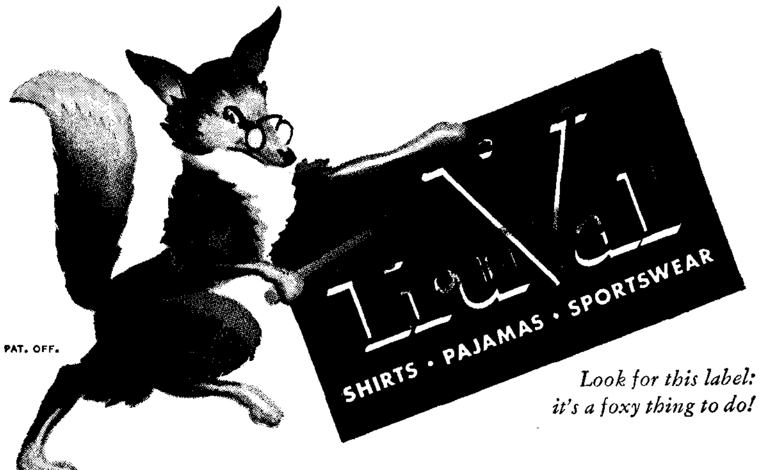

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Look for this label: it's a foxy thing to do!

TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16

1947 BASKETBALL FORECAST

Continued from page 16

the last four years. The accent was on offense and there was little attention to defense. This may have been due to the shortage of material, the lack of well-rounded squads. Everyone went for scores. You can begin to look for sound teaching programs again, improved fundamentals, and a generally improved balance between offense and defense.

The reason is fairly clear. The team with a couple of good scorers aboard, and nothing else, is going to have trouble winning ball games—more trouble than it had in the war years when a team was lucky if it had one outstanding scorer. By midyear, there will be numerous sound ball clubs, and their top stars are likely to be those who were keymen on strong service quintets.

There will be more big fellows playing the game, but they will not dominate the game as they did the last four seasons. The club that has a good, big man ranging well toward the seven-foot mark is still in luck. But remember, last year the big fellow was against younger boys for the most part and the job of covering him became a team job.

Must Be Good, as Well as Tall

There is another reason that I believe the extremely tall fellow will not run away with the game this season. I doubt if three men the equal of Otten of Bowling Green, Mikan of DePaul and Kurland of Oklahoma A & M will be seen again soon in any given year. They were great basketball players. There are going to be more big players, to be sure, and such coming youngsters as Underman of Ohio State and Kok of Arkansas will make an impression this season, but the towering players who could do everything a smaller player could do on the court, men in the class of Otten, Mikan and Kurland, are not going to come along every season.

Most teams will have two or three exceptional scorers this year where one or two has been the recent rule. But I believe the high-scoring trend will be checked despite the greater abundance of good scorers. Remember, there will be more defensive stars back, too, probably two of them for every dead-eye shooter.

Look also for the return of the two-handed shot in greater degree. The one-handed shot is a good weapon and it can be fired quickly, but it is effective only in a given zone. As I say, the defense will be tighter in there this year and what will they use to open it up? I think the opener will be the old, two-handed heavy artillery from outside, with improved fellow play.

How are they going to finish this year? Before the first tip-offs, you know very little regarding who is who. You figure the coaches who return the most veterans of proved ability, especially as scorers, with adequate size and defensive skill, are going to be in there battling for conference titles because they will play a more consistent game.

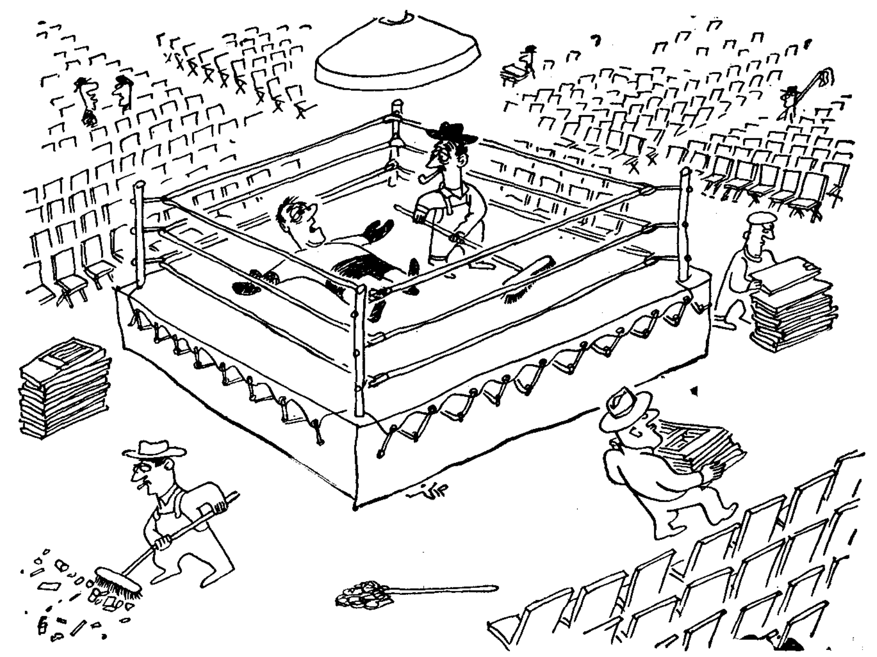
Dick Dunkel here gives you his estimates based on statistical analysis. I'll venture to give my preferences. For the nation's top five teams I like University of Kentucky; New York University; University of Oklahoma; University of Kansas; University of Illinois.

Of last year's top five (Dick Dunkel's postseason rating) I don't expect Oklahoma A & M, North Carolina or DePaul to finish in the select group this year. Most of these schools have about the situation that we have with Oklahoma Aggies. Keymen are gone and it's a building year. For example, Oklahoma A & M must find replacements for Bob Kurland, Weldon Kern and Sam Aubrey, three mainstays of the national championship team of last year, and the replacements would have to be of all-star caliber. They will be hard to find.

Kentucky last year was the national invitational winner in New York and returns a group of fine players from former teams. It looks like a big year for Coach Adolph Rupp as they go to the post. But you must not discount the club that Howard Cann will bring out at NYU, nor Oklahoma, which will feature Gerald Tucker again nor Kansas where Dr. F. C. Allen has them back in force. The Whiz Kids are back at Illinois and the West Coast has been down about as long as it is likely to stay in basketball.

With that I'll close the book and await some surprises—like that Utah team starring Arnold Ferrin that Coach Vadal Peterson carried into the nationals in 1943. They were such nice kids, but too little. Utah had no depth, although Vadal carried a substitute or two for practice purposes. Everybody shuddered for Utah. What's going to happen shouldn't happen to a nice guy like Peterson, the papers said. Man, what a champion that Utah team turned out to be! And remember—most of that team is back again.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Has he gone?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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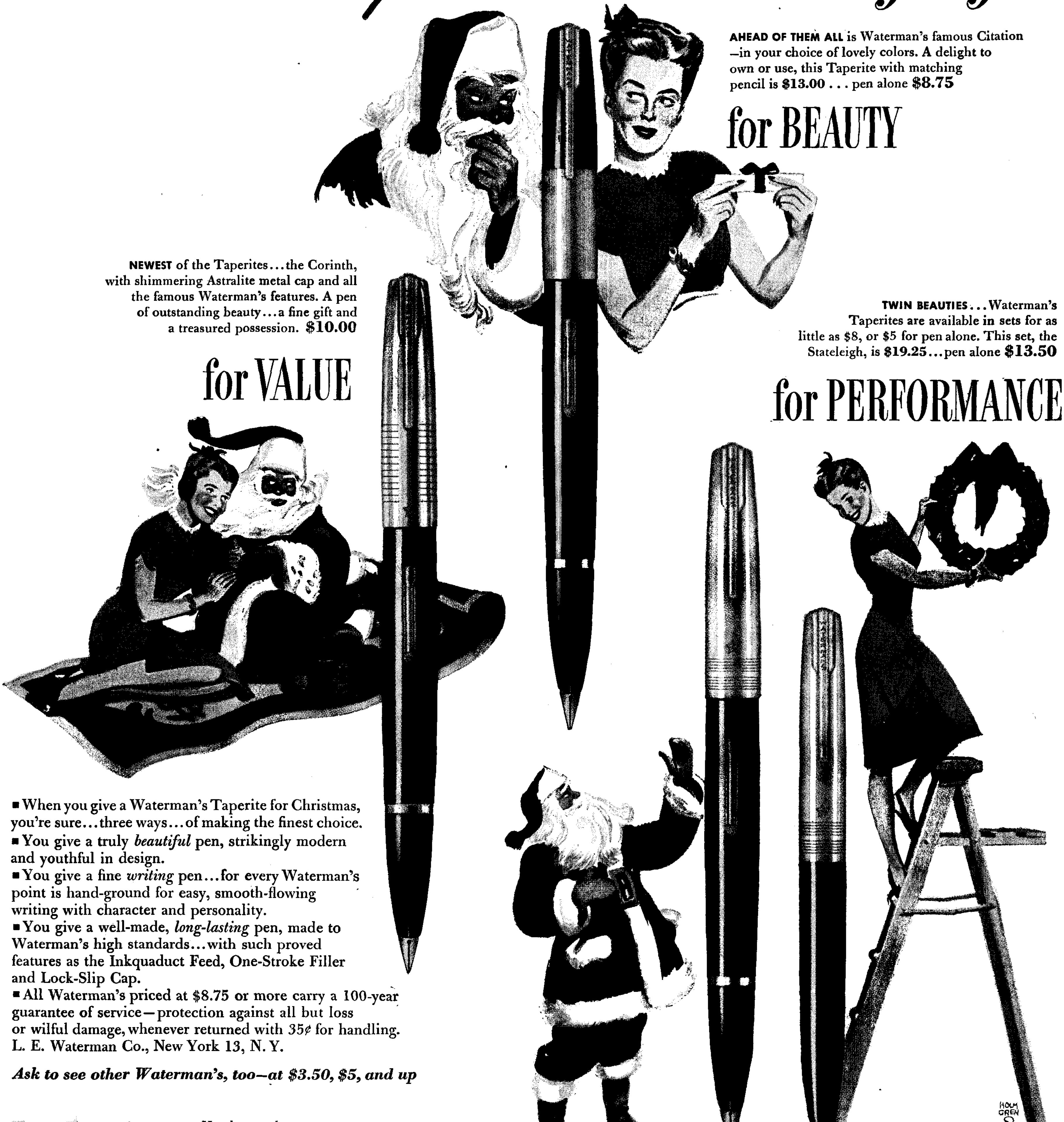

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NEWEST of the Taperites...the Corinth, with shimmering Astralite metal cap and all the famous Waterman's features. A pen of outstanding beauty...a fine gift and a treasured possession. **$10.00**

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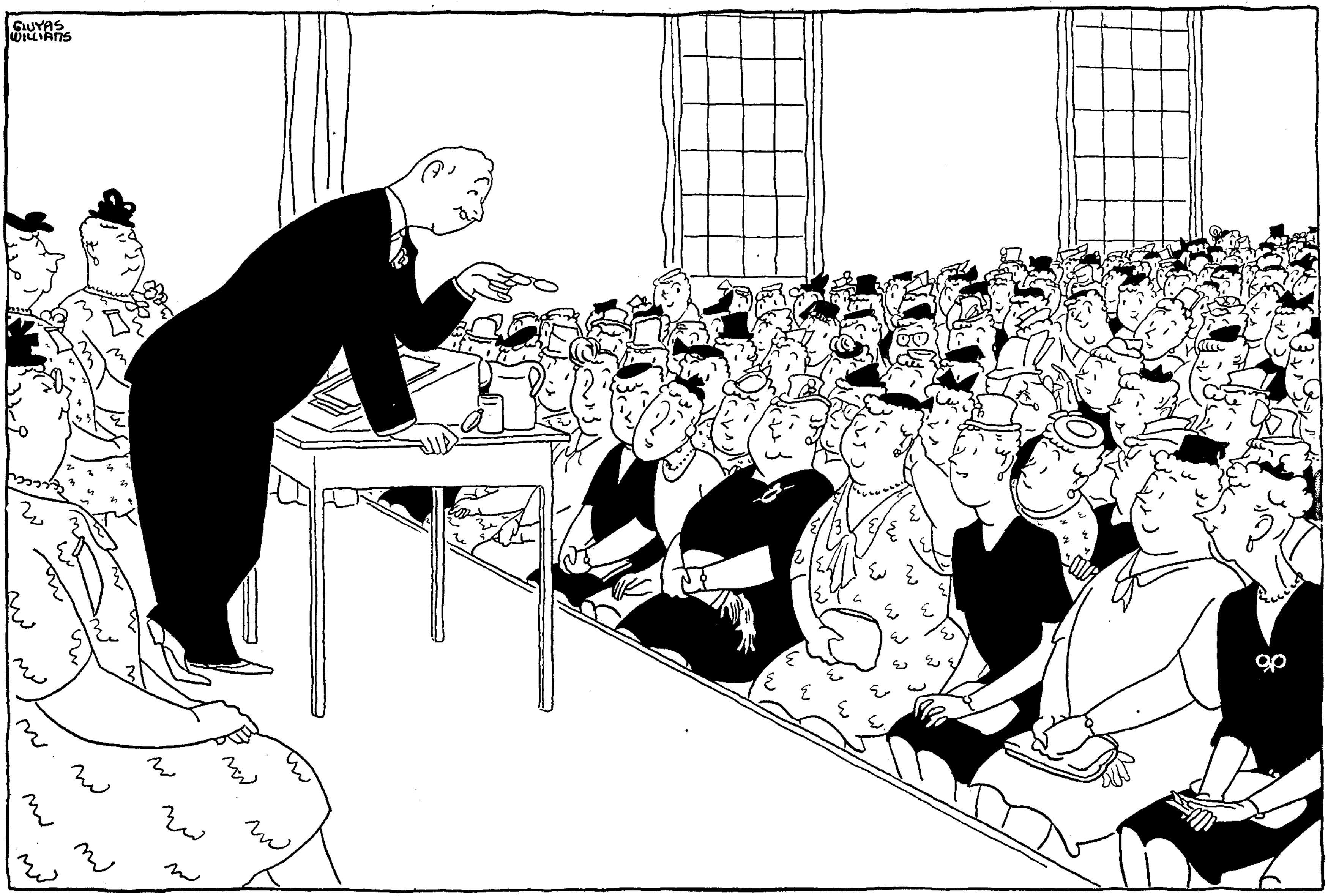
Talk is anything but cheap on the lecture circuits, where oratory is big, if sometimes screwy, business



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

BY STANLEY FRANK

LIFE really is not as complex as it appears. All the doubts and confusions agitating right-thinking citizens can be allayed in a one-hour lecture followed by a brief question period. For fees ranging from $5 to $3,500, genuine or self-anointed authorities can be hired to give the low-down on Russia, the atomic bomb, recalcitrant brats, spiritual beatitude, ragweed or the love lives of the famous.

These gentle brain-baths, which are a phenomenon largely peculiar to America, have been immersing the republic since 1816 and there is no evidence of abatement. When the current lecture season ends in April, Messages from the Platform will have been heard by more than 70,000,000 people who want to live and breathe the same air with celebrities, have no other place to go or even hope to learn something.

A good deal of amiable ridicule, much of it pertinent, has been poked at the lecture business and the audiences it draws. Sharp instruments and open windows often hold a macabre fascination for speakers after they have been exposed to the inspired dumbness of the clients. Since women comprise 80 per cent of the lecture audience and buy most of the talent, a male speaker's photograph is studied as closely as the subject of his discourse, before he is engaged. A fetching curl in the hair is recognized as a commercial asset on a par with a nice turn of phrase. And if the visiting fireman is a bachelor, that fact is mentioned.

Scoff not, however, at the lecture business. One oration built a great university. Acres of Diamonds, known in the trade as a "Home, Heaven and Mother Spiel," was delivered more than 6,000 times by Dr. Russell H. Conwell, whose touching allegory can be summarized in two sentences: A youth, laboring under the delusion that other pastures are greener, goes to South Africa to seek his fortune in the diamond fields. He returns home flatter than a tired radio gag and discovers the biggest darn' old oil well in the history of the world in his back yard. Dr. Conwell earned four million dollars with this can of corn and used it to found Temple University in Philadelphia.

Fabulous Prices for British Accents

Charles Dickens collected $228,000, the all-time high, on an American tour in the winter of 1867-68 for jolly well baffling the colonials with his accent. H. G. Wells could have topped Dickens' take had he been willing to accept enough engagements. Advertised as "the world's worst speaker," Wells delivered 25 addresses on two tours in 1937 and 1939 at $3,000 an appearance. The American Brewers' Association paid him $3,500 in San Antonio.

The record for a single speech is held by Prince William of Sweden, who got $7,000 in Minneapolis in 1927, and $5,000 in Chicago for the same speech. There was a slight gimmick which disqualified the prince as a pro, as it were. His honoraria—fee is such a sordid word—were underwritten by a group of Swedish bankers in the United States, and tickets were not sold to the public. All indoor records, from a standing or running start, would be fractured if Winston Churchill could be persuaded to make the tour of 60 lectures he canceled in 1938. The ex-Prime could command $25,000 if he said nothing, a highly improbable hypothesis, to be sure.

The lecture field is a crazy combination of show business, high-pressure merchandising, direct-by-mail selling and adult education, that conforms to none of the rules governing any other branch of commerce. All the big-name speakers are booked by bureaus which get walloping commissions of 30 to 55 per cent, the largest bite any agent takes from a performer. Fees of $1,000 are not unusual for a well-known commentator or a hot-shot literary light, and anyone with a reputation can get $300 for an hour's work. Yet few people make money from lecturing. The railroads seem to wind up with most of the dough.

Traveling expenses and patchwork itineraries account for such incomprehensible trade practices as accepting $100 at noon for the identical speech that brought $400 the previous evening in the same city. Harold Peat, a reformed spieler who now peddles experts wired for sound, tells the typical sad story of a client who was sold in El Paso for $300. The lecturer set out from New York with the look of eagles, since his highest previous price had been $150, but when he returned five days later his net profit, after commission and expenses, was $40.

"Speakers are pretty tolerant of the nonsense and inconvenience they have to put up with, but they always beef about one cockeyed aspect of the business," Peat confides. "They scream when they are given successive dates in, let's say, Detroit,

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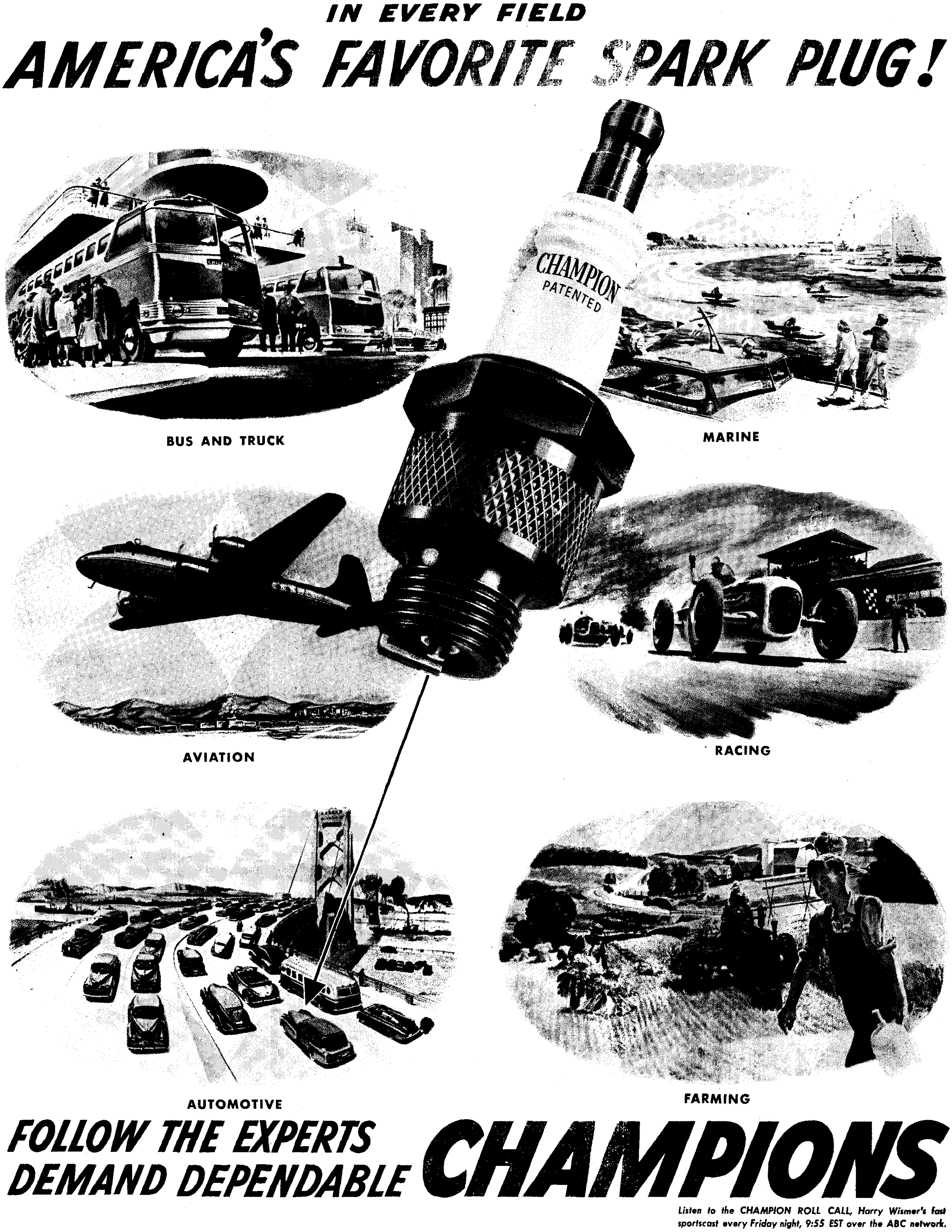

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Put sparkle in their Holiday Season—with this DuBOUCHETT BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY, 70 PROOF. True fruit flavor—serve "straight."

Those "in the know" really know DuBOUCHETT ANISETTE, 68 PROOF—crystal white, delicately flavored—a choice sweet liqueur after dining.

Please a special person with DuBOUCHETT APRICOT FLAVORED BRANDY, 70 PROOF. Served "straight," as a liqueur, it gives finesse to any fine dinner.

Every complete private bar should have DuBOUCHETT SLOE GIN, 60 PROOF, ruby red, with creamy head—essential for Sloe Gin Fizz, Sloe Gin Rickey.

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Anyone on your list will treasure DuBOUCHETT CREME DE MENTHE, 62 PROOF, white or green, correct after dinner "straight" or frappeed. Iced equal parts white Creme de Menthe and J. Bavet Brandy make the famous "Stinger."

"Professionally mixed" Cocktails by DuBOUCHETT—MANHATTAN 70 PROOF: MARTINI, 66 PROOF. No muss, no fuss—ready to ice and serve—convenient—and so easy to offer guests their choice.

For the lover of luxury—J. BAVET BRANDY, 84 PROOF—superb, mellow. Delightful "straight," or mixed. Product of the U. S. A.

The recipient will cheer your choice of DuBOUCHETT KUMMEL, 70 PROOF—fine, distinctive flavor—ideal as a "straight" liqueur.

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Any assortments you choose, from 42 fine DuBouchett products, make highly-appreciated gifts – gaily decorated with ribbon or gift wrapping, they have distinctive eye appeal to match their well-known excellence. For your own holiday hospitality, too, be sure to say "DuBouchett!" Write for free tempting recipe Booklet "E". PRODUCTS OF MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO

Say "Happy Days" with the old-time favorite, DuBOUCHETT ROCK AND RYE, 70 PROOF. Serve "straight," or in mixed drinks.

Delight someone with the dry, fruity flavor of DuBOUCHETT TRIPLE SEC ORANO, 80 PROOF. Indispensable to the Side Car—to Crepes Suzettes.

A gourmet's gift, DuBOUCHETT PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS, 60 PROOF, tempting peppermint liqueur expertly blended.

Old world methods give DuBOUCHETT BENAI LIQUEUR, 86 PROOF, its distinctive flavor and aroma—served "straight" or with half J. Bavet Brandy.

He'd welcome this new favorite all-purpose drink, SAMOVAR VODKA, 80 AND 100 PROOF. Perfect in Collins, Martini, highball and others.

Acceptance
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Gold Filled is a brilliant and useful part of your life. In pens, pencils and eyeglass frames, the metal used is practically always Gold Filled. For Gold Filled, in pleasing natural yellow, has both beauty and durability. It has earned unmatched acceptance for unlimited everyday use. This acceptance for its durability as well as beauty is just one more reason why Gold Filled jewelry is so popular today.

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MADE THE OLD SHEFFIELD WAY

ALWAYS PLAINLY MARKED "GF." GOLD FILLED IS POPULARLY USED IN JEWELRY, PENS, PENCILS AND EYEGLASS FRAMES.

St. Louis, Chicago and Tulsa. They can't understand why they don't hit Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Tulsa in that order and save a lot of fares and sleep. To tell the truth, I don't understand it either."

It takes all kinds of people to supply the enormous demand for lecturers, from sincere statesmen and well-informed do-gooders wistfully hoping to correct the foibles of foolish mankind to those who recommend contemplation of the navel for purifying the soul. There are 14,000 high schools and colleges in the country that engage at least two paid lecturers a week and 15,000 Rotary, Kiwanis and similar clubs that feature outside speakers at weekly meetings. No one can compute the number of church organizations, women's clubs, conventions and town-hall forums in the market for professional speechifiers, but people in the business estimate that more than $6,000,000 was spent for talking talent this year.

Audiences range from twenty friends in a rich bloke's drawing room to crowds of 15,000 in municipal auditoriums. The best prices, apart from infrequent dinners pitched by industries in annual convention, are paid by people who hire a hall, book a series of lectures and sell tickets to the customers. The most successful of these "town hall" promoters probably is Mrs. Kathleen Snow Stringer, who leases the Fisher Theater in Detroit each winter for twenty Wednesday morning lectures, followed by lunch and a question period. She is reputed to clear $25,000 a season.

The majority of Mrs. Snow's box-office attractions are, in the inevitable course of events, booked through W. Colston Leigh, the big noise and number one impresario of the business. Leigh is a large, ebullient extrovert who has 125 speakers in his stable, including Mrs. Roosevelt and son Elliott, Bruce Bairnsfather, Margaret Bourke-White, Cecil Brown, Stuart Chase, Eve Curie, Will Durant and Vincent Sheean. You name the subject and he'll fill the date. His tastefully furnished office occupies an entire floor of a Fifth Avenue building in New York; he has branches in Chicago, San Francisco and Springfield, Massachusetts, and he says he will do $2,000,000 worth of business this season.

Plays Commercial Angle Only

Leigh, who has a cheerful disavowal of culture, intimates he sooner would be found shipwrecked than listen to most of the stuff he sells. "I don't hear these artistic types because, as a manager, I've got to be objective and commercial. Nobody can understand or accept every philosophy and bright idea that comes along. My problem is promotion and sales," he explains briskly. Leigh's congenital and healthy horror of lofty purposes was influenced by the early life and hard times of his father, William Robinson Leigh, a painter of Western subjects who has achieved considerable fame.

"I'm in the business to make a quick buck and I want my guys to feel the same way about it," he says blandly. "What other excuse is there for knocking your brains out traveling around the country and talking to people who don't accept half the time what the hell you're trying to put across? Nobody's going to change the world with speeches. Once I told a guy who had just written a best seller I could get him a thousand bucks a lecture. 'I would rather live in pleasant poverty than in sordid wealth,' this character says."

Leigh shakes his head in utter disbelief at such balmy behavior.

Like most of the major bureaus, Leigh is a fifty per center who has no truck with engagements involving a sleeper jump for less than $250. In return for taking half the fee, Leigh pays the speaker's train fare and supplies all promotional material. If a bureau's commission is 30 per cent, the speaker pays all his expenses. Leigh broke into the business as a youth of twenty-three in 1925 and has built up an elaborate organization over the years.

He has a staff of 15 fieldworkers circulating throughout the country peddling speakers just as other salesmen push a line of hardware or dry goods. Dates are sold as far as three years in advance; at the moment, Leigh is plugging Mrs. Roosevelt and Eve Curie for 1947-48 delivery, and he has John Gunther under contract to go on tour after his next two books are published. An entire division of his office works on railroad tickets, and a personnel department sweats out the problem of bedding down the talent in hotels. "A good hotel room is the toughest nut to crack in America, but I've never paid a dime under the counter for one," he says with pardonable pride.

Leigh does most of his selling through a large file of town-hall promoters and club chairmen who can be depended upon to leap quickly to attractive bait. On October 29, 1945, for example, he got General Claire Chennault, of the Flying Tigers, under contract. On November 9th, Chennault was hitting the road for 20 lectures in five weeks, at prices starting at $1,000 and going as high as $2,500 for a ten-minute off-the-record speech to a mysterious group in New York which Leigh refuses to identify.

A Good Act for the Box Office

At the moment, Russia is the exposed nerve of the world, and Leigh has whipped up a headline act to capitalize on the widespread interest. It is a debate between Walter Duranty (pro) and H. R. Knickerbocker (con) arguing the proposition: Can Russia Be Part of One World? It has been sold in 60 cities at $750 a shot.

Lectures flourish in times of stress and conflict. The current season, the state of the nations being what it is, will be the best the business ever has enjoyed. People always have been eager to hear authorities sound off on contentious issues, but controversy is only one of several staples that draws consistently. The Pago-Pago school, romanticizing far-off places and accompanied by movies, made Richard Halliburton famous and has been a gold mine for Burton Holmes since time out of mind.

The ladies always have lapped up culture in capsule doses, with literature, the drama and applied psychology high on the preferred list. Roxanna Wells estimates that Louis Anspacher, a client, has grossed $100,000 on one speech, Drama as a Social Force.

This sort of thing has been going on ever since one Joshua Holbrook, a New Englander who appears to have been a perennial student, ran ads in 1816 offering "to go before groups for disquisition upon science, superstitions, politics or theology for what they shall deem worthy to pay my living." By the 1830s there were 3,000 lyceum groups, concentrated on the Atlantic seaboard, giving "kitchen and bedroom hospitality," plus expenses, to journeymen scholars. Although there was no money in it, the lyceum was such an important factor in the expanding intellectual consciousness of the young country that Emerson, Longfellow, Irving, Cooper and James Russell Lowell made regular appearances before various discussion groups of their time.

In the decade before the Civil War, lecturing achieved its greatest impetus and a vigor never equaled since. Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington, the Negro orators, drew huge white crowds in the South, a performance that hardly would be tolerated today.

James Redpath, an Englishman, originated in 1867 the idea of booking speakers through a central office and astonished everyone, including himself, by his success with Charles Dickens. It took a few years before enterprising gents were convinced a nice dollar was to be made handling professional speakers. Everyone thought Redpath had blown his top when he guaranteed Henry Ward Beecher $1,000 for one address in Boston in 1872, but the show drew $3,000 and the panic was on.

The first high-pressure, mass-volume bureau was organized by Major James B. Pond, who was a reporter on the Salt Lake City Tribune in 1873 when he was seized by the happy inspiration of sending Ann Eliza, Brigham Young's nineteenth wife, on tour. His next ten-strike was signing Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer who found Livingstone, and from there he hit a succession of jack pots with Mark Twain, Matthew Arnold, Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling.

The most indefatigable work horse in Pond's stable was John B. Gough, a famous temperance fulminator who gave 9,600 lectures between 1842 and 1886. It has been estimated that more than 9,000,000 enraptured clients heard Gough, despite an unfortunate and well-publicized incident in which he was found with vine leaves festooned in his beard.

One-man bureaus were just a build-up for one of the most unique, and successful, American promotions—the Chautauqua Circuit. Founded by John H. Vincent, a Methodist minister, Chautauqua sold packaged tent shows of Entertainment and Enlightenment through road companies that toured the country from April to September. Teddy Roosevelt, an old circuit-rider himself, said there were four great American institutions, "the Home, the School, the Church and Chautauqua."

Chautauqua was really a cultural circus of dramatic presentations and concerts by the foremost musicians and bands of the period, but the chief drawing card at each performance was a lecture by a celebrated orator such as William Jennings Bryan, Robert La Follette, James Bryce, Warren Harding or William Allen White. Inspirational speakers long since forgotten had tremendous followings in rural districts. Lou Beauchamp gave one speech, Take the Sunny Side, more than 7,000 times, Ralph Parlette's University of Hard Knocks was another generation's equivalent of a Betty Grable picture, and the material result of Dr. Conwell's Acres of Diamonds already has been noted.

The Circuit licked one problem that still bedevils bureau managers—the seasonal aspect of the business. Indoor lectures cannot be given away, much less sold, from April to October, but staffs and offices must be maintained throughout the year. Chautauqua, operating in the slack season, was a ready-made source of income for everyone who otherwise would have been at liberty.

Three blows in quick succession—the radio, sound movies and the depression—killed Chautauqua in 1931 and threatened to make lecturing a native custom as obsolete as nickel beer and low taxes. Commentators were on the air serving the function that only the lecture platform had been able to fill for a century. It looked like the end of the line until a genius lost to posterity came up with a lifesaving device—the question period.

When Hecklers Weren't Welcome

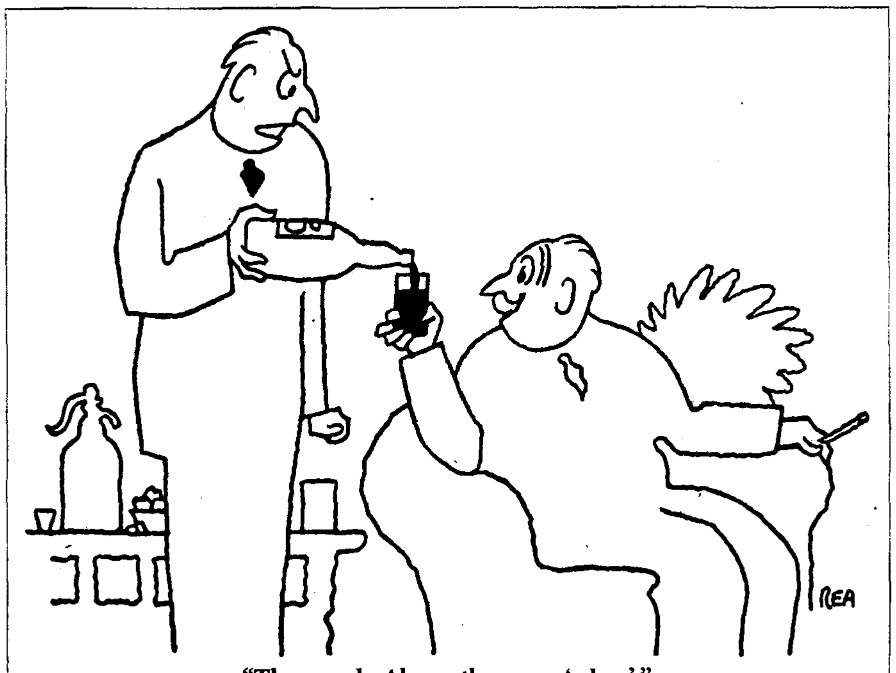
As long as aroused and/or outraged constituents are unable to talk back to the radio, lectures will meet a special requirement no other discussion method can satisfy, and that goes for television, too. Until a few years ago, a lecture was considered a flop if it provoked questions from the audience. Speakers considered them an affront and many refused to answer customers from the floor. Common procedure was to glare icily at the inquisitive oaf and squelch him with: "If you had been listening, you would know I covered that in the early part of my address."

Today the question period is the most vital part of a lecture, and the stiff-necked speaker who tries to ignore or evade a valid challenge stands a splendid chance of being hooted off the platform. Most lecturers look upon questions as the most stimulating part of the program. "I learn a lot from them," Will Durant confesses.

It would seem that the platform is the perfect sounding board for special pleaders and the dissemination of propaganda, but few people in the field have any illusions concerning the influence of lectures or the converts to causes gained therefrom. Sinclair Lewis, who can get $1,000 an appearance whenever he wants it, often has wondered out loud whether lectures do any good.

"Whenever you hear someone say, 'That was a good lecture,' it's a cinch the speaker agreed with the listener's preconceived convictions," Lewis comments dourly.

Harold Peat, who manages a top bureau, is a reformed do-gooder who had his idealistic fervor knocked out of him the hard way. Peat, a Canadian infantryman in the first World War, came out of it with his right lung and shoulder blown off, the manuscript of a book and a burning desire to secure the peace. The book, Private Peat, sold more than 750,000 copies and gave the young author a



COLLIER'S "The word, Abernathy, was 'when'" GARDNER REA

For a Merry Christmas and a

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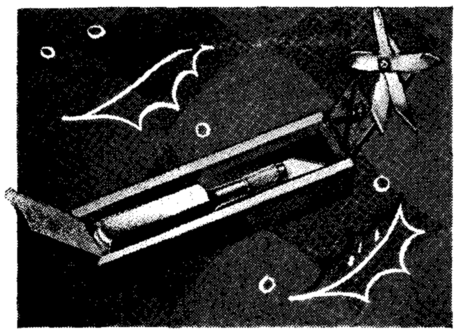
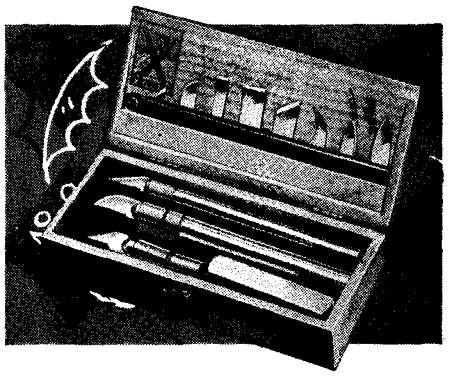
Hobbycrafters' dream gift, for amateurs or experts. Knives are *all-metal. (No more substitute plastics!)* Blades scalpel-sharp, *with* 13 *different shapes.* Tools especially designed for those small hobby jobs. Here are three of X-acto's many fine gift chests . . . and there's a barrel o' fun in every one!

THE BIG SHOT—No. 85 X-acto Tool Chest: 3 knives; . assorted blades; sander; stripper; saw; drills and holders; ruler. Complete in desk-drawer-size wooden chest, $12.50.





No. 80 WHITTLER'S SET — Hefty but easy-to-handle X-acto Knife, with assortment of five extra whittling blades. Vise-like collet locks in blades so they can't fold under. Firm control adds skill to the wrist, makes whittling *easy!* Complete in wooden box, $2.

THE 3 MUSKETEERS — No. 83 De Luxe X-acto All-Metal Knife Chest: 3 duraluminum X-acto Knives, with 23 assorted blades. Perfect tools for arts, crafts, and model building; for tough or ticklish jobs; for wood, paper, leather, plastics. Complete in handy wooden chest, $5.

X-acto*
KNIVES & TOOLS

At hobby, hardware, gift shops

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

X-acto Crescent
Products Co., Inc.,
440 Fourth Avenue,
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In Canada: Handicraft Tools, Ltd.,
Hermant Bldg.,
Toronto.

X-acto Hobby Knives and Tools — Singly or in sets — 50c to $12.50

Cocktail Calendar

for the New Year!

Jan. – Feb.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3	4
5	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11
12	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
19	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	25
26	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
S	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	[illegible]
......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
2	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	8
9	10	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	

Gosh, it's awfully cold in Jan.;
Smooth Hot Toddies warm a man!

Mar. – Apr.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
......	......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	......	1
2	3	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	7	8
9	10	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	14	15
16	17	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	21	22
23/30	24/31	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	28	29
S	M	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	S
......	......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	4	5
6	7	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11	12
13	14	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	18	19
20	21	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	25	26
27	28	29	30	......	......	......

In March, when winds begin to blow,
Kinsey Highballs cheer you so!

May – June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
......	......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	3
4	5	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	9	10
11	12	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	16	17
18	19	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	23	24
25	26	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	30	31
S	M	T	[illegible]	T	F	S
1	2	3	[illegible]	5	6	7
8	9	10	[illegible]	12	13	14
15	16	17	[illegible]	19	20	21
22	23	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	27	28
29	30	......	......	......	......	......

Here's to May and lovely Spring
And Whiskey Sours full of zing!

July – Aug.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
......	......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	4	5
6	7	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11	12
13	14	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	18	19
20	21	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	25	26
27	28	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	......	......
S	M	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	S
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3	4	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	8	9
10	11	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	15	16
17	18	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	22	23
24/31	25	26	[illegible]	28	29	30

Time goes by—up comes July
When Kinsey Juleps cool a guy!

Sept. – Oct.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5	6
7	8	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	12	13
14	15	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	19	20
21	22	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	26	27
28	29	30	[illegible]	......	......	......
S	M	T	[illegible]	T	F	S
......	......	......	[illegible]	2	3	4
5	6	7	[illegible]	9	10	11
12	13	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	17	18
19	20	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	24	25
26	27	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	31	......

Thirty days all through September
Bring Manhattans you'll remember!

Nov. – Dec.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	......	1
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9	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	15
16	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	22
23/30	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	28	29
S	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	S
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7	8	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	12	13
14	15	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	19	20
21	22	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	26	27
28	29	30	31	......	......	......

Hang the holly—toast the season
With Old Fashioneds smooth and pleasin'!

In '47 . . . all year through,
Kinsey is the blend for you!

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the
unhurried
whiskey

for
unhurried
moments

Since
1892

BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION, FOR A HALF CENTURY
J. G. Kinsey

FOUNDED 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

voice as powerful and penetrating as Bill Mauldin's a quarter century later. Peat delivered a speech, The Inexcusable Lie, more than 2,000 times in North America and Australia. In it, he plumped for world federation through education and blasted all governments for failure to establish a moral and ethical basis for enduring peace.

"I was trying to prove," he explains, "it was possible to disarm mankind by teaching children the truth about their own and other countries." He shrugs negligently. "It was a waste of time.

"Groups buying a speaker engage a man who will tell them exactly what they want to hear and the same is generally true of the audiences that patronize public lectures. The Middle West, the best lecture market, wants conservative stuff plugging free enterprise. The East and far West will go for liberals, but the South will listen only to flag wavers blatting for a hundred and ten per cent Americanism."

Money Angle Only Incidental

This leads quite naturally to a consideration of a lecturer's function. Is it to educate or agitate, to mold or mirror public opinion? Roxanna Wells believes the business of booking speakers has a loftier purpose than the making of mere money and she is convinced, furthermore, that the field is elevating its standards.

"It's been said that nobody ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the public, but I don't believe it," she says firmly. "Look at the lectures that are selling. The old-time professional hack, who gave the same speech two hundred times a year, is passing out and so is the best-selling novelist who has nothing to say.

"The only speaker worth hearing is a man who has made a reputation or a contribution elsewhere. He doesn't depend on lecturing to make a living and he doesn't have to cut corners to please the customers. He holds his audience because he's provocative, because he gives more light than heat."

Lecturing must do strange things to a man's ego to impel him to endure its inescapable hazards. High on any speaker's assassination list is the chairman who gives in his introduction a thirty-minute summary of the speech the assembled guests are about to hear. Another common menace is the committee member so anxious to give one and all their money's worth that he arranges a little program which delays the main address until eleven o'clock, by which time the audience is inserting matchsticks between the eyelids to keep awake.

The rubber-chicken banquet circuit has ruined more digestions than brides' cooking and traveling, of course, wears the sturdiest crusader down to a nub. The unpredictability of weather rules out plane flights, for missing an engagement is an unpardonable crime.

Still, there are compensations for the abuse and aggravation suffered. Writers and radio commentators, confronted with the stark necessity of being bright and informative every day, are enchanted by the mileage obtained from one speech. Lecturing also stimulates an author's book sales which, in turn, jack up his public-appearance price. Then the knowledge that several hundred people must hold still and listen gives a lecturer pleasant delusions of grandeur.

In spite of it all, the current crop of orators is remarkably restrained in the ham department. There are still phonies with a Messiah complex, and the breed that stays at the chairlady's home and dispenses charm all over the joint is not yet extinct, but in the main, speakers are sincere fellows who do their job and barge on bravely to the next stop. To hear the lecturers tell it, the audience always loves them, but presently the gripes from customers arrive at the office. The chief complaints are that the speaker was unpressed, unkempt, unprepared, uneloquent and didn't stick to the announced topic.

One prejudice that refuses to be broken is the general public's aversion to women speakers. There are exceptions, of course. Dorothy Thompson has gotten fees as high as $2,500, Dorothy Fuldheim, of Cleveland, is a popular commentator on world affairs and Mrs. Roosevelt and Eve Curie are big attractions. Most men, however, can hear ladies lecture to them for free on their own time and women have a pretty critical attitude toward career gals.

"Women go to lectures to be charmed, not educated," Roxanna Wells says, somewhat acidly. Miss Wells, one gathers, is no champion of her sex. "You know the perfect speaker for a Women's Club? A man who looks like a combination Hart-Schaffner-Marx-Calvert ad."

Miss Wells still remembers, with a reminiscent shudder, the chairlady of a suburban club who phoned her for a spiritualist. Miss Wells, who doesn't handle mediums or dabblers in the occult, wasn't quite sure the lady knew what she really wanted. "Was it necessary for the artist to give a performance?" Miss Wells asked, thinking in terms of a seance.

"By all means," the lady said.

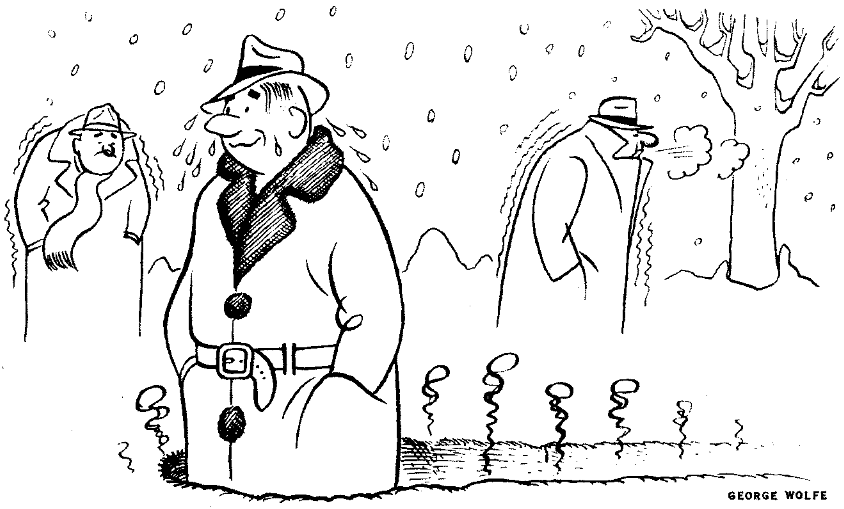
Did she have any specific spiritualist in mind?

"Oh, yes," the lady gushed, "Roland Hayes. I just love the way he sings those Negro songs."

THE END

"I was a dollar-a-year man when a dollar was worth a hundred cents"

COLLIER'S SORIANO



YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Spun Sun

You can't wear this new kind of overcoat on a warm day without perishing, for it has the best insulation known to science except a vacuum. But in the bitterest winter weather try it—the coat lined with glass wool. The principle, soon to be available in jackets, overcoats and sportswear, was borrowed from wartime stratosphere flying suits and the skins of submarines bound for the arctic. The featherweight lining makes these garments 25 per cent warmer than the heaviest sheepskin but weighs only a third as much. You scarcely know you're wearing the glass coat; and moths won't touch it at all.

Science Can Banish Meat Famines

A cheap, ever-abundant supply of good meat should eventually result from wartime experiments made jointly by a distilling company and the Department of Agriculture. Food chemists have proved that "distiller's grain"—waste product after alcohol extraction—is more than three times as fattening, pound for pound, as ordinary cattle feed. The waste retains all the proteins, fats and oils of the original grain, and a much higher concentration of minerals and vitamins besides. Distiller's "mash" has been used here and there for years by raisers who obtained it from fermentation plants. Now at last the carefully controlled scientific studies have determined the exact blend of enriched and fresh feed that will put maximum weight on the slaughter animals, and a national system can be adopted. As soon as the distillers and cattle raisers are fully teamed up, the scientists claim, half a billion pounds of extra beef should be available annually.

Seagoing Shopping Bag

What to give him for Christmas can be neatly solved by an ingenious invention for outdoor sportsmen and campers: a net bag woven of tarred rope, with a wide mouth and a good drawstring handle. It weighs one pound, can be folded to the size of a Coke bottle. Opened up, it will hold half a dozen bottles of beer, a pound of butter and a lot of canned food, a good catch of fish. Once loaded, it is lowered to the bottom of lake or stream to keep cool. When not in use as a food locker the device can be loaded with rocks and used for an anchor for a canoe or small skiff. Yet it is practically weightless to carry.

X-Ray Bull's-Eye

There's a new kind of "seeing" instrument, whose X-ray vision detects counterfeit coins, fake diamonds, and impurities in all kinds of products. It does the trick by measuring the amount of X rays absorbed by a genuine sample, then comparing it with the bogus article. For routine detective work aluminum disks are made up, just thick enough to absorb the same rays as a real diamond, sample of gasoline, or coal, pearls, etc. These are then compared with the suspected object for an absolute check on its genuineness.

Penicillin That Keeps Like Aspirin

A chemical company can now crystallize penicillin so that it will keep indefinitely without refrigeration. Formerly made as a powder that must be kept cold to avoid spoiling, the new drug can be stored in bottles anywhere. Also it can go with the doctor in his bag for immediate use in emergencies.

Crystalline penicillin is purer than the old form. This means that larger and more effective doses can be given than were safe before.

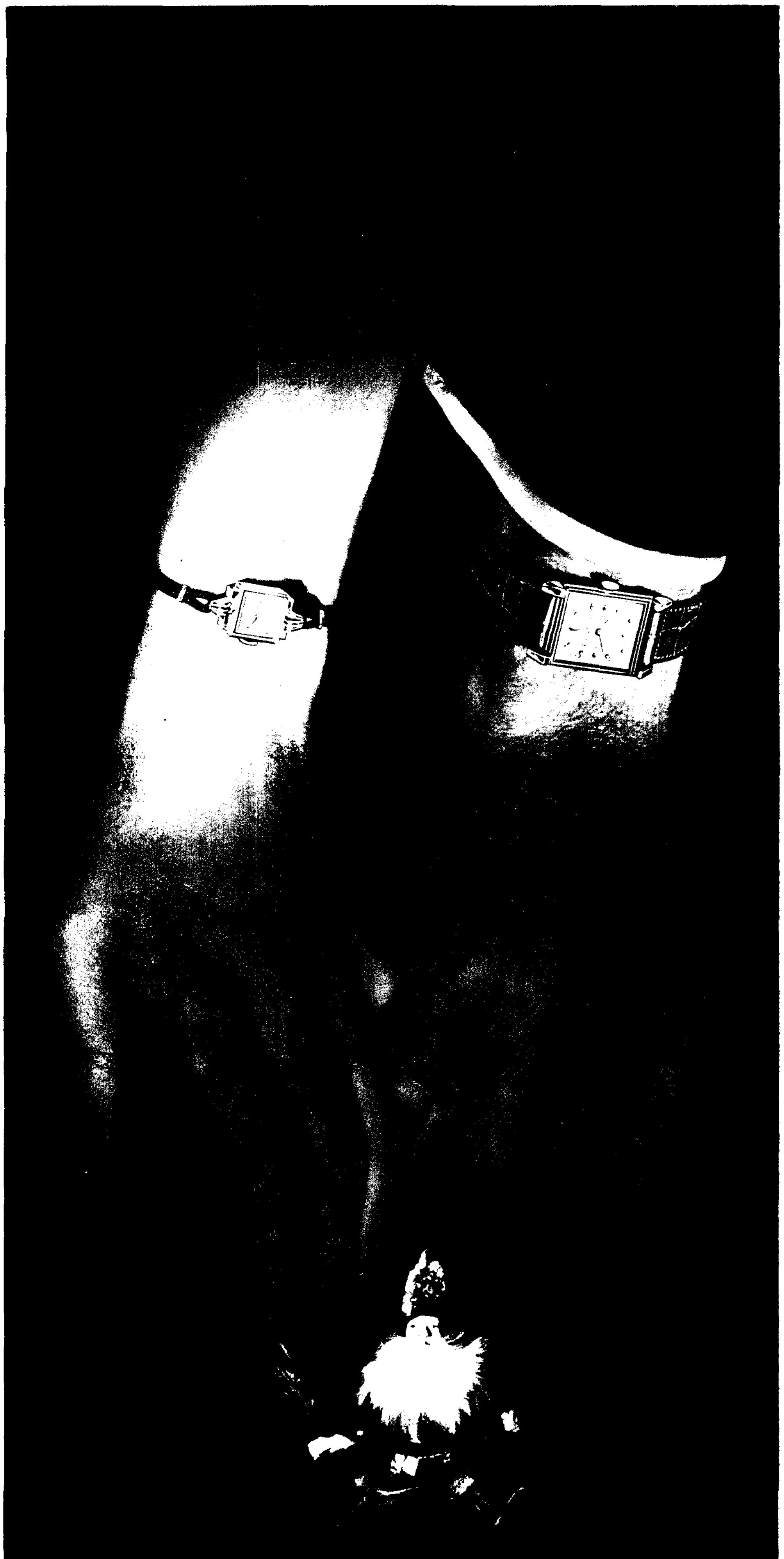
Snippers for Small Fry

They won't cut the curtains, they won't cut your handkerchiefs; they won't snip neckties or clothes. They won't chop up the carpet or sever the finest blond curls. They won't cut anything at all except thin paper, and they have no sharp points to stick into a small companion's eyes or poke holes in lamp shades or screens. They're the ideal scissors for small itching fingers that may tire of cutting paper dolls on a rainy afternoon. They are made of plastic, specially molded with wide, blunt points and blades that *seem* duller than a hoe but are given just the right angle to seize paper and snip it while letting more pliable material slip through. They cost about a quarter and, for mothers, are the first real answer to the problem of the destructive metal scissors the children snitch from her workbasket.

It's Here

A supersimple plastic tape gauge for measuring oil, gasoline, or any other liquid in underground storage tanks. . . .

A portable radar about the size of a flashlight, for demonstrating many tricks to school classes and lecture audiences. ★★★



Gift of heart to heart

For some one very dear to us, there is no other Christmas gift that so perfectly expresses our love: a Rensie watch, so beautiful, so fine a keeper of time. This Christmas, then, your gift of heart to heart: a Rensie watch.

RENSIE
WATCHES

"Exquisite as America's Beauties" ~ Engineered for Accuracy

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A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

Continued from page 21

breakfast snack, I went straight to the minister's telephone and put in a collect call for Mr. Poncet. The reason I had not called Mr. Poncet during the two days I was starving to death is that I had forgotten all about him completely. He never crossed my mind until the third batch of fried eggs. I suppose the undernourished brain cells were a little dim and groggy.

Mr. Poncet was delighted to hear my voice, he said. Of course he was very shocked to find out I had been starving. What about my family, all those Flannigans in Cleveland? Wouldn't they even give me a crust of bread?

I was surprised at Mr. Poncet. He knew I wasn't on speaking terms with the Flannigans. We had had a considerable dispute Christmas vacation about Sacco and Vanzetti and God.

Mr. Poncet said I certainly had the courage of my convictions, not calling upon my relatives in my hour of need. He supposed they didn't even know where I was. Thought I was still in Columbus, did they?

"I guess so," I said crossly. Being sixteen years old, it did not occur to me that my uncles and aunts had perhaps forgotten, or in any case forgiven our passage of arms at Christmastime. I presumed they had cut me off forever, and now that Mr. Poncet was promising me a job, the Flannigan situation was perfectly all right with me.

I ARRIVED at Union Station, Cleveland, at dusk that Saturday. I couldn't check my suitcase (no dime) nor take the streetcar (no nickel) so I picked up my grip and trudged the mile uphill to Mr. Poncet's office. The suitcase was heavy and the evening was hot, but I didn't care. I felt fine.

In an hour or two, I'd have a good job, and I'd get a salary advance, and everything would be lovely. Hunky-dory, we said in 1930.

Mr. Poncet's office building was empty and very quiet when I arrived a little after nine. The fancy marble lobby was in shadow. A single light burned near the elevator bank. My footsteps echoed in the silence. I was taken back. Even for a Saturday night in an office building, Mr. Poncet's marble lobby seemed very lonely. I wished somebody would show up to make the elevators work. I hoped fervently, that Mr. Poncet had not tired of waiting for me and gone home.

The night watchman, an old, smelly, dirty man, shuffled into the lobby after I rang the elevator bell several times. When I asked for Mr. Poncet he said, "Ah-huh." He ran the elevator up to the third floor and then suddenly jerked the cage to a stop, turned around and peered at me. I clenched my fists. I knew all about the perils of night watchmen; they strangled people, especially girls. The newspapers were always telling about it.

"How old are you?" the night watchman asked, sniffling.

I was outraged. I said it was none of his business.

"Ah-huh." The night watchman wiped his nose with a filthy sleeve. "Why don't you go home to your mother?"

I was never so embarrassed in my life. Apparently the night watchman was not a strangler; he seemed to think Mr. Poncet had unholy designs on me. I didn't want to explain to the night watchman that Mr. Poncet loved literature, but in the end I had to mumble out most of my story.

The night watchman simply refused to take the elevator up until I told him how Mr. Poncet was going to give me a job to further my career as a writer.

"Ah-huh," the night watchman said.

When we got to the twelfth floor, the night watchman said I could just leave my suitcase on the elevator—I'd be going right down again, anyway, as soon as I got that job. "An' you tell 'im where you left it, too."

"Oh, all *right!*" I cried, thoroughly exasperated. But of course I had no intention of telling Mr. Poncet any such thing. I would practically die before I would let Mr. Poncet know that some menial elevator runner had conceived the laughable notion that Mr. Poncet was not really interested in literature.

Mr. Poncet opened his office door the moment I knocked. He shook my hand warmly and his eyes twinkled. We started talking about literature right away as Mr. Poncet led me into his private office which was very grand, all red leather and polished tables.

". . . and I must say, Willa Cather is very sound," Mr. Poncet was murmuring.

"I like Tolstoy better."

"H'mm," Mr. Poncet said, smiling. "How do you like Frank Harris?"

I hesitated. I hated to admit I had never even heard of Frank Harris, but I was afraid to fake it completely. "Oh—Frank Harris," I said, shrugging in a very sophisticated way.

Mr. Poncet was a little defeated. But after a moment he brightened up and said, "About that job . . ."

Mr. Poncet's job was in Cincinnati, doing publicity for his oil company at $50 a week. Mr. Poncet was apologetic. He realized the position was very banal, for a novelist, but at the moment it was the only opening he happened to have on hand.

I was so excited, I stuttered. I told Mr. Poncet not to worry a bit; fifty a week wasn't in the least banal. I thought that Mr. Poncet was certainly a true patron of literature. Fifty bucks a week, in the middle of the depression, for a college girl! Oh, boy!

MR. PONCET was pleased I liked his job. He told me I should go and stay with the "girls" in Columbus, and he'd pick me up a week from Sunday to drive me to Cincinnati. "Meantime," Mr. Poncet said delicately, "I'll just advance you a month's salary."

I was numb with joy. Mr. Poncet took out a pile of crisp twenty-dollar bills. The little packet was fastened neatly with a rubber band and on top was a slip marked "$300."

"A month would only be $200," I said politely. I counted off five twenties, removed them from the bundle and put them back on the desk.

Mr. Poncet rose from his swivel chair. He came around the desk, scooped up the twenties, dropped them in my lap, and cried warmly. "What's a hundred bucks between friends? Buy yourself a dress."

I was shocked. I assured Mr. Poncet that I knew he had not meant to insult me but that, after all, I couldn't really accept—uh—money from—uh—well, a man.

"Oh," Mr. Poncet said.

"I hope I haven't hurt your feelings."

"Not at all." Mr. Poncet cleared his throat. "By the way, I have an apartment in Cincinnati—right on the river, real cool, furnished pretty swell. Some place! Wait'll you see *it!*"

I laughed. "Oh, I couldn't afford an apartment," I told him. "I'll probably live at the Y, so I can save my money for college."

"The Y!" Mr. Poncet also laughed, very earnestly. "I should say *not.* Say, you've never spent a summer in Cincinnati. Hot! You have no idea! You'll love this apartment, it's as cool as—"

I said I didn't mind about the Y.W.C.A. being hot.

Mr. Poncet chuckled but in a rather hollow way. "This apartment doesn't cost anything. It's mine. I pay the rent. See?"

I blushed. "Oh, I couldn't do that," I said shyly. "Really! I mean—well—"

Mr. Poncet seemed quite desperate. I suppose he was regretting at this moment, that I wasn't either a few years older or a good deal brighter for my age. "You see," he said, "the apartment goes with the job. The job goes with the apartment. And I"—Mr. Poncet brought the final words out practically at the top of his lungs—"go with the apartment! *See?*"

I didn't say anything.

After a short pause Mr. Poncet cried sharply, "Don't look that way!"

I hung my head.

"Say something," Mr. Poncet demanded.

"I was thinking," I said. This was true. I was thinking Mr. Poncet did not admire my writing. He must have been laughing at me all the time. I was also thinking I was glad my mother was dead so she would never know what kind of a girl I had turned out to be.

"We'll be real happy," Mr. Poncet said.

This time I said, *"What?"*

For the idea of being happy with Mr. Poncet blasted me out of remorse and sorrow. I blinked at my benefactor. It was clear that Mr. Poncet did not care about my career. On the other hand, was it really possible that Mr. Poncet wanted to—uh—well—I reeled mentally. Here was Mr. Poncet, wallowing in money, going to New York City practically every other month, mingling with sophisticated people and all that—and he picked *me* out for his apartment! How was it that Mr. Poncet didn't go around doing evil to all those beautiful chorus girls and manicure ladies he probably saw all the time? Here I was, sixteen years old, homely as a mud fence, my hair braided straight, costumed mainly in middy blouses left over from high school, and I didn't even use lipstick. Mr. Poncet, I decided dismally, must be quixotic. And I burst into tears.

"Don't cry!" Mr. Poncet said crossly. "I *loathe* a woman's tears."

This was the first time in my life I had ever been called a woman but it did not do much for my morale.

"Well?" Mr. Poncet inquired.

What could I do, I thought in despair. I didn't even have car fare. The Flannigans had cut me off. I'd been job hunting for weeks and there were no jobs. The girls down in Columbus were pawning their winter coats for hamburger money. I mopped the tears off my face and regarded Mr. Poncet sullenly. "All right."

Mr. Poncet beamed. "My dear," he said, very throaty, "call me Robert."

"Uh," I mumbled, profusely embarrassed. My benefactor rose from his chair and advanced. I closed my eyes against this repulsive sight.

"Call me Robert!" Mr. Poncet insisted tenderly.

"Robert," I muttered, but I was drowned out.

The night watchman, who must have been spying around for some time, rattled the doorknob to Mr. Poncet's private office.

"Your door's not locked," the night watchman bawled, although, to my surprise, the door was indeed locked, and securely.

Mr. Poncet seemed very put out but in the end he decided I'd take the night train for Columbus. He'd see me a week from Sunday and then together—ah, together—we'd be off for Cincinnati.

Mr. Poncet, the night watchman and I went down in the elevator together. The night watchman glared at Mr. Poncet. Mr. Poncet chatted with me about literature, although it was a one-sided chat. When we got to the lobby floor, the night watchman hissed at me, "Go home to your mother!"

"Will you shut up?" Mr. Poncet asked the night watchman furiously.

I said nothing. I wept.

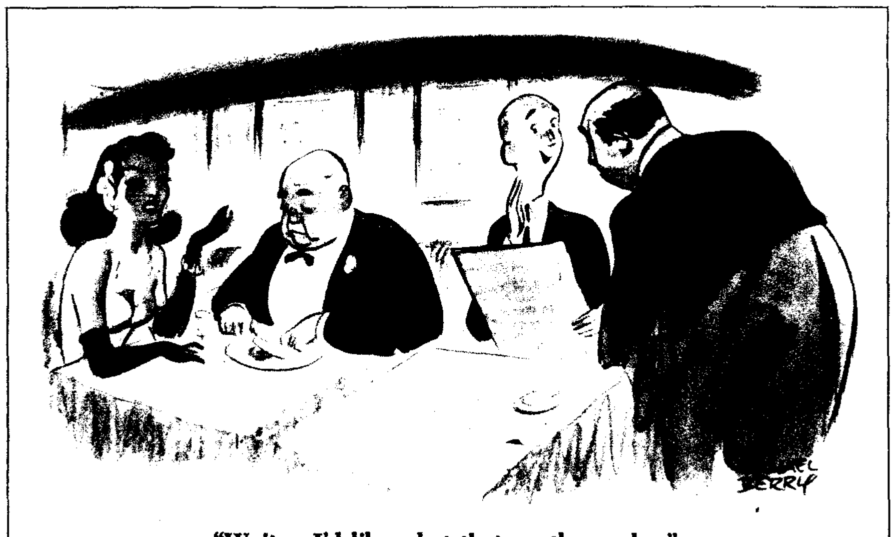
I ARRIVED in Columbus early Sunday morning with all of Mr. Poncet's blood money, and the moment I saw my old comrades I broke into fresh sobs. I cried, more or less, all week, Sunday to Saturday. The girls cried too, pretty steadily. Sometimes they even cut their classes and stayed home, weeping, they felt so unhappy about me. I suppose I had secretly hoped that somehow, someway, my friends who were all so much older, especially Clarissa, would save me from Mr. Poncet. But they said, right away, that the situation was hopeless.

"What if I just ran away?" I asked, between sobs, along on Thursday.

The girls were shocked. In the first place, where would I run to, and what would I eat when I got there? In the second place, I couldn't run away, now that we had spent Mr. Poncet's money. For we had squandered the $300, down to the last nickel. The first $200 went for months of back rent, to stave off eviction. Then the girls got their winter coats out of hock and bought new shoes and hats all around, except for me. Mr. Poncet would soon enough be buying me silver fox furs, and things like that. There was no use wasting shoe money on me. We had about nine dollars left after the shopping bout, but we spent that on steak and chocolate cake and other delicacies.

We all cried so much we were pretty hungry that week.

Saturday morning I had a letter from Mr. Poncet. It was typewritten and unsigned. Mr. Poncet enclosed another hundred dollars in cash, in case I needed some little things, like underwear, and he



COLLIER'S "Waiter, I'd like what that gentleman has" MIKE BERRY

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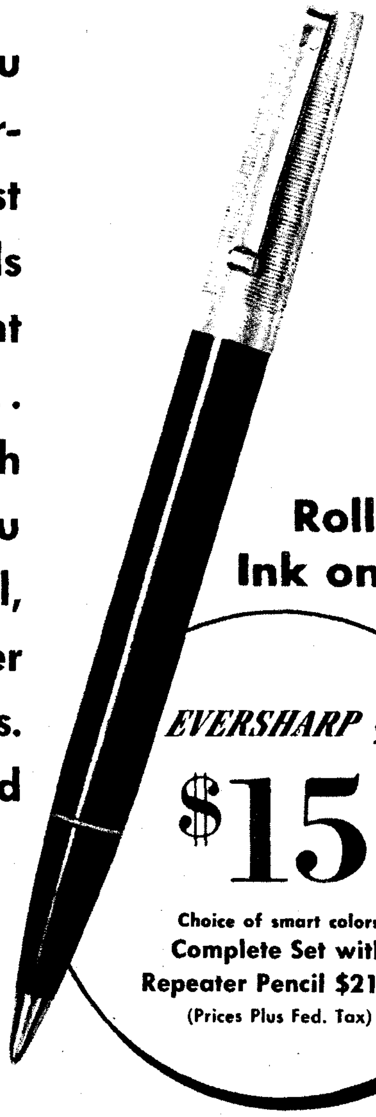

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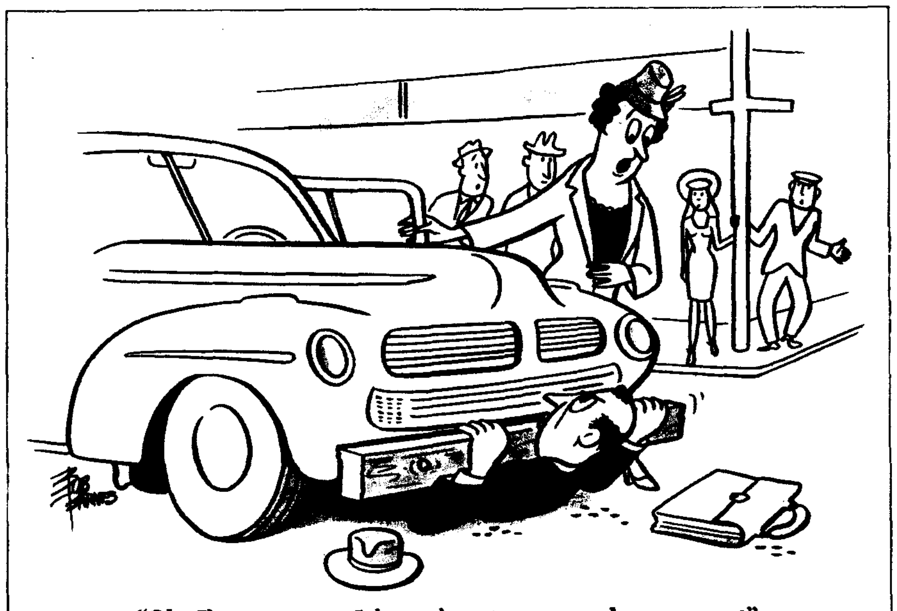
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



COLLIER'S "Oh, I'm so sorry. I haven't got my new bumpers yet" BOB BARNES

couldn't wait to see me Sunday, just couldn't wait. Clarissa inspected this *billet-doux,* took the money, and sobbed, "Oh, darling . . ."

We lunched on cake and a thick sirloin, Saturday. "Twenty-four hours," Alice said dismally, and while we all sobbed, she was struck by a splendid idea. She went down to the corner and called up her new beau, Budge, who was a fraternity man. He was to get me a blind date for the house dance that night. After Mr. Poncet, I would never have any more fun and of course I wouldn't be able to go to dances any more or anything like that; Alice thought I ought to have one last fling, before the end.

I FELT I was not in the mood. Perhaps, on this last night of ordinary life, I would just take a long, long walk, preferably in the rain. Clarissa said nonsense, the dance would do me good, take my mind off my troubles.

Clarissa was right. Mr. Poncet completely slipped my mind that Saturday night. My partner, a quite mature man of twenty, named Alfred, turned out to be a splendid dancer; we had a lovely, energetic evening. The dance was over at 11:30. With Budge and Alice in the front seat of Budge's old roadster, and Alfred and I decorously in the rumble seat, we proceeded to Ye Candye Shoppe Universitas, where we planned to polish off a highly satisfactory night with a round or two of hot chocolate fudge de luxe double banana splits.

Budge parked the car across the street from the ice-cream store. Alfred jumped down from the rumble seat to the sidewalk and, gallantly offering me his hand, essayed a fatuous smile.

I had every intention of leaping from the rumble seat to the protection of Alfred's manly arm. I had really forgotten Mr. Poncet all evening and I did not remember him now.

Indeed, I was concentrating on Alfred, who struck me as an awfully nice boy, albeit slightly "fresh."

"Come on down," Alfred cried coyly. "Yuh scared I'll kiss yuh?"

"Aw . . ." I replied, blushing. At which point without another word to Alfred, I rightabout-faced and jumped from the street side of the parked car—directly in front of a speeding car driven by an honest old florist. The honest old florist never even had a chance to put on the brakes. He used to come and visit me in the hospital and cry bitterly, telling me how awfully sorry he was that he almost killed me—me, a young, young girl, just like a flower, and he, an honest old florist—oh! OH! OH! The nurses used to have to remove the florist from my bedside, he sobbed so much and so loudly.

I felt awfully ashamed, of course, and tried to reassure the florist. It was all my fault. How could he know I was going to come plummeting down in front of him like that?

"Like a shooting star," the florist would agree, brokenly.

Alfred also took the big catastrophe very hard. He supposed it was his bold, improper advances which had driven me, a sensitive, pure young girl, to suicide. Alice finally took pity on Alfred and told him that I jumped for financial reasons.

Alfred shook his head, dazed by the tragedy of it all. He swore he would never go out on another "blind" date. "You can't tell *what's* going to happen, nowadays, with girls," Alfred said in a somber voice.

AND so I was saved from Mr. Poncet. How simple life is, in some ways. Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M. Mr. Poncet arrived, just as he had promised, at the Columbus apartment. Desdemonda waited until Mr. Poncet rang the bell, then she opened the front door and hit Mr. Poncet hard. Clarissa pushed Desdemonda aside, and Clarissa tried to strike my patron but Mr. Poncet ducked. Mary told Mr. Poncet I was dying, and that it was all Mr. Poncet's fault. "Fiend!" Alice said quietly.

They told me all about it. They loved to recount this scene, so full of satisfying drama.

Alice would interrupt Mary, and Clarissa would say irritably to Desdemonda, "No, no, *I* was the one who said for two cents we'd have him arrested by the police."

What Mr. Poncet said, if anything, the girls did not remember. Evidently he did not get very chatty. But it must have been a nasty shock. We all hoped so, fervently.

Perhaps if the girls had known I was going to recover, they might have been worried about Mr. Poncet's $400, but in the face of my certain death (no hope, the hospital said, using a lot of loose talk, as it turned out) the $400 was an insult even to think about.

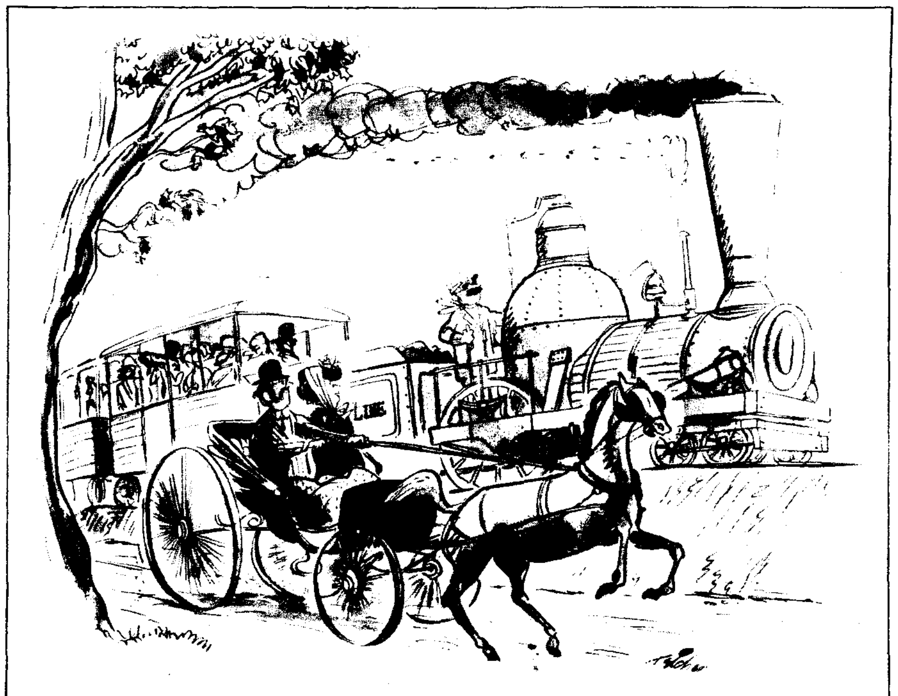
As for me, I was unconscious for four days. When I woke up, the Flannigans, who had loved me all the time, it seems, were standing around in my hospital room, about twenty strong, denouncing the doctors and brawling with the nurses. The Flannigans wanted to import a violinist to play Kevin Barry in my ear; they were quite sure it would bring me around.

The head doctor, who was probably a Rule Britannia man, sneered at the violin theory of treating a massive skull fracture; and of course I came to at exactly the wrong moment. The Flannigans were rather let down, I am afraid, but when I opened my eyes and saw them all lined up, yelling at the doctor, I knew everything was all right again, and I was very glad.

Incidentally, I did *not* jump on purpose. My foot slipped. Or something. Maybe vertigo. Of course there is such an oversupply of amateur psychiatrists around these days, if I've been told once, I've been told 324 times, that of course, while I may not have *thought* I was jumping on purpose, *still unconsciously,* my mind, trapped like a rat in a sinking ship, unable to find a way out, et cetera, et cetera. So far as I am concerned, this is a lot of nonsense. My foot slipped, maybe. For I had planned the whole thing out. When Mr. Poncet got me to Cincinnati, I was going to choke him, possibly all the way to death. After all, I was only sixteen and big and strong for my age, and he was an old, old man. I expected Mr. Poncet was going to be pretty sorry he ever asked me to Cincinnati, and maybe, as it worked out, he was.

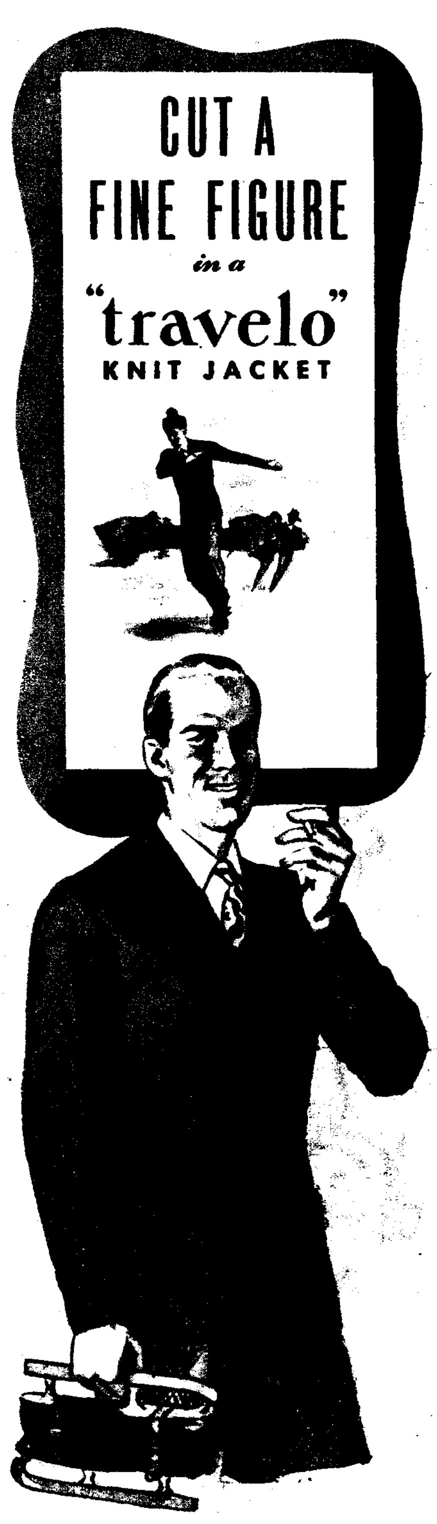
Mr. Poncet, I should add, absconded in 1931 with the hard cash from the mundane old building-and-loan bank he operated. I read all about his malfeasance in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. So far as I know, he was never caught by the police. I hope he found out how it feels to be hunted.

THE END



"Imagine that, Harry! Breakfast in Philadelphia, lunch in New York!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM



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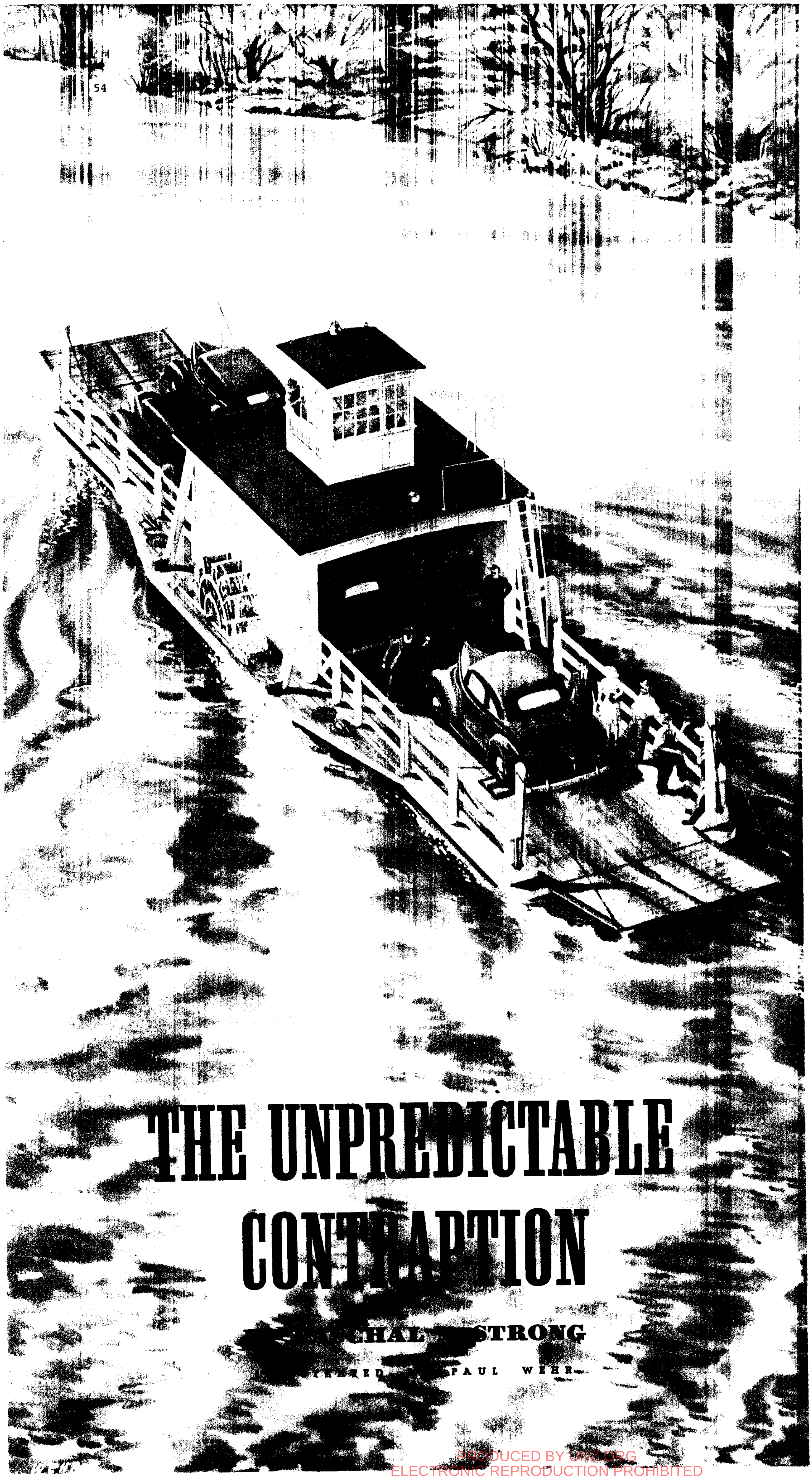

THE UNPREDICTABLE CONTRAPTION

BY PASCHAL N. STRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEHR

Grandpop and Old Henry caused quite a ruckus on the usually peaceful Ohio River

FOR forty years Grandpop was rated the most stubborn, ornery pilot on the Ohio River. He was a terror, and when he retired and went to live with his married daughter at Rickly, the rivermen heaved a great sigh of relief, although they did toot their whistles every time their towboats puffed by the little river town.

"It's sorta nice to have him with us," his daughter confided to a neighbor, and explained hastily, "It's not like I was the nervous type."

Things might still be rather quiet at Rickly if Grandpop hadn't decided to build a ferryboat which he had invented, or if his grandson Ned's plans hadn't centered around the granddaughter of a man whose calling placed him high on Grandpop's black list. For Old Henry was a retired locomotive engineer, and every riverman will tell you that a railroad man is so low he'd need a helicopter to get to hell—sentiments avidly returned by the railroad men.

Grandpop had nearly finished the ferryboat when Ned returned from Germany, and he took his grandson to the river front to inspect it. Ned, knowing Grandpop, was prepared for anything. But, except for one thing, it looked like any other ferryboat that paddled back and forth between Ohio and Kentucky. It was low of freeboard, and bargelike with oval ends, and it had two side wheels. There was a pilothouse amidships, built high above the boat and supported by a wall-like structure on either beam. The full length and width of the boat could be used for cars. The odd thing about the craft was that there seemed to be no engine room.

"Where's the engine?" Ned asked.

"Ain't none," said Grandpop.

"Atomic power, maybe?"

"None o' your wisecracks, young man. Climb aboard an' I'll show you."

When they climbed up the ways, Ned noticed two large wooden rollers, set in the deck near the stern—or the bow if the ferry was going the other way. They were about six feet long and about the diameter of telegraph poles and were set nearly flush with the deck and about four inches apart.

"It's a treadmill," said Grandpop, with vast satisfaction. "One roller's on an idler, the other's bored through the center and got an iron shaft running through it. When it turns, the shaft turns. Got a small gear at each end o' the shaft. Chain drive to the side wheels. Last car aboard—first car if we come from Kaintuck—puts its rear wheel on the rollers. Rollers act as chocks—car can't go forward or backward less'n I jam the rollers so they can't turn. Car gets into second gear, rear wheels turn, rollers turn, side wheels turn. No first cost for engine, no upkeep, no nothin'."

"How much you going to pay the car for running the ferry?"

"Pay! I'm goin' to charge him fifty cents jest like I charge anybody else."

"Suppose," Ned said, "you got in

(Continued on page 82)

"I've been on this river for fifty years," shouted Grandpop, "and no railroad man has ever bested me yet!"

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Your very best bet
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Allan Clark

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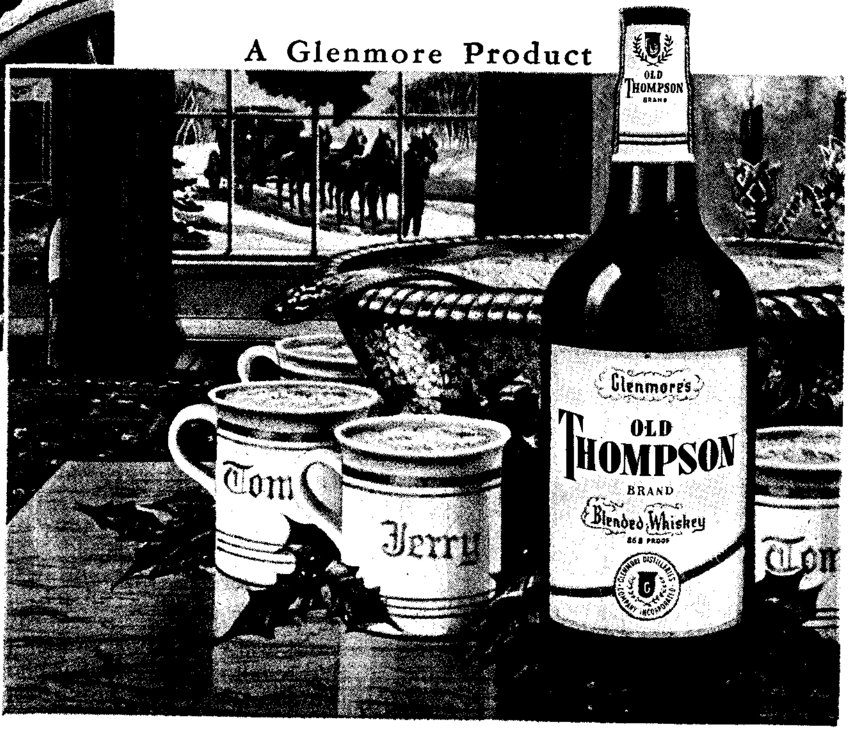
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SLEEPING BEAUTY

Continued from page 15

to be a spinster and a schoolteacher.

Downstairs, Emily was shaking Richard's hand. She said, "It's good to see you, Rich. Your father needs you. Last time I went to him I thought he looked worse than I did. How have you been? The foot's all right, isn't it?"

He assured her that he, and the foot, were fine.

She said, "Carla's dog-tired. She's been on that case, perhaps she wrote you about it, since before Christmas. After her patient left the hospital they took him to their estate in Greenwich." She looked at Richard sharply. He was not impressed. "Trask," she added, "*the* Trasks. It's the son who was sick."

He thought, his heart constricting: What is she trying to tell me? He said, smiling, "Carla's a good nurse, I'm sure of it. She always was, even as a little thing."

Emily said, "What would I do without her, now that Robert's gone . . . ?"

He said gently, "I am sorry about Robert, Mrs. Fenton. He was a grand kid. I was very fond of him—as if he had been my younger brother."

"That's right," Emily Fenton said. "You were like brothers. It was as if Carla were sister to you both."

CARLA came out of the cupola to the tiny landing and leaned over the rail. She cried with laughing impatience, "Rich, for heaven's sake!"

Richard looked at Emily and she said, shortly, "You know the way, I guess," and watched him go up the stairs. She had delivered a warning—and not for the first time. She thought: I hope it sinks in.

On the second-floor landing, he paused, turning her words over in his mind, "as if Carla were sister to you both." He looked up and saw Carla looking down and suddenly he started running, pounding up the twisting stairs, achieving the tiny, dangerous landing.

"Rich," she said, "you old—you—" Her eyes were full of tears but she was smiling.

He took her hands and held them a moment. He said, "I was mustering my resources, Carla. Getting to be an old man."

"Come in." She held him, drew him into the familiar room. "Sit down," she said, "and let me look at you." She looked, still smiling. He was taller than she, though not much for she was a tall girl. He had heavy shoulders and fine hands. He reminded her comically of a deceptively drowsy lion cub, the tawny color of his thick hair, the shape of his face, the shape and color of his eyes.

"Your foot?" she asked. "You do write the most unsatisfactory letters!"

"My foot's fine," he said. "Now and then I limp a little. It makes me interesting to the girls."

"How many of them?"

"Hundreds, dear." He often called her that, lightly, casually, and what it cost him she could not know. Unless, today, now, within a few minutes, he told her. He thought: If there's no one else.

But that wasn't enough, he reminded himself. You can't marry someone because there's no one else. For there might be, any day, any minute, and then where are you?

Carla said, "You don't know how glad I am to see you." All her lovely candor, her deep affection was in her simple words. "This is wonderful. Do sit down . . . there . . . I've been practically beside myself, waiting. Your mother thought you'd be home last week. She phoned me then, and later when she knew for certain, and then, you did."

He said, "You look exactly the same—except, perhaps, a little tired."

"Not very tired. Let's not talk about me. Are you still planning to return to the hospital and intern again?"

"Well, naturally," he said. "My God, the things I don't know or have forgotten! I was pretty set up because I'd had almost two years before I went into the service, I wasn't one of the nine-month wonders. But I got that taken out of me. I need plenty more experience and," he grinned suddenly, "a readjustment to the civilian patient. Then I'll come home. Pop has to slow down. He fights it, but he knows it as well as I. That's one reason they let me out. I'm needed here. There's no one but Pop and he can't carry it alone much longer."

"Sorry to be out?" she asked quietly, leaning back in the old rocker.

"Sure," he said. "It's still on and I'm not part of it. But there are plenty of other guys, better than I. Carla, you're not going back to New York, are you, right away? I thought I'd stick around a couple of weeks before I went back. We could hit the high spots together."

"The Busy Bee," she inquired, "and Sally's Sweet Shoppe?" Her regard was candid and friendly. Most people did not know that, being preoccupied with trying to place the exact color of her eyes.

He thought: No, not now. But if we're together a couple of weeks, getting used to each other again?

He said, "Bumping my way up here on the daily local, I thought how pleasant it is that Maplehill isn't within commuting distance, no fast punctual trains with club cars. I thought it was swell we haven't achieved even summer estatehood, despite our hills and trout streams. Of course, when I'm in New York I curse because I can't get here fast and comfortably by train but isolation has its advantages . . ." He broke off. Carla wasn't listening. She was looking at him but she heard nothing. He said, "Wasted oratory. What's on your mind, Carla?"

"Too much. You asked me if I were staying on. I don't know. I don't even know if I am going back on the registry. I haven't discussed it with anyone. You know Mother—and Father always says, 'Do as you think best, Carla.'"

"Very sound advice," he said warily, "from him to you. It wouldn't be for every girl." His heart tightened with apprehension.

She said, "Lately some of my letters to you have come back. But some must have reached you; I was on the case so long."

"What case?"

"Harry Trask," she said. "I did write you about him, Rich."

THE palms of his hands were wet. He thought: This is it. You haven't spoken, so you've lost nothing. If you had, well, she'd be hurt for your sake.

"Sure," he said, "the guy in the Air Force, invalided out, recovered, and then down with a fine case of civilian pneumonia. What about him?"

She said, "I took care of him, days, at the hospital. He was terribly ill." She added, "His mother tried to throw me off the case. She said I was too young."

"I can imagine what else she said," Richard agreed.

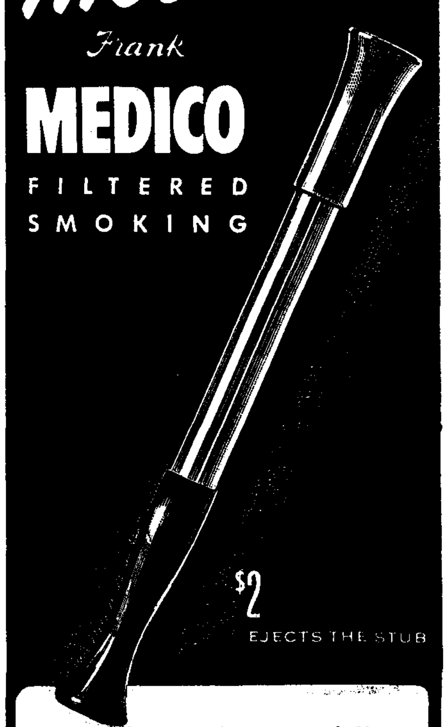
"But they were so shorthanded, it was literally me or floor care. After he was better, I went home with him. They have a place, downstate, in Greenwich."

"Is that," demanded Richard, "the gent always referred to as a tycoon in the public press?"

"His father," said Carla.

"I see . . . What are you trying to tell me?" he asked, and added, "as if I didn't know."

She said, conscious of the sharp, hard brilliance of the ring in her pocket,



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Harry Trask has asked me to marry him."

"Well," said Richard, "he's not the first. You aren't exactly a hag. But you can brush 'em off. I've seen you do it."

She said, slowly, "This time, I'm not sure I want to, Richard."

Okay, he told himself, it had to come sooner or later. Better now before he had spoken, if he had really meant to speak. This way, they could go on being friends. On her terms, the way it always had been.

He said, "Go on, Carla."

She said restlessly, "Mother's kept at me from the moment she knew who Harry Trask was. Just little things, in her letters and then when I came up here, the questions. Was he attractive? Was he engaged? What sort of a place did they have? How many servants?"

He said gently, "You mustn't resent it. It's natural that she wants the best for you, Carla."

"I suppose so. Rich, I wanted so terribly to go overseas. I had planned, and counted on it, especially after Bob died. When I couldn't, I felt so guilty. But Mother was terribly opposed. She said I had no right, with Bob dead. She said she needed me." She looked at him, her eyes anxious. "She has a cardiac condition, due to her asthma, now. I had a long talk with your father about it."

He said, "Try not to feel so badly, Carla—about not going over, I mean."

She said, "But I do. I always shall. Mother wanted me to stay in New York and nurse. I offered to come home, but she said there were so few opportunities."

For what? thought Richard. There was plenty of room for a good nurse at Maplehill, and at the hospital in the next larger town. But when Emily said "opportunities" she didn't mean for work; she meant for a resplendent marriage. She must have hoped for just that, while her daughter was in training. But Carla had been out for some time now, first doing floor duty at her hospital and then going on the registry.

"She said," Carla explained, "that she could always send for me if she had a bad attack. She had one last month, but wouldn't let Father tell me. I didn't know till I got home, after I'd left my case."

"Do you still call him a 'case'?"

She flushed, faintly, "I suppose not. Anyway, he's all right now and doesn't need a nurse."

"But has decided that he needs a wife?"

"Yes. His mother doesn't think so; that is, not a wife she hasn't selected!"

Richard got up, returned with a battered ash tray and put a stub in it. He asked, "Has she selected one?"

"I believe so. An awfully nice girl, a neighbor. She's pretty and suitable and I like her."

"I bet she loves you." Richard commented.

"She might have liked me," said Carla quickly.

"If it hadn't been for your patient?" he inquired. "This isn't the first time you have told me of the friends you might have had, Carla."

She didn't, he thought, look like a girl in love. She looked troubled, she seemed distressed. He had seen women in love and recognized their astonishing radiance, whether uncertain or assured; he had been aware of their secret knowledge, the inner disturbance, no matter how unruffled the surface. Carla exhibited no such symptoms. She preserved a tranquil quality which, together with her beauty, was especially her own.

She said defensively, "I did make friends at the hospital, Rich."

RICHARD nodded. Even in the short time he had been with her there, he had heard, and seen, that she commanded respect and affection among her fellow students. Not that they included her on their double dates; or if so, not more than once.

He said gravely, "I'm not interested in Mrs. Trask's candidate for the matrimonial sweepstakes. What about Trask and you?" He had never suggested a subject more distasteful to him. "How old is he?"

"Twenty-five," she said, "and very good-looking."

"And he loves you?" said Richard, and saw her nod. The forward sweep of her shining black hair fell softly over her face. She brushed it back with a quick hand, and it sprang into deep classic waves.

He asked, "How about you? That's the important part. Are you in love with him?"

"I'm awfully fond of him, Rich," she said.

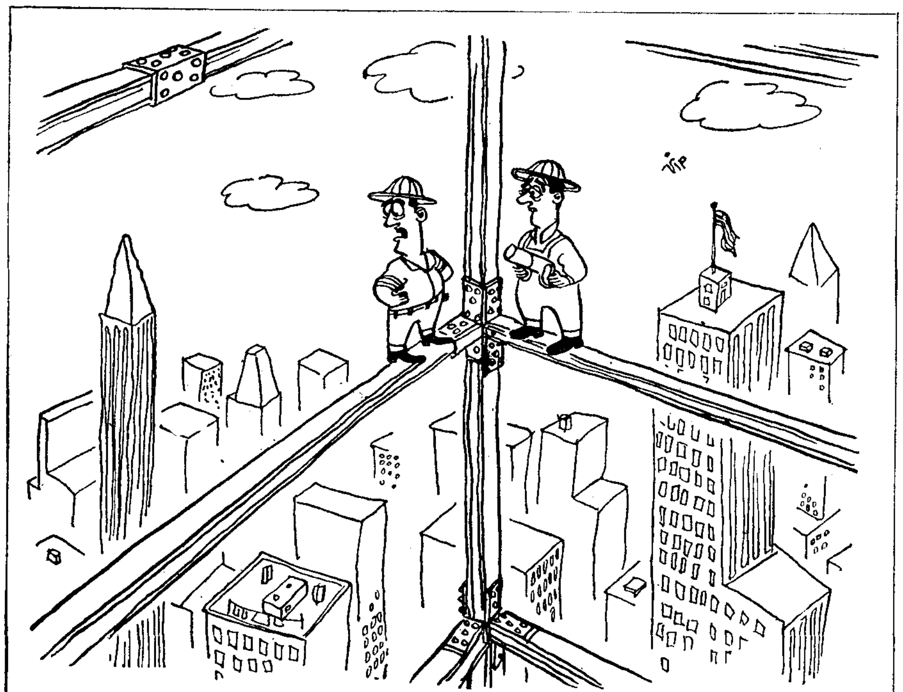
He said violently, "You're fond of me, too. It isn't enough."

She was pink again. "I—I like to be with him. I—*yes*," she said, with a deep breath, "I do love him, Rich."

He asked oddly, "How do you know?"

Carla smiled. She said, "That's it, I suppose. Why I have waited. Why I haven't . . ." She put her elbow on the arm of the chair, her chin in her palm. She asked, "Is there such a difference in loving and being in love?"

"If you don't know—" he began, and broke off. Then he said roughly, "You're grown up, you're a nurse, you know the



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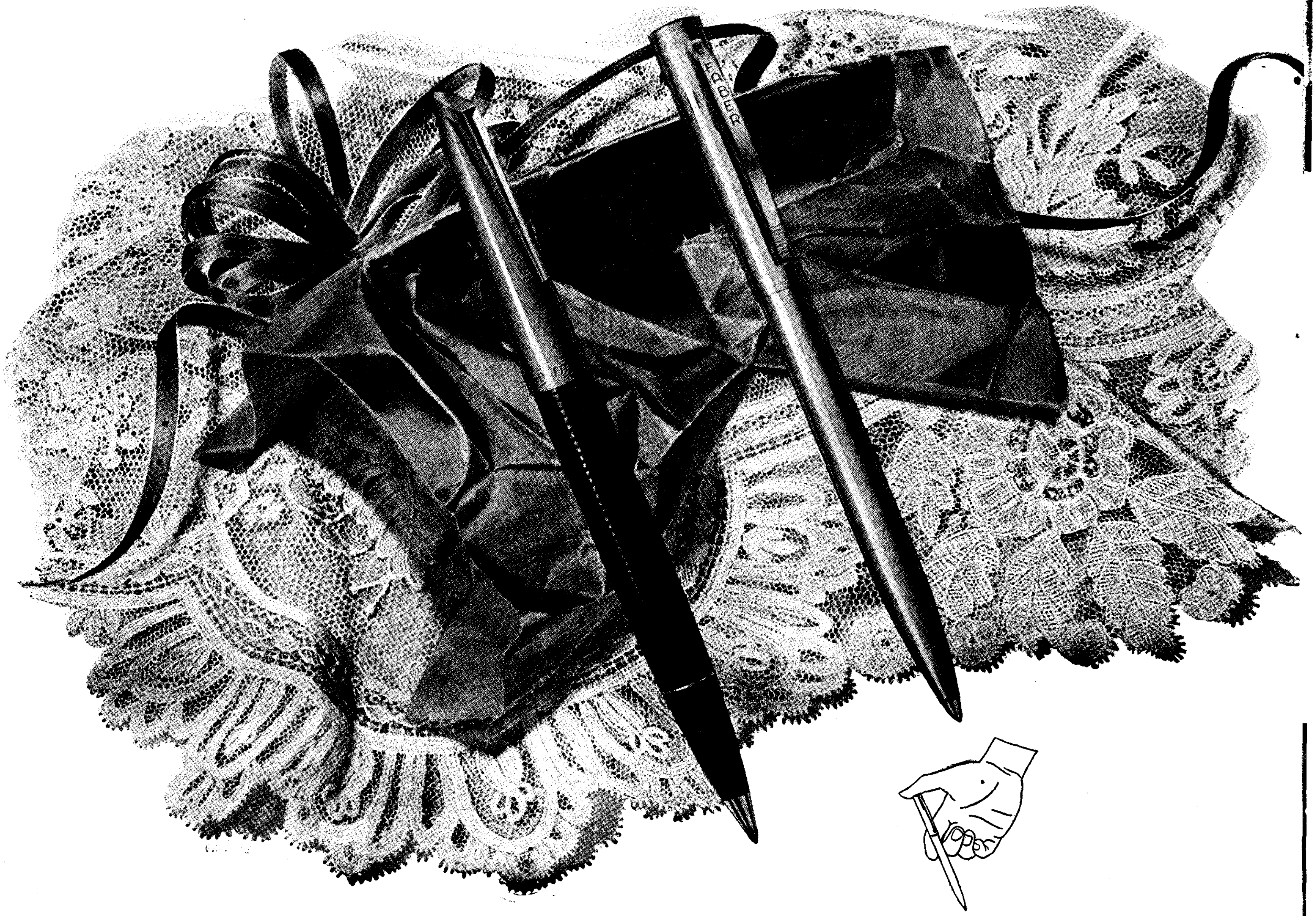

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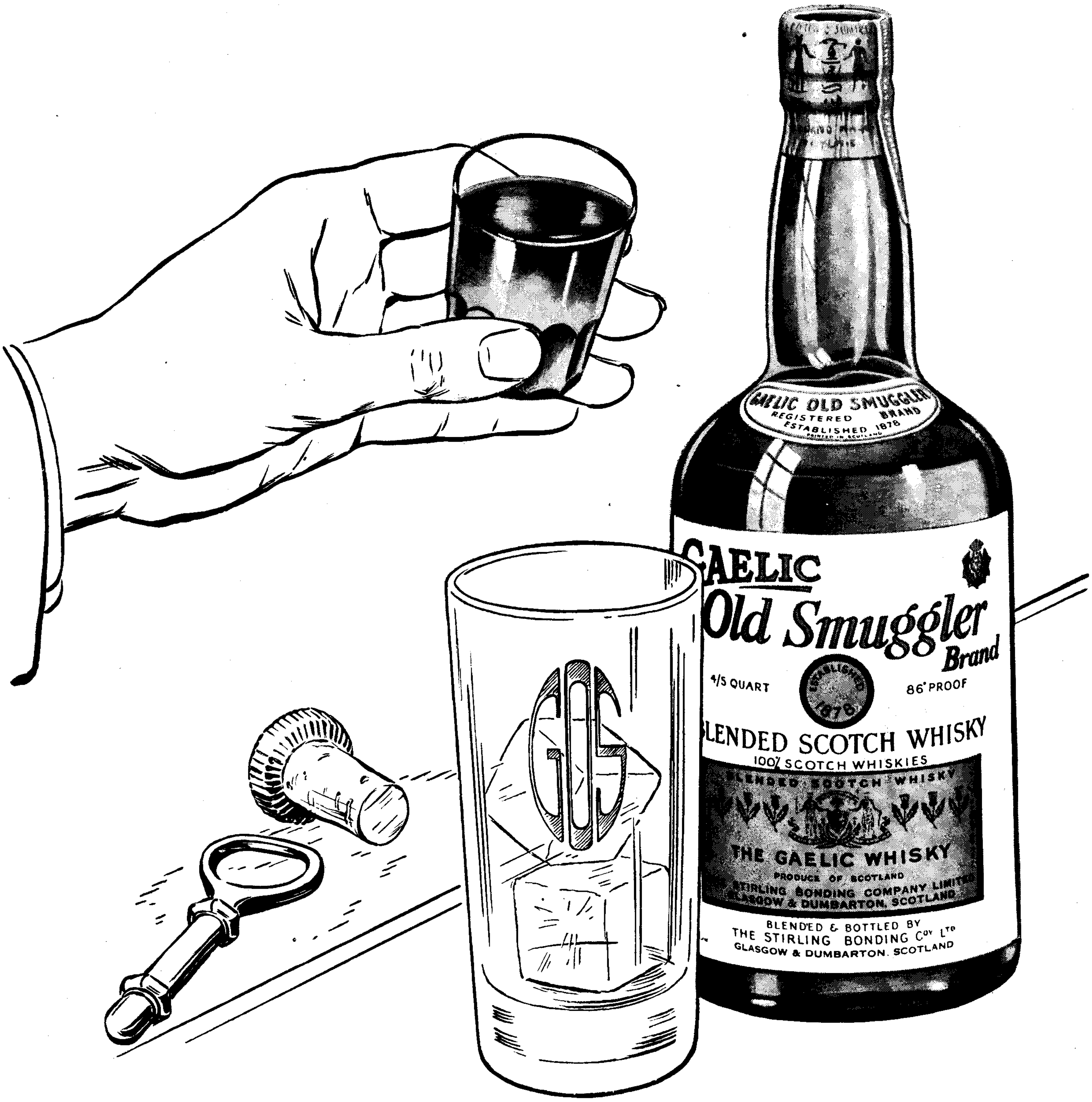
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answers. Some are ugly and some are wonderful."

She said, "I've seen girls my own age and younger destroyed by falling in love, Richard. The hospital had its quota of scandal. One girl died. I saw sudden marriages, and misery. Some talked to me about what had happened to them. And if *that* was falling in love," she said, "I don't want any part of it!"

"Not all the sudden marriages will be unhappy," he reminded her.

"I suppose not. But I took care of other girls," she said, "on the wards, in the private pavilion. Two had babies their fathers would never see; and there were those their fathers would not acknowledge. Some had babies they didn't want and had tried not to have. Their excuse was always the same. They said they fell in love, and couldn't help themselves!"

"Just what," he asked, "is your definition of a good marriage?"

She said, surprised, "I hadn't thought, but I suppose a good marriage means mutual respect, and affection and interests—"

He said, "Carla, you might as well marry me and be done with it!"

His heart hammered against his breast. If this was all she wanted? He thought: It isn't Trask's money; she doesn't give a damn for that. He thought: Trask doesn't know her, and I do. I could make her happier.

She was laughing, but *with*, not *at*, him, and after a moment, he laughed, too. She said, "Well, I didn't mean quite that, though I see your point. We're friends," she added, amused.

Richard raised his eyebrows. "And you and Trask aren't?" he asked.

"Of course." She sighed, and began again. "Rich, Mother was thirty when she and Father married. He was younger, unmarried and attractive. She was quite handsome, in her way. They fell in love or thought so. Once she told me I was crazy to get married, and she meant it, either way you take it. They've never been happy, but in Maplehill people stay together. Father has some sort of a life. He loves the store even if he does trust too many people. But Mother hasn't anything. She loved Bob best, you know, but she couldn't make him over as she wanted. She does what she has to in the community but she's intimate with no one. When I talked to your father he was definite about asthma. He said it wasn't climate or allergy but rooted-in dissatisfaction, and used as an escape. I think that she was afraid of dying an old maid, so she married and has always regretted it. I think Father knows that, too."

He asked angrily, "What has that to do with you?"

"A great deal. Rich, if I marry Harry Trask everyone will say it's for his money."

"Will it be?" he asked, and then he laughed, because laughing at her would help.

"Don't be silly," she said without resentment, "though the money would be fun. I could do a lot with it. And, anyway, Harry will be marrying me for my looks. His friends will say that, too."

"Most girls," said Richard, "are married because of the way they appear to the men who love them."

"I suppose so," she said, "even the plain. But the way I look, Rich, isn't *me.* No one bothers to find out what I'm like."

"Has Trask bothered?" he asked slowly.

She said honestly, "No, not yet. But I believe he will. I can't help what I look like any more than he can help all that money. He talked about that to me. I believe that was what first attracted me to him, as if, in a crazy sort of way, we were in the same boat."

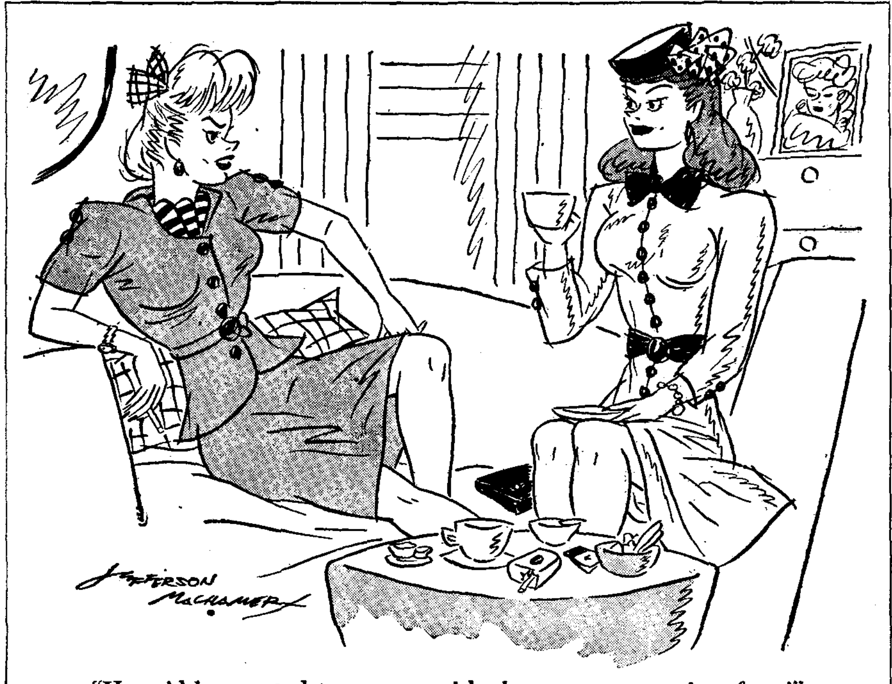
CARLA remembered what Trask had said the first time he asked her to marry him: "I've always believed I'd be married for my father's money. I think I'm an average decent Joe, and I know I'm no Frankenstein's monster. But without the background of glitter—would I be the only right one for the girl who married me? It used to get me down. Screwy, but there it is. You see, I want a girl who'll be for *me.* A girl who would know that there wasn't anyone else possible for her. How could I be sure? But then I found you. Hell, I can't feel that way about you, darling, if you love me. You could marry anyone you wanted to—and the Trasks haven't *all* the money in the world! Somehow, if you'd marry me I could feel certain."

Aloud she said, "He's fun to be with, Rich. I've never liked any man as well, except you."

Richard kept his smile steady. He said, "As I told you, it could be a tossup between us, except that you don't know him as well. That gives him an advantage."

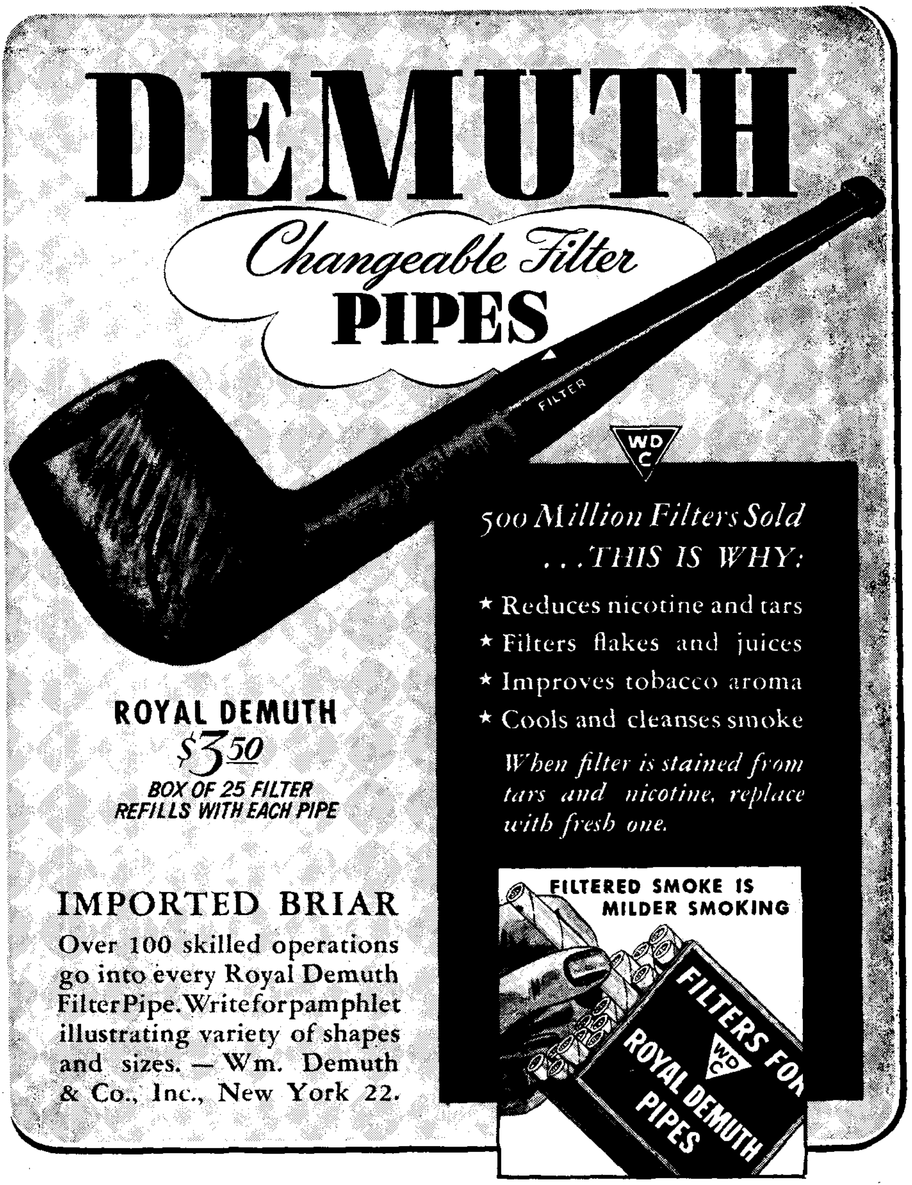
She said, "If the tables were turned, I could give you good sound advice. I always have."

He had always told her, half hopefully, about his girls, if not chapter and verse. There had been a few. They were generous and it astonished him to be on the receiving end. He hadn't much to give, but he was grateful. None had been misled and each had been told, in one way



"He said he wanted to marry a girl who was a composite of me!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER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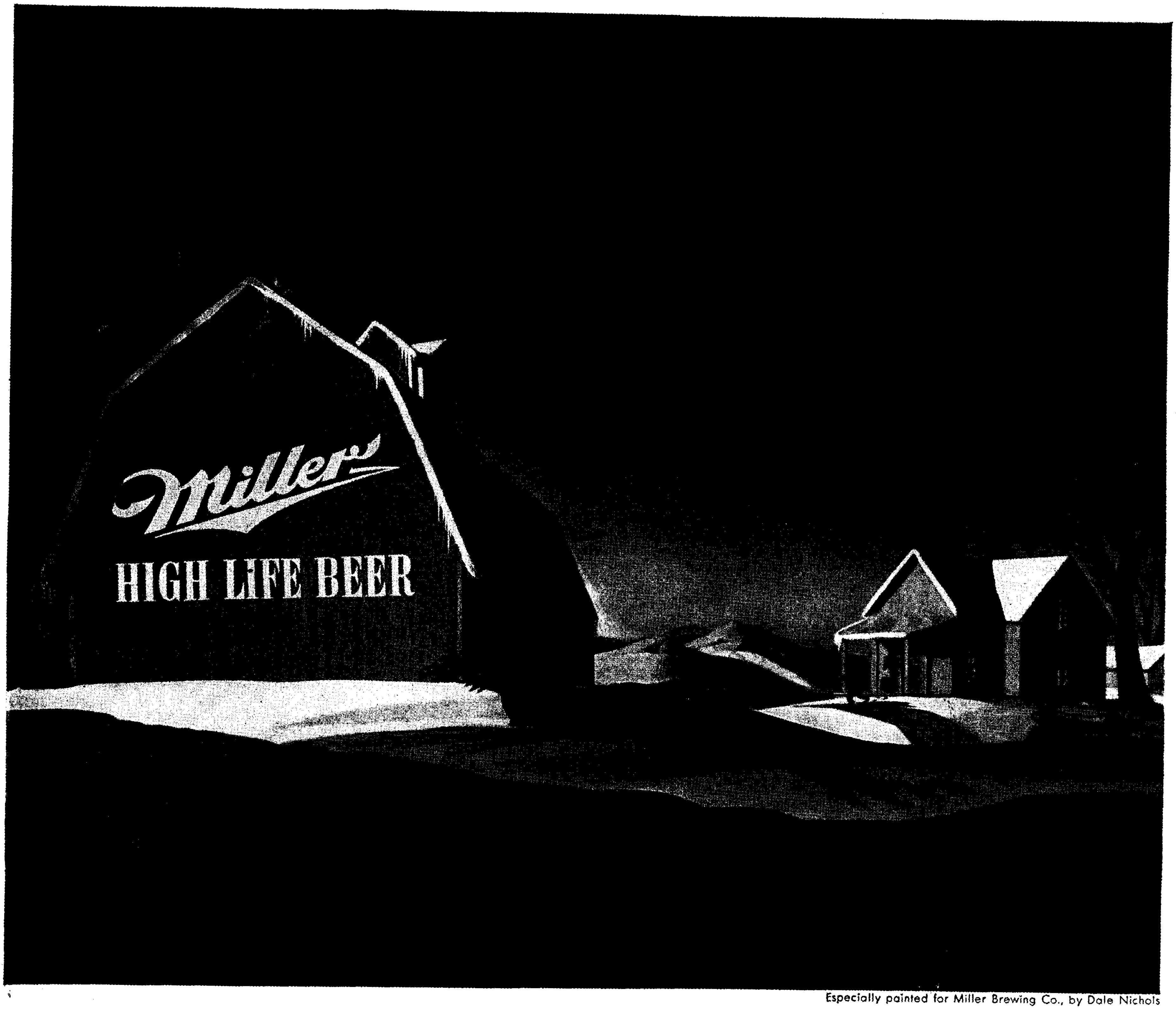
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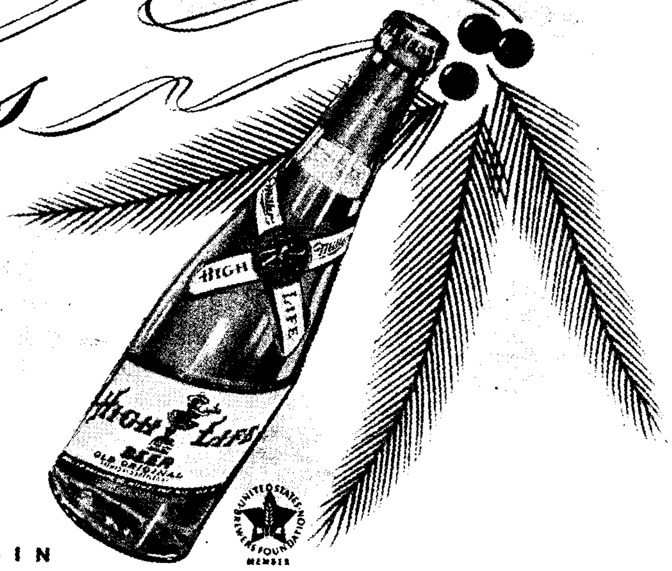
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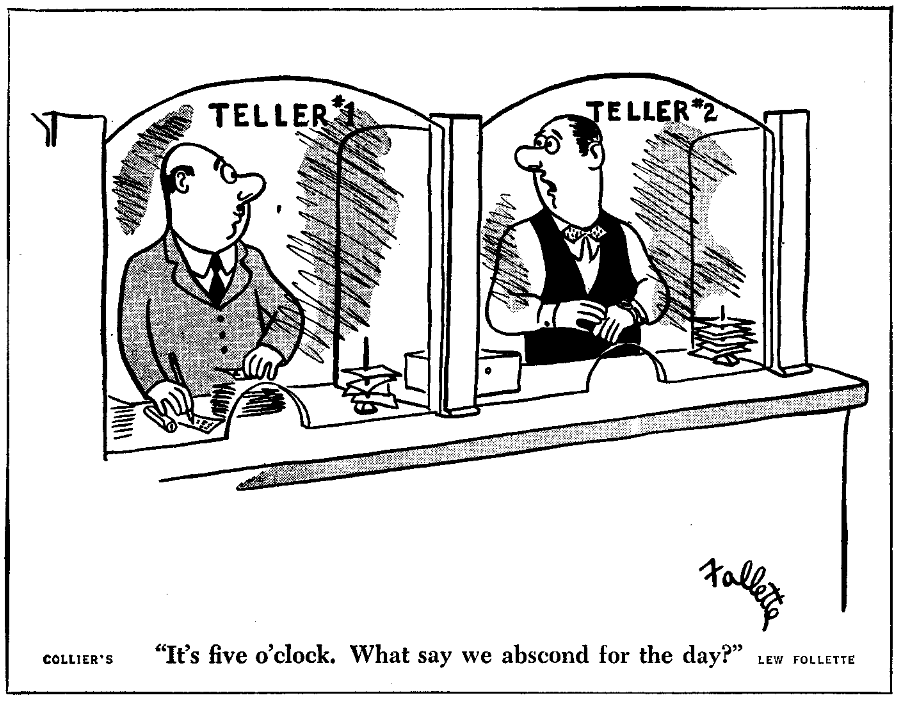


COLLIER'S "It's five o'clock. What say we abscond for the day?" LEW FOLLETTE

or another, "This is all there is to it—take it or leave it."

"You and your advice!" Richard said. "I haven't had much time for girls lately."

"Your mother is always saying she wishes you'd marry and settle down," Carla told him. "Mine, too, for that matter."

Oh, sure, he thought, as long as I don't settle down with you. You're her one asset and she never intended to waste you in Maplehill. She wouldn't put her money in this house or the store, she begrudged it even to Bob. But she put it on your back and in your purse and sent you to New York, and she expects repayment.

He rose and went to the window and looked down upon the old trees. He said, "I've always liked this fantastic room. You'll miss it, Carla."

"You must think I've made up my mind."

"Haven't you?"

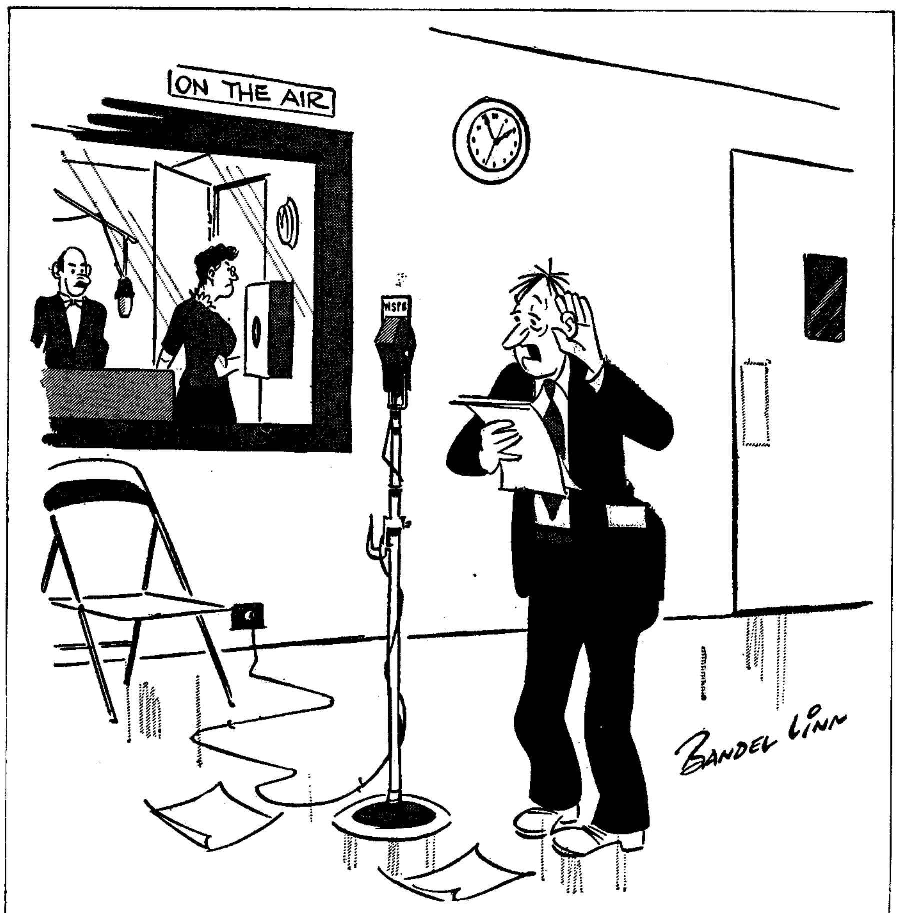
"No—that is—could I really make him happy?"

"Can't you?" he asked softly, because if not he would have shouted, feeling as he did, savage and bereaved. But he thought: She's right. Can she make any man happy? Unless, of course, he's one of the lucky men content with simple possession.

"I'm not sure," she said and came to stand beside him. She put her hand on his shoulder and he endured it. She said, "I do want a good marriage, Rich, and children and sharing."

They heard the slow steps on the stairs, and then the labored breathing. Both turned as Emily Fenton pushed at the half-open door and came in. She was a tall, slender woman, her heavy brown hair graying. She had dignity, and excellent, austere features. Now her color was very bad.

Carla cried, "Mother, you shouldn't—" but Emily said, quickly, "It's Mrs. Trask, Carla, long distance."



"Mary and John have made up . . . Albert doesn't have to meet the note at the bank . . . and Aunt Nan won't need that expensive operation. Tune in tomorrow and find out what the trouble is"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

Carla was startled past discretion. Her color faded, and she said, "Mrs. Trask? Then it must be Harry—he is apt to overdo. He's not strong yet." She fled past Richard and her mother.

Emily looked at Richard and said, "Someday she'll break her neck on that landing or the stairs." She had always been fond of Richard Kent in her meager way. But ever since she had realized that he loved Carla she had feared him. Now, she thought, she need not. Not if the way Carla had shot from the room, unlike her usual deliberation of movement, were any indication.

"You shouldn't have taken the stairs," he said. "Please sit down and rest."

"I'm all right," she said, "and I think we'd better go down."

On the tiny landing she shut the door with finality, and Richard thought: I'll never see the cupola room again or if I do it won't be the same.

Downstairs Carla had replaced the telephone. She said, "I was right. He's back in bed again, they want me to return. I'll pack, now. I can get the four-o'clock. Rich, will you drive me?"

On the way to the station he said quietly, "I think you've made up your mind."

"You know more about me than I do myself."

"Is it because he needs you?" he asked. "Was that the deciding factor, Carla?"

"Perhaps."

They turned into the longer road. It would take them past the farms and with imperceptible changes into Main Street, with its shops, and the two bridges over the brook.

"Be careful," he warned her, "he won't always be ill or convalescent or subject to relapses."

She said, "I know."

She wore the tweed suit, and a little hat pulled down over her hair. Putting her hand in her pocket she took out the ring. Richard thought he had never seen anything as brilliant and as cold.

She put it gravely on her finger and turned her hand in the sun. She said, "It's a little too big," and he knew she meant the size of the stone, not the platinum circle. She added, "And a little dazzling, but I'll get used to it."

CARLA'S engagement to Mitchell Harold Trask, Jr., took place about ten minutes after her arrival at the Trask house, heavily called Hill Harbor. Mrs. Trask was in her son's room when Carla entered, so she did not take off her gloves until Harry's mother had departed.

He looked at the ring, and cried in triumph, "You'll never regret it, I swear, darling," and pulled her down to kiss her. Presently, Carla drew away, flushed and smiling.

She said, "Of course, I won't. But I dare say your family—what will they say? I became engaged to you, Harry, driving from my house to the Maplehill depot, even if you didn't know it."

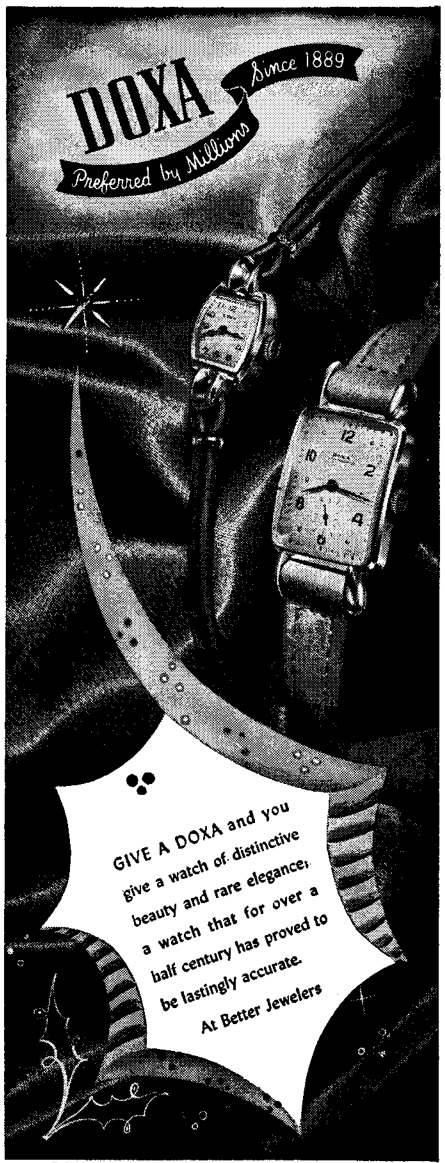
He was thin, his eyes were too bright. She added, "And what in the world have you been doing, running a temperature?"

He felt her hand on his forehead, and then on his pulse. He laughed and caught her close again. Her lips were sweet and cool against his own. He said, "I'll always run one when you leave me."

He raised his voice and shouted, "Mother!" Mrs. Trask returned to look from one to the other and say, smiling with determined brightness, "So you did persuade her!" She made suitable gestures, the offered cheek, the word of welcome. She said that she was certain Carla would make her son very happy.

Carla dined with Harry on a tray, and his parents came up to toast them in champagne. "Nonsense," said the elder Trask, "a glass won't hurt the boy, not that he needs a stimulant at this time."

He was a big man, not as tall as his son but much heavier. He was impatient with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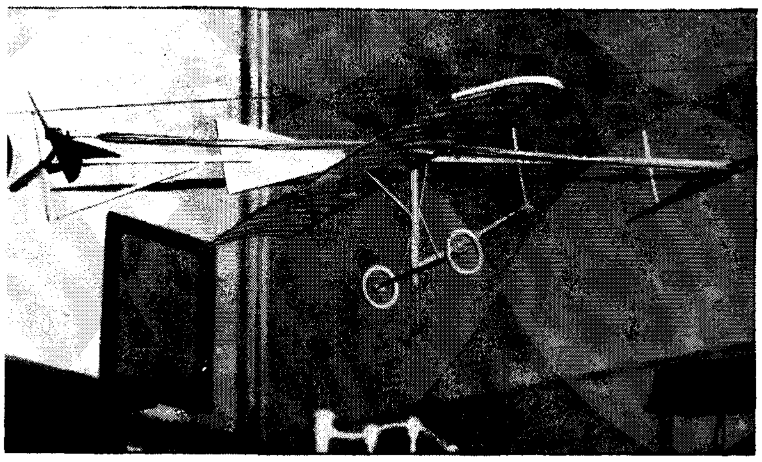

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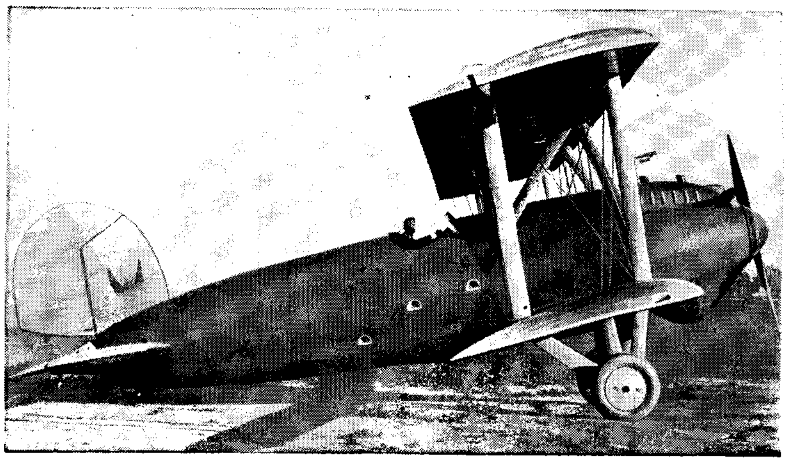

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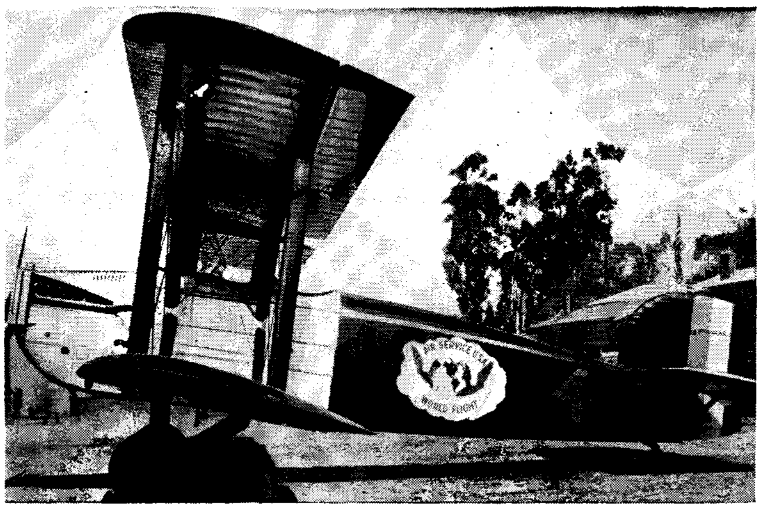

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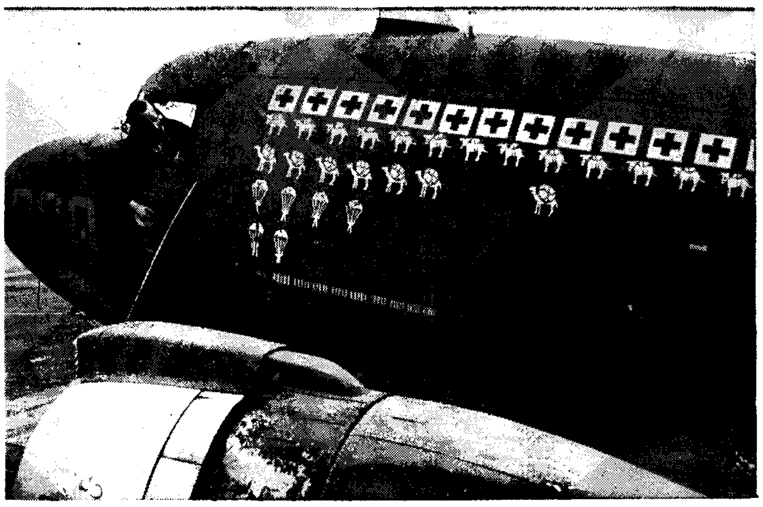

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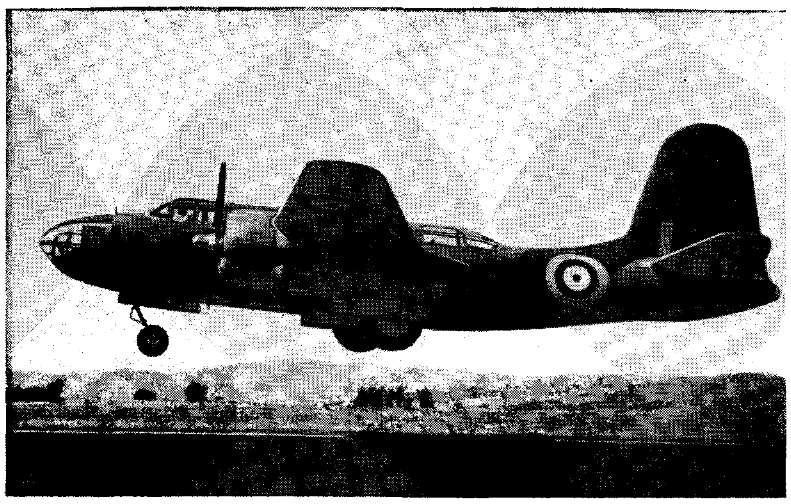

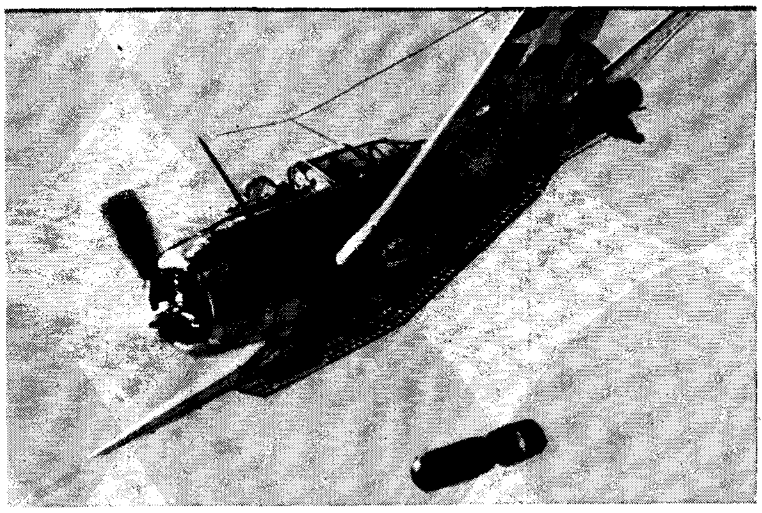

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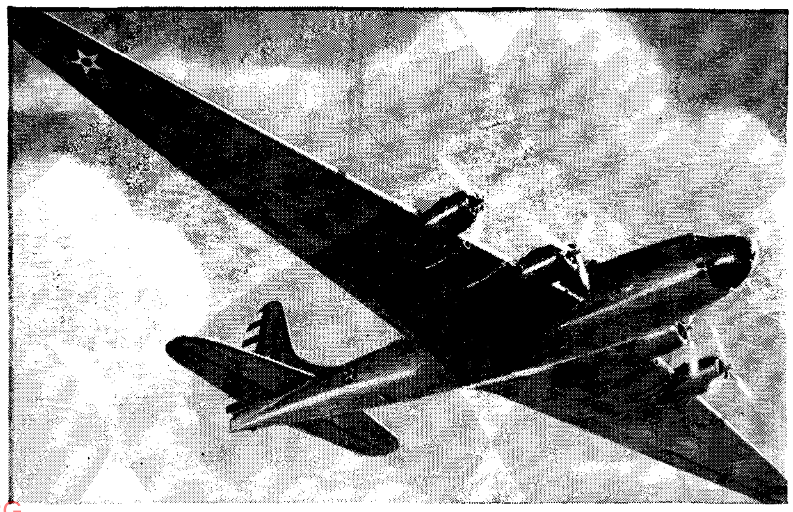

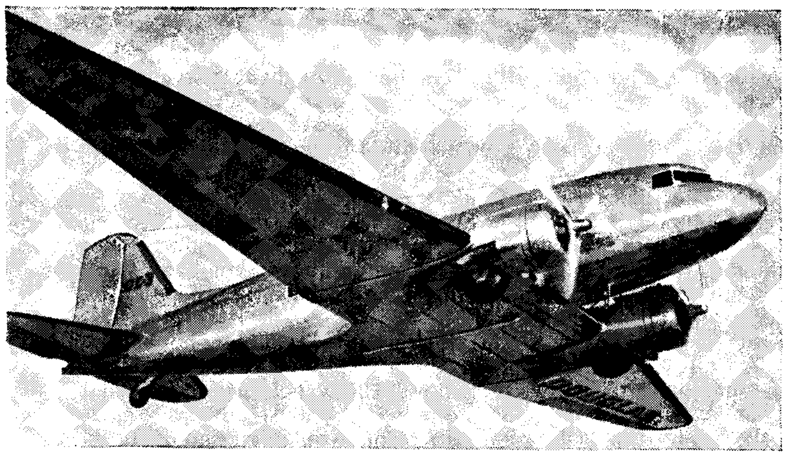

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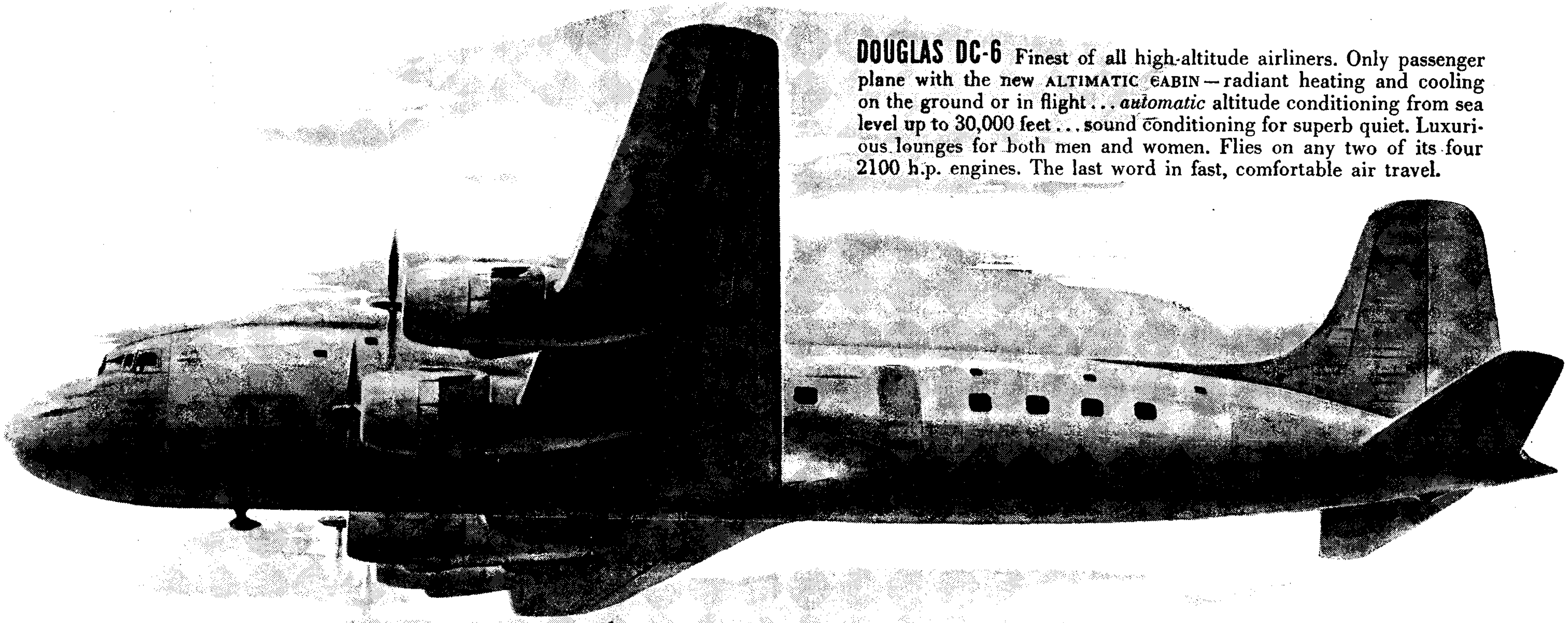

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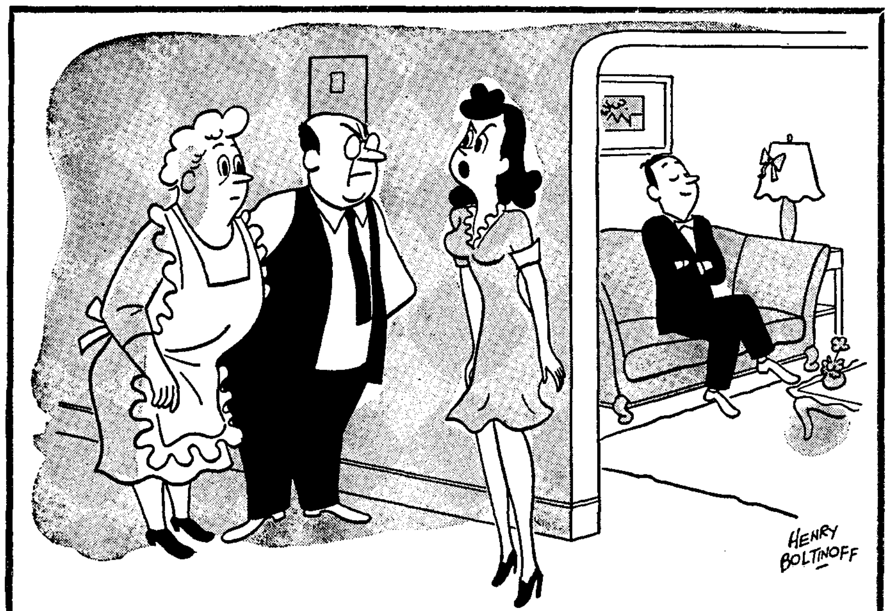


COLLIER'S "He won't propose until Dad buys me a fur coat" HENRY BOLTINOFF

his wife's attitude, one conveyed to him long before an engagement was thought of, and now intensified by the realization of her maternal fears. He hadn't seen Carla, day in, day out, without recognizing her strength and her serenity, as well as her beauty. He knew his son, as well as any man can, and knew, far better than Harry's mother, his weaknesses. This girl was, thought Mitchell Trask, the best possible choice. She had a head on her shoulders, and she would neither spoil the boy nor try to run his life. She could take care of herself. She would mother a wonderful brood of children.

Carla liked Harry's father, but not his handsome, dominant mother, who was what Maplehill would call a born manager. Yet she did not dislike her. Their original relationship had been clouded by Mrs. Trask's insistence that Carla be dismissed from her son's case. Since then they had preserved an armed neutrality. Time alone would solve this particular, and at the moment, unimportant problem. They might become friends. They would never, Carla reasoned, become enemies. They had one interest in common, Harry's personal happiness. She was not repelled by Mrs. Trask's reserve, for she respected reticence and despised the too-easy, too-sudden friendships which spring up between women.

She phoned her parents, and told them of the engagement. Her mother was almost incoherent over the news and could scarcely wait to disseminate it. Carla could imagine Emily hanging up when the conversation was concluded, then ringing with violence and holding the party line against all would-be users. Her father's reaction was less rapturous. He said, cautiously, "Well, Carla, I'm a little surprised but you know your own mind. When are we going to meet your young man?"

CARLA and Harry drove up shortly afterward, for Harry made a quick recovery. He had a superb constitution which had survived considerable punishment. He took his car from storage, and they went to Maplehill. Carla drove, and he sat beside her in the late May sunshine and thought that as long as he lived he would never tire of looking at her—at the grave, flawless profile, or her face turned suddenly to him, smiling, warm with affection and concern.

There was no imperfection in her, he told himself, not even her detachment. Carla couldn't be cold, she had too much vitality, and she was both generous and giving. He was sure of that. But her emotions were disciplined and he put considerable restraint upon himself during the days of their engagement. He had, at first, almost frightened her, he thought tenderly.

He was, he believed, a fortunate man. He had known easily ardent women. He thought of one, ten years his senior, dark, volcanic, and turned his mind away. And then there were the girls a little worn from handling, or overeager, or those whose minds were very curious and more experienced than their bodies. Carla's mind was as cool as her person, and as lovely.

He asked, half closing his blue eyes, "Weren't you ever in love before? Answer, yes or no."

"Never," she said tranquilly.

"It doesn't seem possible—what about high school, movie stars and the hospital? You can't tell me anything about internes, wolves in white," said Harry, with his quick shout of laughter.

Carla said, "I was lucky, I guess. They never bothered me."

"That, I don't believe!"

"Oh, in your sense, yes; in mine, no." She smiled, keeping her eyes on the road.

"How did you keep them off? With a machine gun?"

She said, "It isn't hard. It's only different for girls who want to say no, but are too lazy; or for those who wanted to say yes all along. I have always disliked," she hesitated, "being handled."

He said, "I dare say you gave them the deep-freeze treatment. You did me, at first. I think if I hadn't had pneumonia when you came on duty I would have, and soon."

Carla laughed. She smiled more often than she laughed, but when she did, it was good to hear. She said, "Well, what did you expect? I was used to masculine patients, who confuse temperature with romance."

"How about proposals?" he asked.

"Lots."

"Propositions?"

"Those, too," said Carla. "Some quite interesting, and, as it were, asexual. Like the motion-picture producer who wanted me to give up nursing and come to Hollywood."

"Asexual?" he repeated, amused. "That's not the way I heard it."

She said, "He was quite old and a dear, really. He was devoted to his wife. It isn't always the fiction-story way, you know. He just thought I was photogenic."

"Bright of him," said Harry. "By the way, we'll want your pictures taken. I know a man who might be capable of painting your portrait." He was silent a moment. A miniature? he asked himself. Then he said, "Well, go on about your movie magnate."

"I told him I couldn't act," said Carla, "and he wanted to know what difference that would make, I'd have the best director in the business." She paused and added reflectively, "It's odd, isn't it?"

"What's odd? Beauty in Hollywood is a dime a dozen, or what passes for beauty or what a cleverly manipulated camera catches. Your kind, Carla, doesn't happen more than once in a generation."

She said, as she had said to Richard, "I can't help the way I look, Harry. Because of that, people seem to think that I want to be on exhibition—on the stage, in the movies, on magazine covers. Whether I have talent or not, or any wish to be exhibited. From the time I was a child I wanted to be a nurse. I remember Richard telling me once that my looks would be a handicap in that profession, and to a degree I would later come to dread."

"Richard?" he asked alertly. "Who's that?"

"Richard Kent. Doctor Kent, the son of our family doctor. I've told you about him."

"Of course." He relaxed. He wasn't really jealous of anyone Carla had known. No matter how many men had wanted her, she had desired none, until now. "I remember, back from the wars and all that. I'd like to meet him. Carla, what made you fall in love with me?"

"What made me love you?" He did not notice her rewording. She slowed the big car for a curve. "Oh, a lot of things: the way you laugh, the things you laugh at, your scowl—you look about ten when you scowl. Your amiability, too, and friendliness, and the fact that having money hasn't spoiled you, much. And I think," she said candidly, "you are the best-looking man I ever met."

"Well, thanks," he said, astonished and pleased, "we *are* a handsome couple, Miss Fenton."

They both laughed then and she added, "And because perhaps you need me—" It was some time before he remembered that, and all she had omitted.

He asked, "Will your parents mind my being unemployed?"

"I can support you," said Carla, agreeably.

"Noblest of women." He yawned; the sunlight, the motion had made him drowsy. "Will you miss your slavery to the sick?"

"Very much. But please don't mind, Harry," she said.

"You will?" He roused himself, disturbed. "But I thought that when a girl decided to get married—that is, unless she had a serious career, the kind you keep on with, I mean."

"Mine is serious," said Carla, with spirit.

"I didn't mean that, darling. I meant writing or acting or something. Not that I can fathom how a man can stand sharing—" he broke off. "Skip it," he said.

"I don't want to. I told you how guilty I felt about not going overseas. I feel guilty now. Harry, I can't sit around and do nothing. All hospitals are shorthanded. You wouldn't mind if I did volunteer work after we are married?"

HARRY answered her vigorously. "Naturally I'd mind," he said. "What am I to do, *pace* till you limp home? I'm liable to drink myself to death!"

"Idiot, I meant after you'd gone to work with your father."

"Oh, that. Time enough to think about it by autumn," he reminded her. "I suppose you know what the job means? A big office, a blond secretary, as many telephones as conditions allow, an executive's salary and about as much responsibility as an office boy's!"

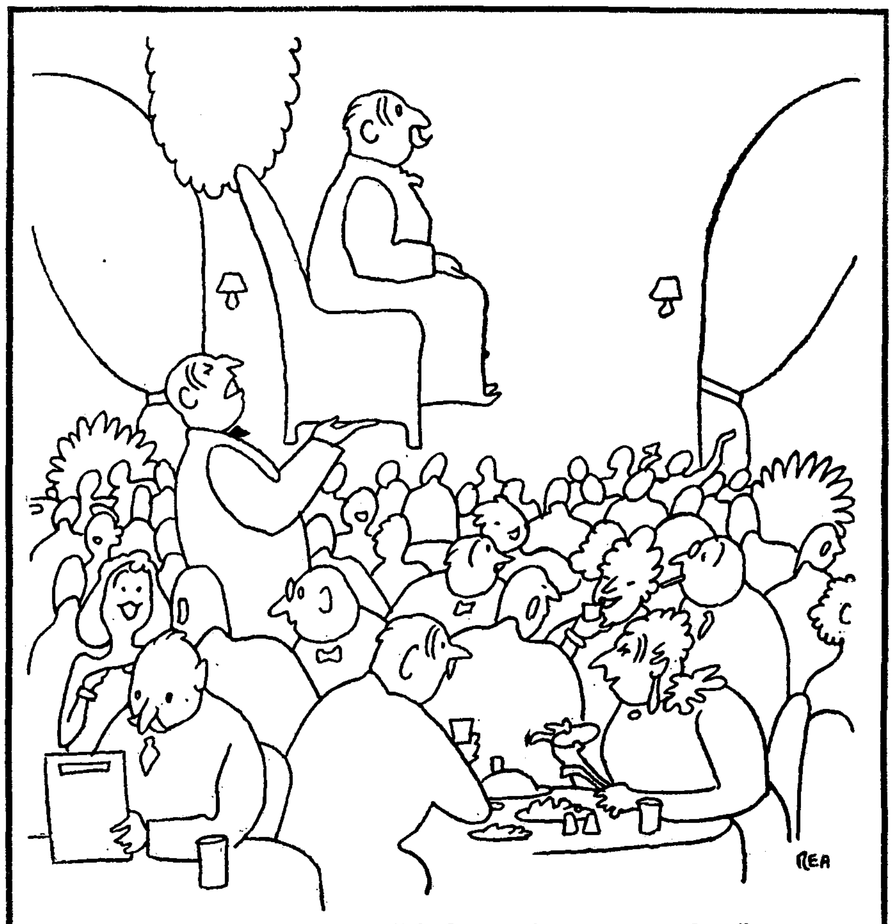
She said, "You'll earn responsibility. And you won't mind, when you are working, if I do too."

"I think you're going to be a nagger," he said. "Okay, so I won't mind. Does that satisfy you?"

"Of course."

"Will your family be sore," he asked, "because we've made plans for the wedding?"

Carla said, "I don't think so. I suppose some Maplehill people will be upset. And my father may be. He's very conventional, he would prefer me to be married at home. But your mother," she conceded, "is right. She convinced me that your friends must be considered, too, and that with gas rationing, things are difficult. I can't see them climbing out of our tired little local," she added, "and as there's no hotel . . ." She broke off and chuckled as she pictured the Trask intimates staying at Miss Jenny's or Mrs. Manning's. She added, "Of course, if you hadn't insisted on all this



COLLIER'S "Don't worry, sir. We'll find room for you somewhere" GARDNER REA

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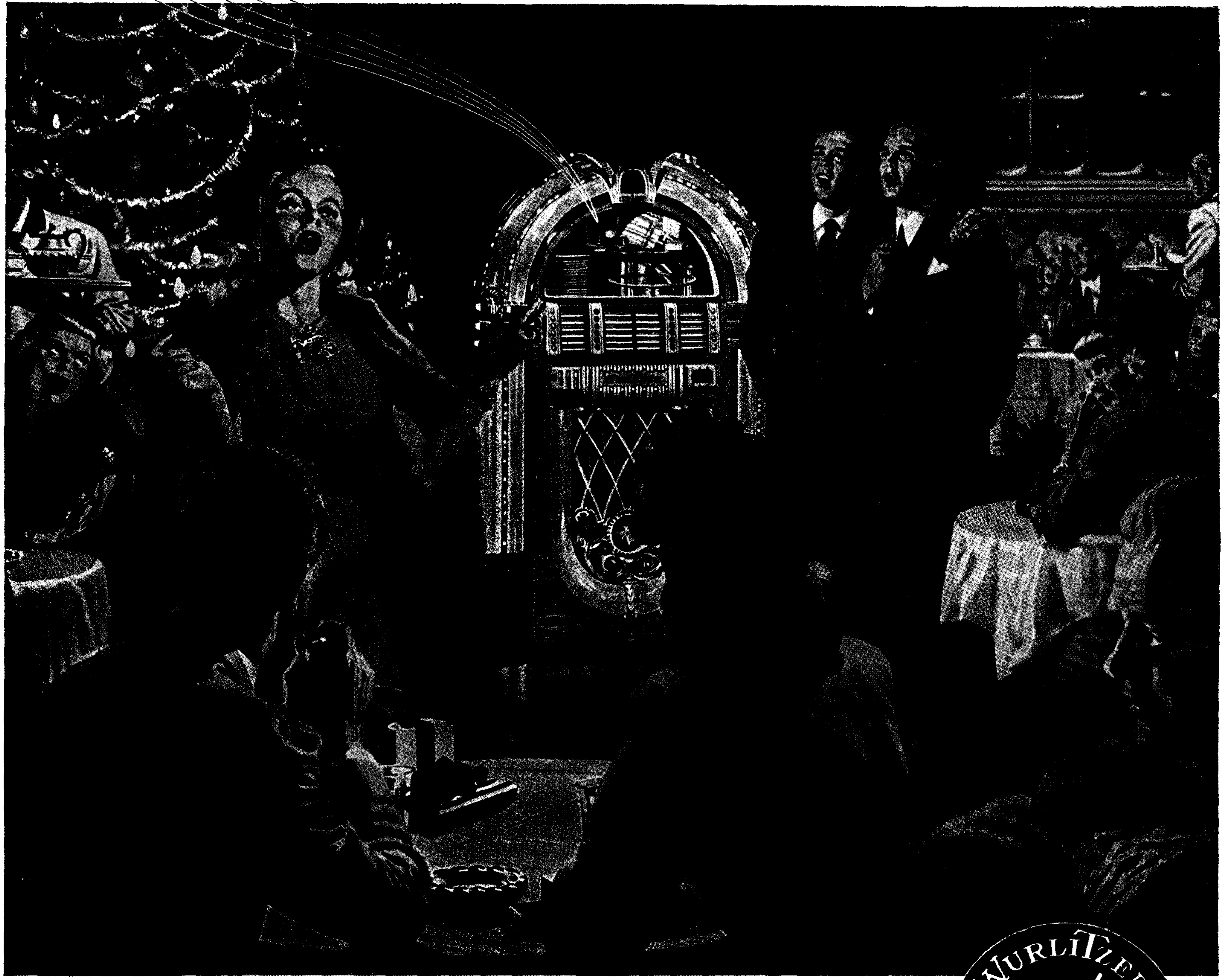

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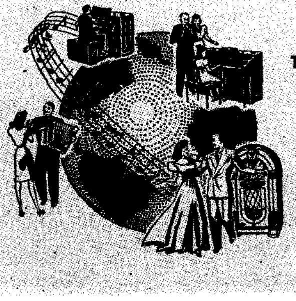

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hurry, something might have been worked out by fall."

"Not on your life," said Harry. He ran his hand through his bright brown hair and grinned at her. "I'm taking no chances. This is a dream, I think; I don't want to wake. By fall, you might know the worst about me. So, we'll be married next month!"

She said, "Mother won't mind. And she'll like you. So will my father, if more slowly. He'll have reservations at first. He's very New England."

"That's right, scare me to death!"

"You don't scare easily."

"I was never so scared in my life," he said, "not even on missions, as when you walked out of the house and into the car that was taking you to the station. I thought I might never see you again."

"And me with your ring in my pocket?"

"You could have sent it back, and I believe you're the only girl who would have!"

She said, "Harry, there's someone I've been meaning to speak to you about—Margaret Edwards."

"What about her?" he said uneasily. "She's a swell kid."

"I know. But—this was long ago, you understand—your mother told me, or, at least intimated, that you and Margaret were practically engaged."

He said, "We were never engaged. I've known her forever and we ran around a lot before I went overseas. It was the fashion to get engaged quick, and, usually, married. Half the guys I know did, some lived to regret it, and some didn't live, period. But I never dreamed of asking Maggie." He paused and thought again of Lucille. Lucille was the reason he hadn't asked Maggie to wait for him. He had always been grateful to Lucille, and, now, he was doubly in her debt.

She asked, "Why not?"

"For one thing I wasn't in love with her. What I felt for her was habit, and the usual attractions." He grinned. "Jealous?"

"Not in the least."

He was a little disappointed. He said, "Would you ever be—of me, I mean?"

She said, "I don't know what jealousy is like. I imagine it to be the most humiliating and—and corrupting of emotions. I have seen it in operation, and I hope never to experience it."...

They were married in June, at the church in Greenwich which the Trasks attended. The reception was at Hill Harbor. It was a small wedding and Carla was unattended. Her father gave her away. A few of Harry's old comrades in arms had rallied to his support as ushers and his father acted as best man.

The invitations went out in Carla's hand, or informally by telephone or wire from Mrs. Trask. Only Carla's immediate family and Mrs. Kent came from Maplehill. The doctor was too busy, and Richard, back at the hospital, unable.

MRS. KENT sat in a pew with the Fentons, attended the reception, then took a train to New York and met her son for a late dinner. He looked as usual and somehow she had not expected that. Her heart was heavy for him, but she knew she must not say so.

"How was it?" he inquired.

"Lavish." She hesitated and then said, "Carla sent you her love."

"That's nice. What's he like?"

"Agreeable," said Mrs. Kent, and kept her bright, birdlike eyes on her son's face. "I expect he would be too good-looking except that his features are—well, blunt, rather than sharp, if you know what I mean."

"Vaguely."

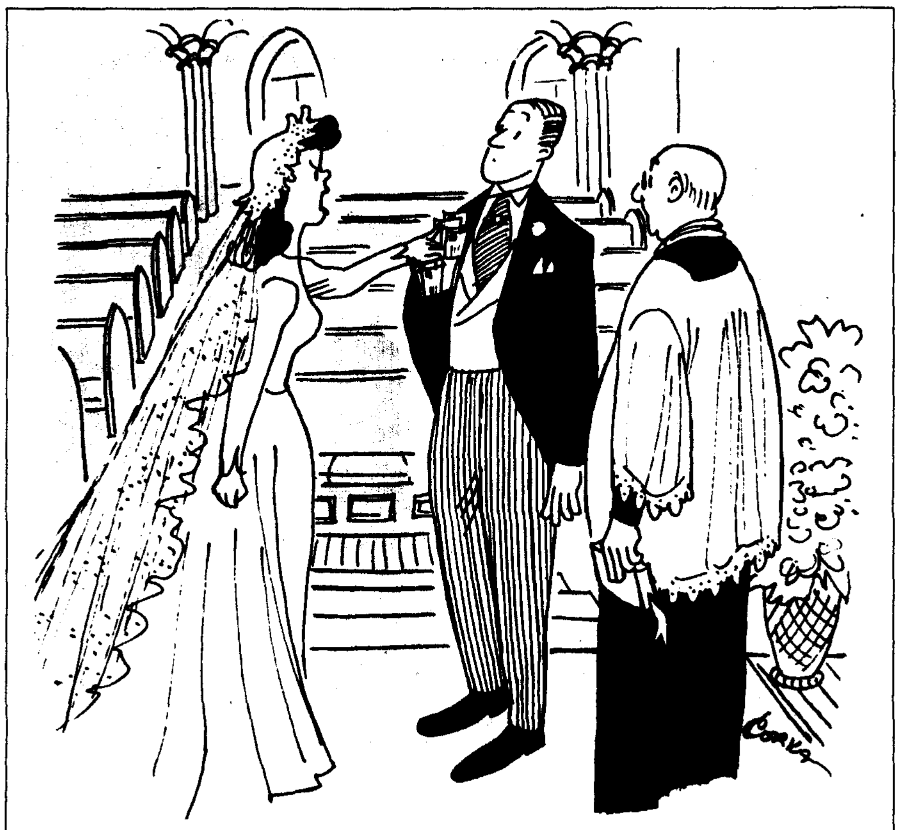
Catherine Kent was a little woman with considerable acumen. She thought that her husband was one of the finest men in the world and was sure that her son would be. She said, "The elder Trasks are as you'd expect. That is, if you had any preconceived ideas about industrialists and social registerites and all that sort of thing."

"Don't be snobbish in reverse. Maybe they can't help it."

She said, "Mr. Trask is big, and hearty, and if his shirt is stuffed you don't mind the stuffing. She's big, too, with a restrained figure and lots of will power."

He asked, "How were the Fentons?"

"Horace was as usual and easily the best-looking older man there. You know, he has an air about him. Emily was seething underneath a perfectly granite exterior. She looked quite nice. Some one had persuaded her to a finger wave and she wore a pretty print dress. Orchids, too, green ones. Perhaps she isn't as handsome as Mrs. Trask, and I dare say the price of the so-called simple suit Mrs. T. wore would have kept Emily



"Look! The wedding invitations I gave him to mail two weeks ago!"

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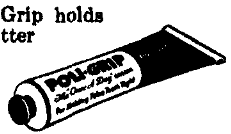

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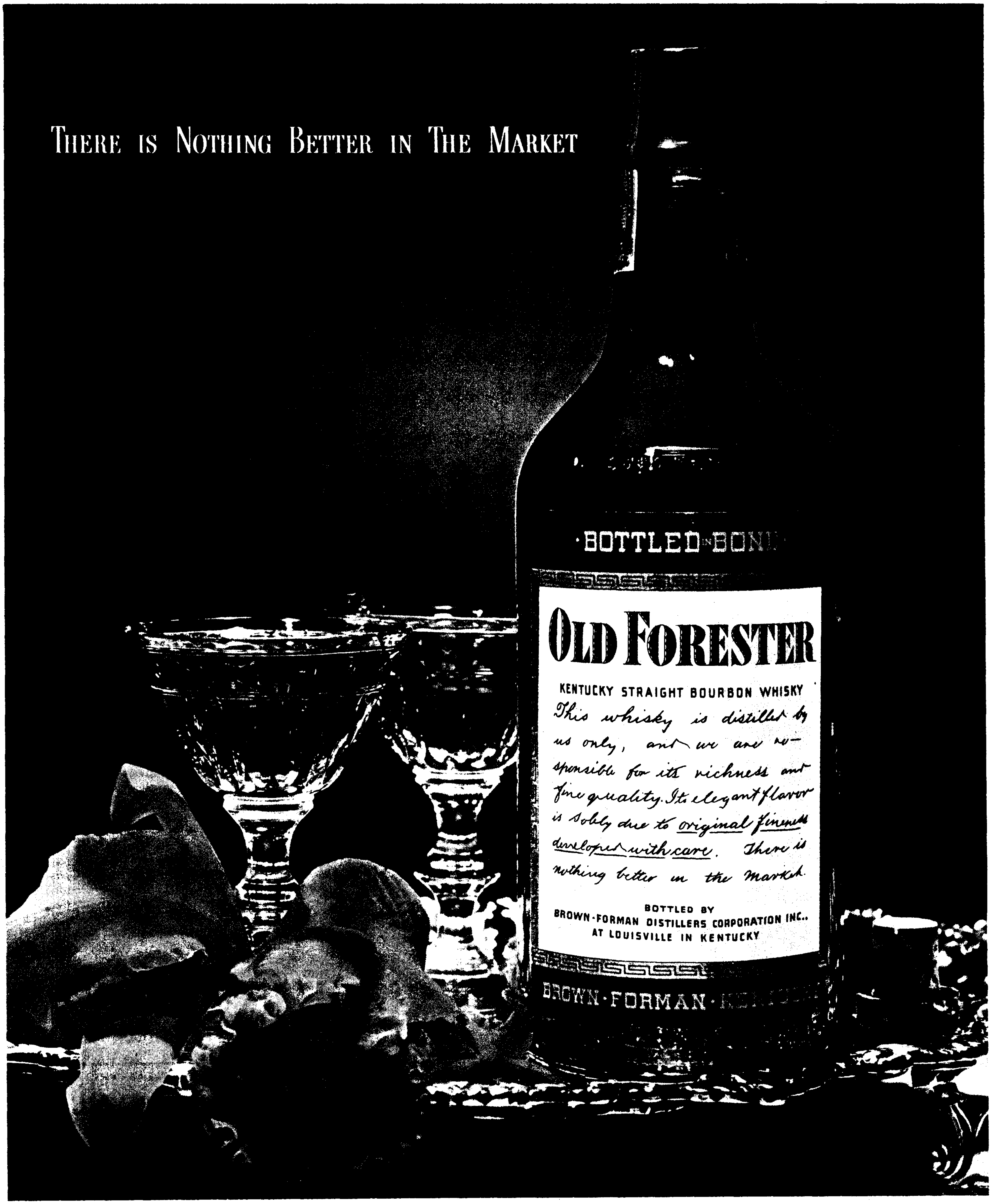
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Fenton in clothes for years, but Emily has an air. I was proud of her."

After a while he asked, angrily, helplessly, "Carla?"

"She wore a Venetian rose frock, with a white feather hat, and a white orchid decorated one shoulder. The Trasks gave her a diamond and sapphire bracelet and *he* gave her a string of pearls. She looked lovely." She paused and said brightly, "There were quite a lot of presents, including the Maplehill offerings."

He said, harshly, "I don't care what she wore. I know how she looked, I think, except—did she look happy?"

His mother said gently, "Carla always looks happy, Rich, in her own way."

With an effort he brought his regard to bear on hers, direct and demanding. "I know, but she wasn't—*different?*"

His mother looked at him, bewildered. "I don't know quite what you mean, dear. She was pale, I thought, which was natural, the tension, the strangers, the gravity of the ceremony. But she had her usual poise. I've never seen that shaken. And Carla isn't volatile or emotional."

Richard said nothing. Presently he spoke of matters at the hospital. But he was thinking of Carla. He thought, with an agonizing wrench of pain, of loss and pity: *Oh, my poor girl, my poor love!*

COLLIER'S "On the other hand, Pop is the boss at the office" CHARLES PEARSON

FOR their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell H. Trask, Jr., flew to California—a matter which was duly recorded, as was their wedding, in the newspapers. A friend had lent them a wonderful house, complete with domestic staff, at Laguna Beach. But Harry tired of sun and blue water, and they went to Los Angeles, managing by superhuman efforts to procure a hotel cottage, and from there they flew to San Francisco to stay at the Mark.

Harry, Carla realized with concern, was very restless. They had no sooner settled down to one kind of living than he wanted another. He had been greatly attracted by the house in Laguna, the lazy, easy life, their self-elected isolation. But when that palled, he wanted the other sort of thing, people—and he knew a great many—the night clubs, the glitter of the studios. In San Francisco there was a constant procession of people in and out of the hotel suite.

He spoke vaguely of going to Mexico. Would she like fishing at Acapulco, would she care for Mexico City, did she mind altitude?

In the end, they went to Mexico City and from there back to California and then home. There had been no specific date set for the end of their wedding journey.

Mrs. Trask had been sensible about where they should live upon their return. Harry loathed New York—as a residence. And no matter how big the Trask house, it wasn't big enough for two families. So she suggested the stone cottage, some distance from the main house, small, and suitable for a young couple.

It had been built originally for Mrs. Trask's sister, now living in Portland. It contained a living room, dining room, two bedrooms, two baths and a small kitchen. It had a pleasant terrace and overlooked the small lake on the property.

Mrs. Trask gave them her cook's daughter, a well-trained girl, as general houseworker. They would need no further help except for cleaning.

Mrs. Trask had always kept the cottage in excellent condition, nothing was necessary except to put the wedding presents in the proper places, and break out the new bed and table linen. Vegetables, milk, cream and butter came from the farm, and flowers from the garden. The Trasks had lacked little during the war. They paid very well.

At a dinner, welcoming the young people home, Mrs. Trask looked from one to the other and observed that Carla looked very lovely but Harry seemed irritable, even sulky.

She thought with an apprehension only slightly tinged with satisfaction: Things aren't going right. . . .

They hadn't gone right from the beginning. Harry assured himself that he had been more than patient. With a girl of Carla's temperament, patience and understanding were needed, and would eventually be appreciated. But the days went by and the weeks and the months.

He was now commuting to New York with his father, reaching home late. He tired easily, as he had since his illness. Carla understood that; she understood, she believed, everything about Harry Trask.

He said, one sultry evening, wrenching at a recalcitrant collar, "My God, it's hot! Need we go up to the house for dinner?"

"Of course not, I'll telephone. Your mother won't mind. It's Nora's day out but I'll make a cool supper; it will be fun. I'm a very good cook really, only you haven't given me half a chance."

He flung out an arm and dragged her to him and put his cheek against her own. He kissed her mouth and held her close. He said, "Haven't I, Carla, haven't I?"

She said, "What do you mean, Harry?" She detached herself gently. She said in apology, "It's so dreadfully hot."

Harry released her. He moved across the pleasant maple and chintz bedroom and spoke, leaning against the dresser. "Carla, about ten years ago we went on a trip to Australia and stopped off in New Zealand and motored around doing the usual tourist things. One place was Waitomo. The only glowworm caves in the world are there. You get in a boat and the guide pulls it along an underground river by overhead wires, and you are very quiet and there's nothing but the sound of the water and the unearthly radiance of the glowworms on the walls and ceiling. It's a light like none other—a radiance utterly without warmth."

She asked steadily, "What are you trying to say?"

"Darling." He sat down on a bed, and put his head in his hands. "I love you so much, and it terrifies me. You don't love me, not at all, and I don't believe you ever will."

She went to sit beside him, to take his hand and hold it to her face. She was crying, he felt her tears. She said, "I'm so sorry, so terribly *sorry.*"

He took his hand away, almost roughly. Then he put his arm around her. "It can't be your fault," he said sadly, "it must be—just that you don't love me—"

"But I do," she said wretchedly.

"You never forget yourself," he said, "you don't lose yourself. You can't, or won't. You're good, you're sweet," he said heavily, "and—the last thing I want—submissive."

She said, "Last week, when I went to town, I went to see a doctor—"

"Kent?" he interrupted, harshly. He had not been jealous of Richard Kent, or of anyone else, until lately. Now he was jealous of anyone she had ever known, or might come to know.

"Richard?" she repeated startled. "Oh, no. A much older man, whom I knew during my training. I know how unhappy you are, Harry. I thought, if I talked to someone outside—someone detached. . . . I believed I knew a lot about people, and myself, but it was in theory only."

He asked, half angry, "What did you tell him? What did he say, this man—this doctor?"

She remembered Doctor Hollis barking at her, "You don't need a psychiatrist. You need a man you can love without fear," and she had said quickly, "But I am not afraid of my husband," and he had answered, "No, but you're afraid of being loved or of loving, in the basic, the elemental, the earthy way. Why? I don't know. I think you do; I don't think anyone has to tell you."

Aloud, she said, "Among other things, Harry, he suggested that we have a child."

"I don't want a child!" Harry shouted at her. He had said this before, but not as he did now, with utter finality. "I won't let you have one, do you hear me? I won't share you with anyone, not even a child. I haven't much of you, God knows, but I won't share that—" He stopped, trying not to think of her, blurred with the heavy burden of pregnancy.

CARLA was crying; Harry watched her, his pity solely for himself. Presently she stopped, and said, "I'll call your mother now. You can change while I get supper, and I'll bring it out on the terrace."

He cried, "For God's sake, stop mothering me. I didn't marry you for that, or to nurse me or to be tactful when I'm irritable. There's nothing wrong with me, Carla. I'm not a war casualty. You don't have to treat me with kid gloves, and out of the books. I'm irritable, usually, because I wanted a wife, not an agreeable companion. I wanted *you*. I wanted you to want me, as a husband, as a lover. And you don't. It's clear enough, isn't it?"

She said, after a while, "Perfectly clear," and went out of the room. He heard water running and presently she came back, her face and eyes washed, a faint pinkness under her eyes. He looked at her in exasperated wonder. Her hair was tumbled, her skin unpowdered, her lips their natural deep rose. She was en-

"Where's that big appetite your mother warned me about?"

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tirely without artifice, in her person, and in her self.

He got up and went toward her and took her lightly in his arms. He said, "I'm sorry, darling. I make scenes and you hate them, yet I want to make them, want to shake you out of this—this damned serenity which I love and hate and which shames me. But I can't. I can only make you cry, and that, not often. Please forgive me."

"I've nothing to forgive," she told him. "You have, I think." Her eyes were brilliant, and anxious. She said, "If you knew how much I've wanted to—lose myself."

He said, "Never mind. Someday, perhaps." He released her and moved away. "Don't telephone," he said. "I'll change, and we'll go on up to the house."

THE young Trasks gave their first big party on New Year's Eve, a buffet supper. It was Harry's suggestion. His mother offered the big house, and her servants. Carla would have preferred to decline, but Harry was insistent. More than six people, he said, would push out the walls of the cottage.

They had made out their list together: the elder Trasks, and a number of young married couples, all Harry's friends, whom Carla had met, at whose homes she had dined, and who in turn had dined with them. She liked them for the most part. The women were somewhat alien to her, a little too bright and casual, too polished and mannered. The husbands were average. They all had sufficient, but never enough money. The majority, men and women alike, drank a trifle too much.

None of the women was intimate with Carla. They had received her with outer cordiality and inner suspicion. They had listened to, or had seen, their husbands' instant reactions. After a time, they ceased to fear her. She did not raise her hand to attract their men, and they realized it, with some wonder. A few raised *their* hands, in unmistakable gestures of invitation, through boredom or curiosity or vanity.

Margaret Edwards, whose parents lived next door, was living in New York. She had a job with a publishing house and liked it enormously. She came home for week ends, and Carla saw her frequently. Of all the women she had met since her marriage, she liked this one best. And Maggie was always friendly toward her, and kind. But Carla sensed the barrier between them. She felt like a usurper.

Maggie was coming to the party; and a woman Carla had not as yet encountered. Her name was on the list in Harry's small definite handwriting—Lucille Stanley.

"Who's she?" Carla asked, peering over his shoulder.

"Nice gal," he said casually. "Known her since I was a kid. Married, divorced, big alimony. Lives a couple of miles away, remodeled salt box. Lucille dabbles in decoration, and does very well. She doesn't need the money but an occasional job entertains her. She acts as a consultant but only when urged. She's really too lazy to work at anything regularly."

Carla asked, "Was she at our wedding?"

"No," said Harry, "she was in Canada, visiting. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't have known where she was, except that I ran into her in town a few days ago."

"We need men," said Carla, checking the list. She looked at him absently. "I wonder if Richard would come, if he could get off?"

Harry said, "Sure, why not? Ask him."

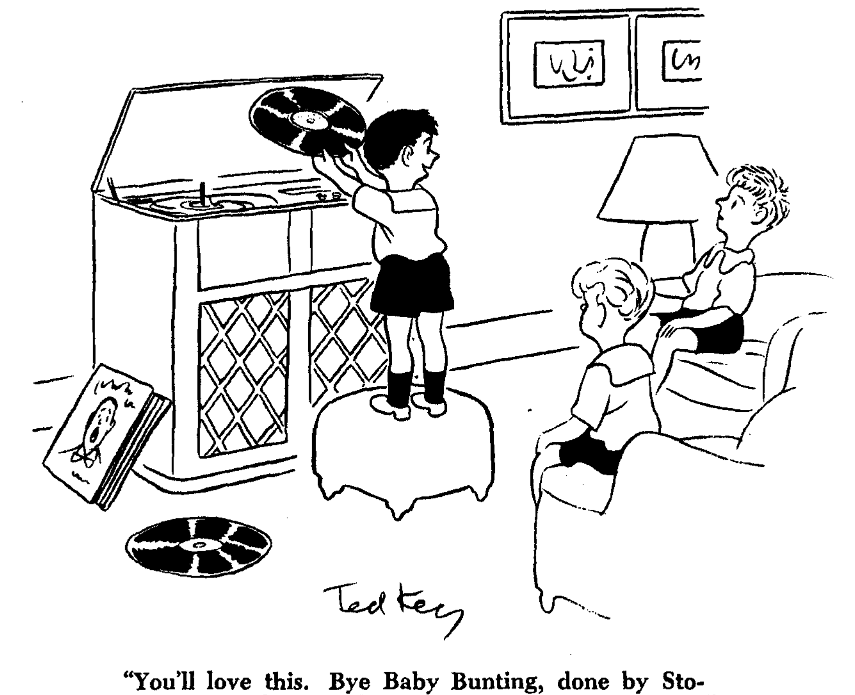
By now, he had met Richard Kent. Once in town with Carla, when they had run into him near Grand Central, and another time they had seen him, with his mother, at the theater. Mrs. Kent had come out later to spend the day with Carla. She had returned to Maplehill troubled, but unwilling to admit it.

Harry went off, and left Carla to her list. He did not want Richard Kent in his house, nor to take his hand nor fill his glass. He had come to dislike and fear Kent and was impatient with himself because of it. He had tried to rationalize this and failed. Carla and Kent had known each other since Carla was a child. If the man were in love with her—and certainly any man would be—he didn't show it, by word or glance or gesture. And if he had been, he had had his chance, like anyone else. Carla hadn't been in love with him. She hadn't been in love with anyone, ever, including himself, Harry thought bitterly. She was incapable of being in love.

Yet Richard frightened him, any man did, past, present or future. At the time of their marriage, Harry had been sure of Carla. She was his, wasn't she? So sure that he wasn't afraid of any man in the world, known or unknown.

But now that he knew she wasn't his, he was afraid. Any day, any moment, from the past, or coming toward her in the future was the man with whom she might fall in love.

But, he had asked Lucille, he reminded himself wryly, regretting the invitation but seeing no way in which he could withdraw it or explain the withdrawal;



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Wine
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VELVETY CALIFORNIA PORT with fruit cake and crisp, salty nuts — the makings of another good occasion! Simple, yes. But mighty hard to top in pleasure value. So, you'll find, are the other wine-and-food ideas on this page. And for a whole booklet more—*free*—write Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

Mulled Wine for a brisk, cold day: Boil together 10 minutes ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups water, 3 strips lemon peel, 3 inches stick cinnamon, 10 whole cloves. Strain, add 1 bottle California Claret or Burgundy wine, and heat (do not boil). Serve hot, flecked with nutmeg. Makes 10 servings

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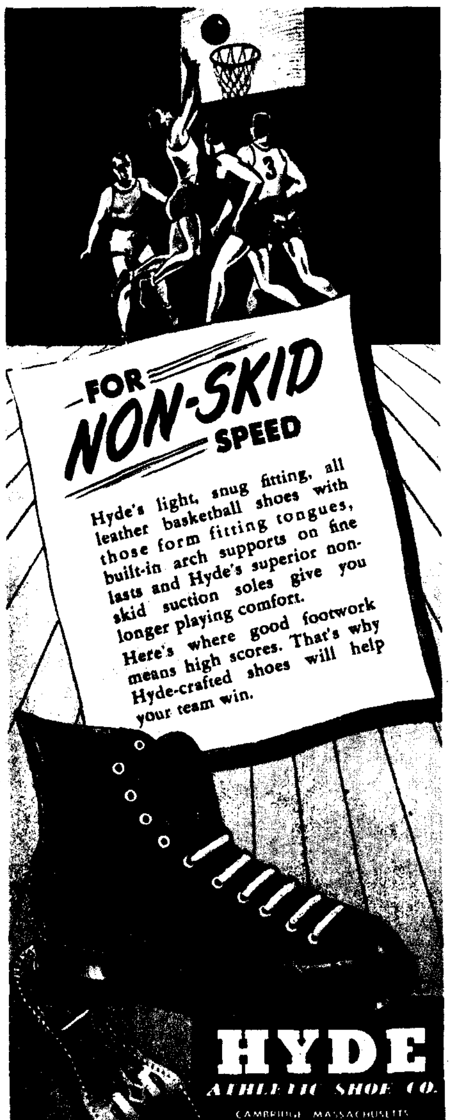

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he had asked her simply because seeing her again gave him a pleasant, nostalgic shock, because she was obviously so glad to see him, and smoothed over the first slight awkwardness of their encounter so easily. She was not a woman given to reproaches, which was one reason why he liked her. He had always liked her, even when he fancied himself in love with her, even when he was shaken with fury and humiliation because she had refused to marry him.

"Your father would cut you off without a *sou,*" she had said, laughing, "and I'd lose my alimony."

"But if you cared for me—"

"I do, darling, but even if the Trask fortune descended in a shower of gold, I wouldn't marry you. I'm ten years older. If you think I aspire to that peculiar hell common to women who marry younger men . . . trying to hold them, trying to keep up, trying to retain their looks and their appeal and frantic every time a fresh young girl enters the picture, no, thanks. I like things as they are."

Loving Lucille—well, he hadn't loved her, really—was like a disease; you took it hard but you got over it. By the time he was overseas and there were no more leaves, no more hurried, exciting meetings, he, too, was content with an easy undemanding relationship. He had not asked who had been his successor while he was away. Perhaps he'd had none, although he doubted that. He had seen Lucille briefly between his release from the Army and his long illness. And then he met Carla.

No, he shouldn't have asked her. But she was ointment to his wounded male pride. Lucille had wanted him, and made no bones about it.

Mrs. Trask, regarding the list, lifted her eyebrows when she came to Lucille's name. "For heaven's sake, has *that* woman turned up again?"

"What woman?"

"Lucille Stanley. I can't stand her. She's practically a Theda Bara in modern dress. I suppose Harry suggested her?"

"Why, yes," said Carla mildly, "I don't know her."

Mrs. Trask's frosty smile glittered briefly across her large, handsome face. She sat erect in her chair, her back straight, her nice feet crossed at the good ankles. She said, "Lucille eats men. She's the devouring type. There isn't a man around here she hasn't nibbled at!"

"Including Harry?" asked Carla.

"Naturally, *and* his father," said Mrs. Trask. "Of course, she's quite obvious." Her blue eyes, very like Harry's, regarded Carla coolly. She said, "It must be a great satisfaction to know that you can more than hold your own with any woman, when," she added reflectively, "it comes to appearance."

WHEN Carla met Lucille she was conscious of a desire to laugh. It was so absurd, the "she eats men" description. Lucille did not look intent upon munching. She was a slender woman, rather small, very dark, not in the least pretty, her mouth too wide, her nose too short, her eyes too long. She wore spectacular make-up, and a revealing frock, bright scarlet. Her hair was piled on top of her head and theatrically transfixed with a golden arrow. She wore half a pint of rubies and had a consciously husky voice. If she were ten years older than Harry Trask she didn't look it, at least not early in the evening under soft lights.

She took Carla's hands and looked at her. "I've heard about you—" She turned to Harry, standing beside them. "Harry, you're luckier than you deserve. She's enchanting. She's—well, there aren't words, really," she said.

Carla said, smiling, "You're very kind, Mrs. Stanley."

Maggie Edwards came up, and smiled at Carla. Maggie had arrived early to help. She was also small, but there her resemblance to Lucille ended. She was a vivid, emotional, delightful girl, as young as youth and as kind as a tolerant old age.

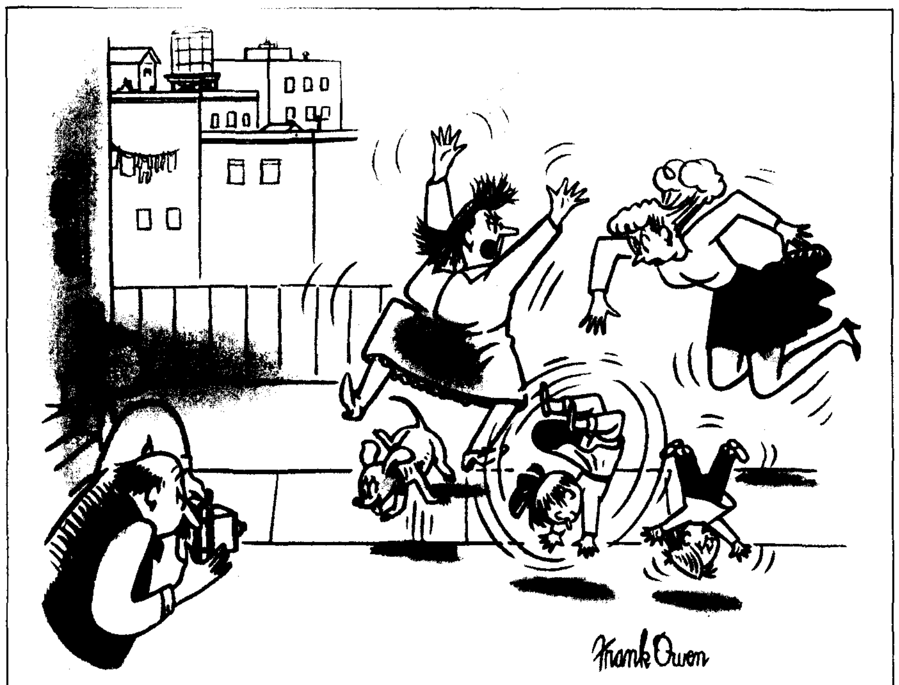
Maggie drew Carla aside later. She said, "I can't endure Lucille Stanley. Why ever did you ask her?"

"She's an old friend of Harry's," said Carla and saw the swift cloud darken Maggie's eyes, and heard Maggie say, "I'd forgotten."

She hadn't though. Maggie had been racked with jealousy of Lucille. Everyone had known, or guessed, about Harry and Lucille, his mother included. Maggie had never hated a human being as she hated Lucille. She did not hate Carla, though Harry loved and had married her.

It was a gay party, not too elaborate, and in keeping with the times. For although the war was won, the peace was new and uneasy.

Some of the guests drank too much. One, a young woman, got a little out of hand. Carla, catching frantic signals from her mother-in-law, managed to coax her guest upstairs. And Richard Kent, talking to Maggie, saw, excused himself and unobtrusively assisted her.



"Before he got that movie camera we could just stand still to have our picture taken"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

He had not wanted to come to this party. But he had seen Carla just twice since the day he drove her to the depot. He had argued it a dozen ways: Why torment yourself, why accept a man's hospitality when you are in love with his wife, why subject yourself to graceless humiliation? But when you're hungry, you eat. Just to see her, to speak to her, to watch her smile, touch her hand, briefly. He was a damned fool if he went. But he did.

Carla rang for Mrs. Trask's personal maid. Together they got the girl undressed, and put her to bed in the spare room. Downstairs her husband was singing Auld Lang Syne, fully aware of what was going on.

It had happened before, it would again. He could beat her brains out and it wouldn't do any good. He was tired of apologizing for her.

Richard took over. Spirits of ammonia. The usual remedies. The maid scurried off for black coffee. After a while, Richard and Carla left the room.

"She'll sleep it off, and have a hell of a hang-over. I suppose Mrs. Trask will let her stay here the rest of the night?" he asked.

"I imagine so. I'll speak to her at once." Carla smiled. She wore a red frock, very plain. The emeralds Harry had given her for Christmas shone in her ears. She said, "My first spell at nursing, God save the mark, in some time."

He asked, "Didn't you tell Mother you were going to do volunteer work?"

"I thought so, but Harry didn't. He was opposed to my returning to Lister, where I know the routine, and even to my helping in the local hospitals." She shrugged her superb shoulders. "However, I haven't given up hope, and the need is just as great."

He said, "You look tired."

"I'm not used to being a hostess on a large scale," she said lightly. "Though, of course, Mrs. Trask has taken things over to a great extent."

WHEN they came downstairs, Carla did not see Harry, so she went off to find Mrs. Trask. Her father-in-law, whom she drew aside in the library, said, "Of course, the girl can stay. What a miserable little idiot! I'll tell your mother." He was nice about that. Always "your mother." But Carla could not call her that. She wasn't. She was Harry's mother.

She thought: I'd better find her myself, and sent Richard back to the party. He went, looking for Maggie Edwards. Nice girl, he liked her. He had had his moments alone with Carla and much good it had done him. He thought: It isn't only that she's tired of doing nothing, but she isn't happy. I know it.

In the big hall, the huge Christmas tree towered, smelling of the woods, blazing with lights and angels, bright with Santa Clauses and golden globes. The windows and doors were hung with wreaths and holly. And in the little cottage Harry and Carla had their own tree.

She had bought him cuff links, with her own savings, not with the generous amount of money he had given her banked in her name, nor with the wedding checks from his family. She had said, when she gave him the package, "I earned this, Harry, even if it was Trask money!"

She had meant it in affection, but his eyes had flickered away from hers. "Which is to say you don't think you earn your way now?" he had asked.

Remembering, she shook her head, and went through the hall and past the music room. The door was open and she thought: Perhaps Mrs. Trask is here?—for people had scattered all over the lower part of the house, invading the half dozen big rooms. The dining room was never empty, guests going in and out with plates, glasses.

She pushed at the door and it swung a little and she saw Harry standing there with Lucille. Neither saw her, they were intent upon each other, and Lucille was

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saying, "But beauty has a way of palling. After all, who can live with perfection? It gives you an inferiority complex. I could have strangled the girl with my bare hands the instant I saw her. But that was stupid. *I* didn't want to marry you, darling, and she did! And I don't want to strangle her now. I'm sorry for her. She's like a painting or a statue. You may look, but what's the use of touching?"

Carla shrank back. They couldn't see her now, even if they looked. She did not want to hear the rest, but she must.

"How in hell do you know so much?" Harry asked.

"Well," said Lucille, lazily, "I know *you.* I know how you look when you're happy. You don't, now—"

"Don't be fanciful," said Harry. His words were a little slurred.

"Have it your own way. And congratulations. She's the most beautiful creature I ever saw. It's too bad she isn't alive."

Harry said, "Shut up!"

"Okay," said Lucille. "Have you missed me?"

"Certainly not."

"I'm not so sure—but if you haven't, you will."

"And if I should?" asked Harry.

"Then," said Lucille brightly, "you will know, I hope, what to do about it. Let's go, your mother has an eagle eye, and she hates me. Maggie Edwards, too. What a popular young man you are, darling, and what a dope."

ARTIFICIAL
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COLLIER'S
TOM HUDSON

Carla went quietly along the corridor and into the sun porch. Mrs. Trask was there and, when she saw Carla's face, she asked, "Is there anything wrong, Carla? You look as if you've had a shock."

Carla said, "Nothing very wrong, just an awkward situation." She explained about the girl upstairs.

Mrs. Trask frowned. She said, "I told Harry he shouldn't ask them, that girl always does that, but he's fond of Tom. Yes, of course, she must stay. I'd better talk to Tom."

It was growing late and people were leaving. Richard was among the first; he had driven up in a borrowed car, and the roads were icy. He looked for Carla, found her with her husband, and said goodby, it had been a pleasant party. Maggie Edwards was with him, and she asked, "Would you drop me off, Doctor Kent? It's right on your way."

WHEN it was all over, and closer to dawn than to midnight, Carla and Harry walked along the shoveled paths to the little house. She was wearing a dark mink coat which the elder Trasks had given her a week ago, a bright scarf around her head.

As they went in, Harry stretched. "Well, that's that. I think everyone had a good time. Poor old Tom. I told him we'd get Nona back in the morning. I suppose he's used to it by now." He looked around the living room. "Nice," he commented, "not to have to pick up after a party."

"As if you ever did," she said.

"I suppose not. Looked as if your old boy friend and my old girl friend hit it off," he remarked, watching her.

Her regard was unaltered. She said, "He isn't my old boy friend, in that sense. And if they did, it would be fine. I can't think of a nicer girl for Richard or a nicer man for Maggie."

Not a flicker, not a sign. He said lightly, "Most women are a little jealous when their former slaves show signs of taking on another bondage."

Carla untied her scarf. She said, "I'm dead on my feet. Night duty was never like this. I doubt that Richard was ever my slave," she said, smiling, "or that he'll be anyone's."

She spoke honestly, he thought, and he tried to feel relieved but felt nothing except restless excitement, thinking of Lucille. Habit dies hard and nerves accustomed to habituated response react mechanically. Lucille was in New York—he had access to her.

Carla thought: No, I'm not jealous of Richard—*nor of Harry. . . .*

A few weeks later, when Mrs. Trask came to see her, looking very troubled, Carla was not astonished.

"People have seen them together," said Mrs. Trask, "openly, ever since the New Year's party. And I know, Carla, that he is spending several nights a week in town."

"At the club."

"Do you believe that, Carla?" Mrs. Trask asked.

"No." There was every reason not to believe it, reasons she could not advance to Harry's mother.

Mrs. Trask said, "I tried to warn you. They had an affair before he went overseas. She's an utterly unscrupulous woman. Apparently, it's on again—and you've only been married for seven months!"

Carla said evenly, "I know. And it's my fault."

Mrs. Trask's eyes were blank with astonishment. She asked, "What do you propose to do about it?"

Carla said, "I don't quite know, Mrs. Trask. I've been wondering, for some time. Since the party, I think."

Mrs. Trask said, "Carla, I have never understood you, nor liked you very much. But I respect you. When you say it is your fault, do you mean that you don't love Harry, that you've never loved him?"

Carla said, "I loved him, Mrs. Trask. I still do. But not as he wants me to, and not as he deserves." She looked steadily at the other woman. She added, "And that is what I must tell him."

"You mean you won't fight for him—with every weapon you have?"

"No," said Carla, "because I can't use the one important weapon. I haven't it," she said. "I never have had."

She rose, as if the conversation were at an end, and Mrs. Trask cried, "I don't understand you. Either you don't care anything about him or you have no spirit, none at all!"

They did not realize how late it was, they had not heard the car drive in. Harry opened the door, and looked from one to the other. Uneasiness flooded him. He said, "This looks like a committee meeting."

His mother said quickly, "I was just going. No, don't bother, Harry, it is good for me to walk."

AFTER the door closed, Harry looked at his wife. He stood with his overcoat on, his hat shoved back. "Will you tell me what this is all about? I know Mother when she's on the warpath."

"She came to tell me about you and Lucille Stanley, but I already knew. I think you took pains to see that I would," she said.

He said, "Perhaps I did, hoping you'd give a damn, that you'd cry and throw things and hate me. If you did, I'd know you do love me, after all."

Her mouth shook, her face altered. She turned blindly to the nearest chair and clung to it. The tears ran down her cheeks and she looked at him piteously. He felt an enormous impulse to take her in his arms. It was the first time that he had seen her tranquillity shattered; before, there had been clouds; but never a storm. "I have loved you," she said, with difficulty, "but not as you wish."

He reached, and held her and she held him, her face concealed. He said, "I'll never see Lucille again, I swear it."

Carla shook her head and he felt her will to release herself. He loosened his clasp and stood aside. She said, "It isn't that, Harry. I haven't blamed you."

He said eagerly, because, essentially, he was very young, "But what can I do, Carla?"

"Nothing," she said forlornly. "But I can—I can leave you."

He put his hand to his head with an uncontrolled gesture; his hat fell to the floor. He said, "Leave me! What are you saying. Are you out of your mind? If it's Lucille, I've said I'd stop seeing her! My God, Carla, can't you understand? If a man knows he isn't wanted, he goes where he is. It's a damned poor substitute for love—but it's a little warmth. You can forget a lot of things, for a while. But I love you," he told her. "You can't leave me."

She said, "It isn't Lucille. You'd get over her and for a while be content, or pretend to be. You don't deserve that. I have loved you to the extent of my capacity. You don't deserve that. You deserve someone better than me, better for you, and someone better than Lucille. Harry, before we were engaged you talked to me about finding a woman for whom you, and no one else, would be right. You didn't stop to think that she would have to be right for you, too. I'm not. Perhaps," she said wearily, "I'm not right for anyone. But the only way I can give you back your self-confidence and your chance for happiness is to leave you. You can divorce me."

He was white, his face drawn and intent. He demanded, "There is someone else. Who? Kent?"

"There's no one," she told him, "and never has been." She moved toward their bedroom but he was quick to stand in her way.

"Where are you going?"

"To pack."

He took her by the shoulder and shook her. He shouted, beside himself, "I won't let you go, I'll never let you go—"

Someone knocked and, receiving no answer, opened the door, but neither Carla nor Harry heard.

(To be continued next week)

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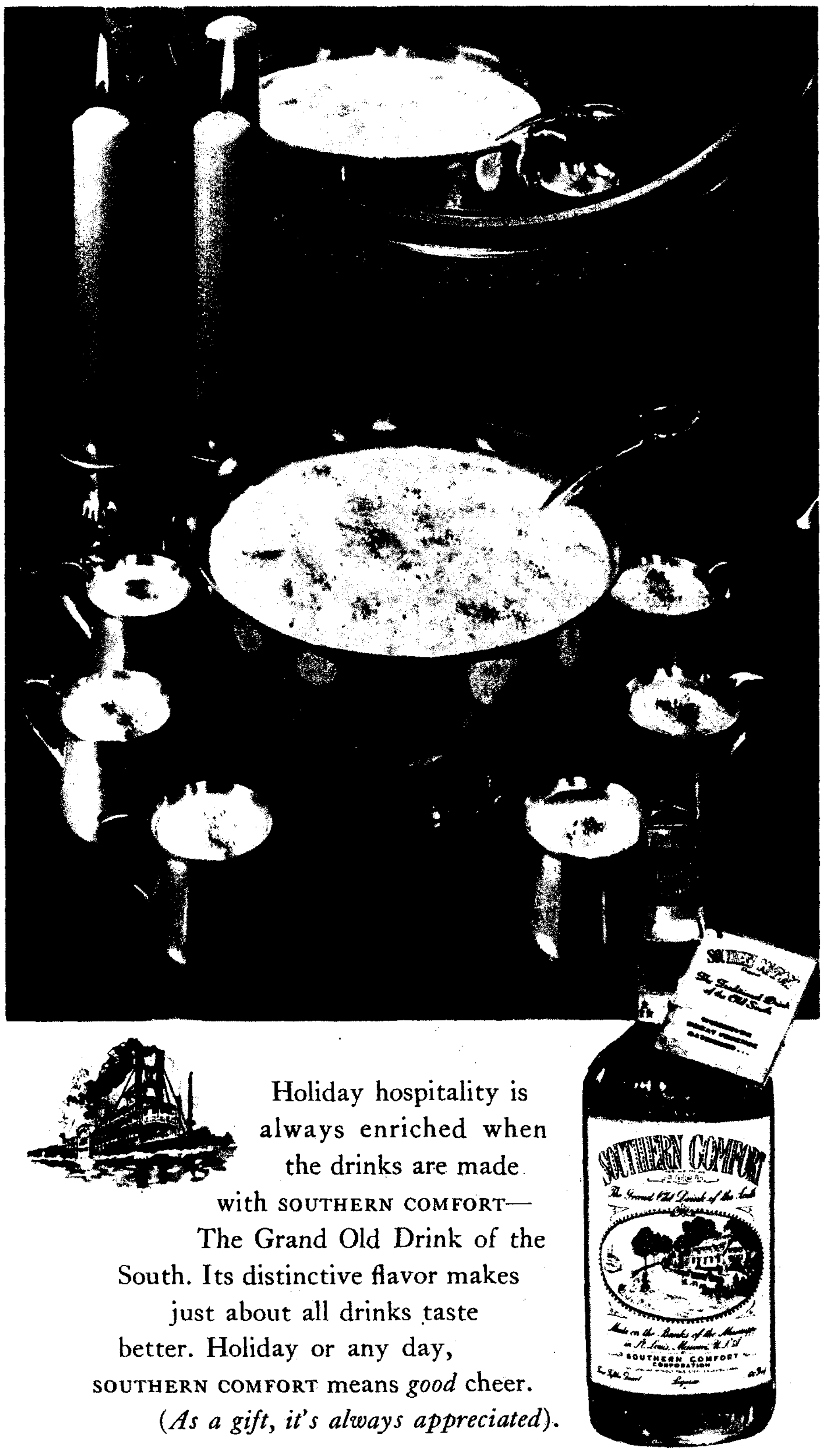

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

neck of the animal to enrage it are now equipped with an incendiary device that on contact bursts into flame and inflicts such pain that the animal goes insane . . ." So crazed it gores the mute horses that have to stand and take it for man's mere sport.

True sportsmanship lies in human decency—not in desire to hurt, maim and kill.
MRS. A. F. WORRALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HEADWAITERS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Thank you for your Nov. 23d article about headwaiters. As a columnist covering the best saloons, I know and love these gents. They are Courtesy itself, and are far removed from the snappish waiter in a Broadway spot who was told to stop being surly now that the war was over. "I was surly before the war," he yelled back. . . . Headwaiter Joe Lopez at the Copacabana, whom your article mentions, is so saccharinely sweet to the customers that they don't know whether to give him a $5 or $10 tip. Jack Spooner at the Stork Club Cub Room is beloved by all the celebrity patrons, especially Barbara Stanwyck, who often kisses him when she visits there. Because as Ruby Stevens, chorus girl, she used to visit the old Tavern where he worked—and gave her credit. But your article does overlook the most colorful waiter I've ever met, "Mr. Katz," at the Hygrade Restaurant on West 28th Street. I've an entire chapter on him in my new book (Pike's Peek or Bust) because he's the only waiter who regularly tells his customers to go to hell. It was Mr. Katz who had the answer for a woman customer who yelled at him, "Why aren't you in the Army?" "For the same reason you're not in the Ziegfeld Follies!" he shouted back.
EARL WILSON, New York, N. Y.

Lusty, busty Columnist Wilson about to meet a headwaiter

Speaking of Jack Spooner, Earl, did you know he has a grown daughter, Amelia, for whom he collects autographs? One of his favorites is from the late Ring Lardner, who wrote: "Dear Amelia: I'm having amelia would like."

CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE

DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial A Statement of Fact (Nov. 9th) was an answer to those intolerant groups who sponsor "isms." Tolerance is a lost grace and in its stead we have nurtured intolerant persons who forget that we are all guaranteed freedom of speech. Collier's must necessarily present different angles to various questions and should not be censored as either Communist or archconservative. I for one enjoy your magazine. So long as you continue to foster good Americanism, the anonymous letter you received can be ignored.
DON C. MASON, Gainesville, Fla.

. . . Even a moron would know your editorial is really a statement of falsehood. You are not impartial. In the same issue—what is your article The Paths of Glory but exaggerated nonsense? And those horrible propaganda caricatures of Nazi leaders. I'm sure any of them was as good as Molotov or Stalin. If you are so impartial why don't you advocate the hanging of the supreme Politburo and the generals who conspired to wage aggressive war on Finland and Poland? Answer me this riddle, please!
MITCHELL SMITH, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

. . . That Collier's found it necessary to publish A Statement of Fact is heartening evidence that not all Americans have been taken in by your pretensions of impartiality. Your comparison of the present-day Collier's with its namesake of a generation ago is, of course, ridiculous. Those truth-seeking journalists of a generation ago would have welcomed George Seldes as a kindred soul.
ROBERT MITTELMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . After reading A Statement of Fact it is possible that the lines of Humbert Wolfe might be as applicable to some American publications as to the British journals at which they were aimed:

> You cannot hope to bribe or twist,
> Thank God, the British journalist;
> But, seeing what the man will do
> Unbribed, there's no occasion to.

WALTER ELDER, Yakima, Wash.

THE VERY BUMSTEADS

DEAR EDITOR: I have been a rooter for your magazine. But when you print stuff like Blondie's Gold Mine (Nov. 16th), you make like a movie mag—and on you it doesn't look so good. Your intelligent magazine asks us to believe that Penny Singleton is just another little homebody—she packs eggs after work. Oh, yeah! And walks—mind you—walks with her arms full of bundles. Can't afford a car, I suppose! Only made $200,000—the little housewife.
MRS. I. MORRIS, Roselle, N. J.

We consulted Miss Porter about Penny. She says: "Miss Singleton is still the homebodiest little homebody you probably ever saw." Sorry!

COVER GIRL

EDITORS: Please inform Mr. Victor Skrebnewski of Chicago who sent in such a disgusting letter (Week's Mail, Nov. 9th) that he is, but definitely, the only person I know who thinks Collier's covers aren't any good. . . . My ambition is to become a cover girl for Collier's someday. . . .
BABS JOHNSON, Bellwood, Pa.

. . . Victor Skrebnewski makes me sick. I suggest he spend all his time looking at pictures of Frankenstein and Gravel Gertie. They seem just about his speed.
BONNIE CARLE, Walla Walla, Wash.

Below: Chester Gould's Gravel Gertie.

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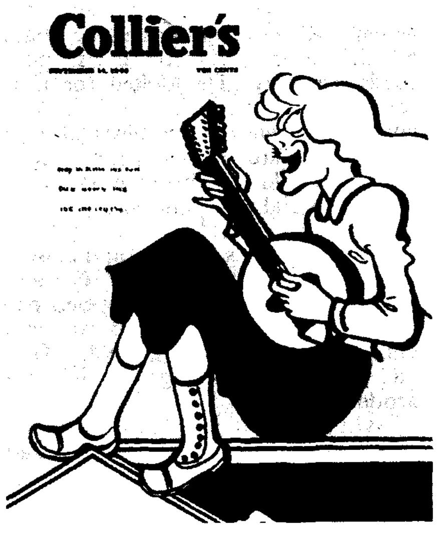

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SIT DOWN, MISS YOUNG

Continued from page 23

back over it, I guess I should have saluted.

I couldn't get in touch with Margie by phone, so I called the motor pool, and got a ride into town in a staff car. I took the two flights of stairs up to Margie's office without waiting for the elevator, burst through the door and skidded to a halt in front of her desk. Then I couldn't think of anything to say, so I pulled the orders out of my pocket and tossed them on the desk.

Her boss happened to be standing there watching, and I guess he figured something was wrong. He sidled over behind her and glanced over her shoulder at the orders. If there's anything I can't stand, it's people who read over other people's shoulders, but in his case I'm willing to make an exception. He's a nice guy. He just said, "Margie, why don't you take the rest of the day off?" and went on into his own office.

WE WENT over into the park and sat there watching the pigeons and the squirrels and the kids who were playing there, and talked about our future. We decided maybe we had better wait a while and see what sort of deal I was getting into before we made any more plans for getting married. We were going to write each other, practically hourly, and she would try to come down to Texas for her two-week vacation in June, if I was still there.

We took a cab out to the field at four-thirty, and she said goodby to me at the gate. It was tough to leave her, Miss Young. She was crying a little bit, and that really got me. Nobody had ever cried over me before, except my mother.

It was only two months until time for her vacation in June, and I suppose you think those two months just flitted by on wings of song? Well, you're wrong, Miss Young. The march of time was slowed down to a half step.

I wrote Margie every night—me, who never even wrote home more than once a month—and she wrote to me every night too.

By the middle of May everything was arranged for her vacation. She was going to fly down to San Antonio, a one-day trip, arriving on the 3d of June. I had arranged for her to stay with some people I knew in San Antonio who had an extra room since their son had joined the Army—it was impossible to get a hotel reservation in town. I even canceled the twenty dollars the mess sergeant owed me, in exchange for the use of his car while Margie was there.

It was going to be a wonderful two weeks, Miss Young, and who knew but what we might get married, war or no war. It was nice to think about anyway, and I turned it over in my mind while I was waiting. The squadron was not getting on very fast with its training, and it began to look as though we might be in the States another six months.

On the second of June, I was sitting on my bunk listening to the seconds tick away on three watches and two borrowed alarm clocks, when the telegram came. I had 81,347 seconds to go until her plane was due. I figured she was somewhere over Wyoming. She was not, Miss Young. She was at home, sending me telegrams about how she got ranked out of her seat in the plane by a priority.

It was no good to fuss and fume, Miss Young. She couldn't get a seat on another plane on short notice. The trip was off. I got a very tearful letter from her in a couple of days, and I wrote her several very tearful letters of my own.

Shortly after that, while I was still feeling sorry for myself, I really messed up the works. A kid from my home town, Johnny Baker, showed up in San Antonio with his wife, who used to go to high school with my kid sister. Nothing would do but I had to go out with them and kill a bottle of Scotch in memory of old times.

So we went up to their hotel room—this Johnny was sharp enough to get a hotel room, while visiting colonels were sleeping on park benches—and knocked off the Scotch and sang a few of the old high-school songs. Then Johnny went out for a few minutes and came back with a couple of bottles of bonded bourbon, and we ran through a few of our old high-school cheers. It was when I was demonstrating the touchdown play that won us the championship in my senior year that I knocked the telephone off the table.

I picked it up carefully and dusted it off and held it to my ear to see if it still worked. And when the operator said, "Number, please?" I said, "Long distance," figuring I'd give it a real test. The first thing I knew, I was talking to Margie. She sounded pretty sleepy—I'd forgotten it was so late—but she was happy to hear me. I was happy too, and was getting pretty poetical when I saw Johnny and Mildred tiptoe into the bathroom, which was the only place they could go, and shut the door, leaving me to talk freely.

I must have been talking too freely, because Margie broke in on me while I was pleading with her to come down to San Antonio and marry me so I could get some sleep.

"Have you been drinking?" she said.

Mildred came tiptoeing into the room just then, shushing, and reached across me for her drink, which she'd left on the table. It was nobody's fault that she tripped over the telephone cord and dropped her glass on the floor. And anybody might have said, as she did, "Oh, damn, I spilled my drink." But she didn't have to say it right into the phone.

I didn't have a chance, after that. Margie wanted to know who was that woman, and I started to tell her that was little Mildred Peters who used to go to school with my kid sister and was now married to Johnny Baker, but I guess she didn't want to know very badly because she hung up on me right while I was still talking.

This was bad. Mildred and Johnny said they were sure sorry, and we finished the rest of the bourbon, and I didn't know what I was going to do, but Johnny said the thing to do was to sleep on it and call her up tomorrow night when she'd have calmed down some.

THE next day Johnny called me and said I owed him $14.75 for the long-distance call. I brought the money in to him that night, and we sat there and had a few drinks in his room while I waited for the evening rates. He said the thing to do was to be very firm. You can't let these women shove you around, he said.

When I got Margie on the phone I was all prepared to be firm with her. I was going to tell her to take the next train for Texas, and to come prepared to stay. I wanted to get married. But she must have smelled my breath, Miss Young, or maybe my speech wasn't too clear after drinking with Johnny for a couple of hours. Anyway, she really got me told off, Miss Young. It wasn't that she disapproved of drinking, she just had a mental picture of me leading a life of gaiety and probably sin down in San Antonio while she was pining away at home. She hung up on me again, leaving the impression that she would get along very well if she never saw me again. Even without giving me a chance to explain, that call cost me $9.60.

Back to the honky-tonks, Miss Young, though my heart wasn't in it. The squadron moved out west to a little desert town, and we got on with our training. I wrote to Margie a few times, but after one letter from her—a cold, formal thing that brushed me off only a little more politely than she had done on the phone—I didn't hear from her again. I went on living, Miss Young, but there was no point to it.

Finally the war was over, and our squadron was still training to go overseas. We went on training until someone remembered and told us to stop, and then they started shuffling us around some more. They transferred me from one job to another, from one field to another, for several months and, then, one bright sunny day, they handed me a discharge. I was out. Free to make my own plans again without stopping to wonder if they would be inconveniencing the War Department.

ONE plan I'd had in mind ever since my brother came back from overseas. He landed in Seattle just a few weeks before I got my discharge, and the troop train that took him East happened to stop in Margie's home town long enough for him to call her from the station. I'd written him the whole story, and he was curious to see Margie. When she heard who it was she came down to the station to see him.

They had about ten minutes to talk, but it was enough for him. He was crazy about her, and he wrote me to tell me that I was just crazy. He said if I let her get away I was stupider than he gave me credit for, which was pretty stupid. He said, "Why don't you get back in there and pitch, kid?" He calls me kid, Miss Young, because I'm two years younger than he is.

Well, he's been right before, Miss Young, on one or two occasions, and I figured if there's a chance he's right this time, what have I got to lose? So I came back, Miss Young.

It was like coming home. I got off the train about 4:00 A.M. and the moon was still shining. Not a night to be going to bed in a lonely hotel room, so I checked my bag and went for a walk in the moonlight.

I watched the dawn and the sunrise. You should have seen it, Miss Young, it was beautiful. I watched a milkman deliver milk along the street, and that reminded me that I was getting hungry. I saw him deliver your milk, Miss Young, and suddenly realized I was standing in front of your house.

So don't blame the milkman, Miss Young. I didn't think you'd mind if I borrowed a quart of milk, since I haven't had breakfast yet. I'll get you another one when the stores open.

If you wish to discuss the matter, you will find me lying in the hammock in the back yard, waiting for you to get up. It's nice out here, Miss Young. Come on out and see the ring I brought you. I've been saving it in case you changed your mind. I thought we might start over, Miss Young, with no interference from the War Department this time.

Hopefully,
Joe

P.S.—Let's start with breakfast, Miss Young.

THE END

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Produced by EDWARD KAUFMAN
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

THE UNPREDICTABLE CONTRAPTION

Continued from page 54

midstream with this rig, and the car driver struck for pay?"

"That," thundered Grandpop, "would be mutiny. I've been on this river, man an' boy, for fifty years, an' no one durst mutiny yet."

"Okay. But don't get Old Henry on top of that treadmill."

"Son, if that clinker-burnin' grease-ball rolls his car aboard this craft I'll dump both of 'em into the Ohio."

"Well, you probably won't have to worry. He said your ferry is a menace to navigation and he's asking the government to run you off the river."

"Why, that toad-eatin', soot-choked son—how come you're talkin' to him?"

"Saw him last night. He chased me away with his squirrel rifle."

"You been takin' up with that girl Anne again?"

"Going to marry her."

Grandpop nearly swallowed his quid. "Marry into a railroader's family! Young man, for fifty years, man an' boy—"

"That's what Old Henry said."

"What'd he say?"

"Said for fifty years, man and boy, you've been a river hoodlum. Said no granddaughter of his was going to marry into a riverman's family."

"He did, eh? And you're goin' to take that from him?"

"I'm taking Anne from him."

"That'll teach him," said Grandpop. "Anyway, she's a lively an' pretty young miss. Don't know how she ever got in the family. Of course," he added spitefully, "these railroaders spend a lot o' nights away from home."

"Not like we rivermen."

"Get the hell off this boat," shouted Grandpop. "I hope he nicks you with that squirrel rifle tonight."

"He won't. I removed the firing pin this morning. S'long, Grandpop. Got a date."

WHEN Grandpop got his charter and launched the Susie Q, the town knocked off work—all except Old Henry, who vowed he'd never contaminate his car by rolling it aboard such an outrageous craft. But everyone else was there; the town council with their cars because Grandpop was giving them a free christening ride, and the mayor with his car because he was to have the honor of being the first driver to propel the Susie Q across the river. Even Anne was there at peril of being cut off without a penny, and she was so merry and lovely that Grandpop chuckled with unholy glee at the thought of Ned taking her away from Old Henry.

There wasn't much to the actual launching, since the river had taken things into its own hands the night before and risen enough to float the Susie Q off the ways. Grandpop said it was a good sign, and meant that he could take the apple champagne home and drink it. So he and Ned and some of the other men pulled the ferry up to the public landing, and the town council drove their cars aboard, and last of all the mayor drove his car aboard and stopped with his rear wheels resting on the roller treadmill. Ned and Anne stood next to the mayor's car, Grandpop climbed up into the pilothouse, and everyone waited to see what would happen when the mayor started his car.

Finally everything was ready. All lines were cast off, and Grandpop stuck his head out of the pilothouse window and waved to the mayor. His Honor started his engine, put the car in second, let the clutch back, and gave her the gas. Ned thought maybe the car would lurch forward off the rollers, but the wheels found it easier to turn the rollers than to climb out of the trough. The side wheels turned faster and faster and churned the water into yeasty foam, and the Susie Q moved away from the bank looking somewhat startled, which indeed she may very well have been.

She made a brave sight in the afternoon sun, with her red and white paint and the side wheels sending up silver cascades. Everyone on shore cheered lustily. Old Henry had been observing things from behind a window curtain. He received the report of the onlookers with pitying condescension and repeated his dire prophecies.

"Heard tell that Grandpop said he'd throw you an' your car into th' river if you ever came aboard," reported one well-wisher.

Old Henry snorted like the whistle of one of his locomotives. "A Baldwin compound with full steam up couldn't get me aboard that crazy craft," he said.

THE Susie Q had successfully completed her first trans-Ohio voyage, and all the cars had driven off on the Kentucky shore so the mayor could get the ship's power plant turned around. Grandpop dropped a large wooden wedge in between the rollers so they couldn't turn, and the mayor drove his car off to turn it around so that he could drive the ferry back to Ohio.

The return trip was equally successful, although Ned and Anne didn't fully appreciate the beauty of the river because they had other things to talk about. During the short stop on the Kentucky shore they had gone to the justice of the peace of the little town and discovered some interesting things about the marriage laws. So they stood on the bow of the ferry, just ahead of the mayor's car, and made plans that involved another crossing before very long. And Grandpop was so interested in watching them from the pilothouse that he almost let the ferry run aground on a sand bar in the middle of the river.

Much to Old Henry's disgust, the Susie Q was an unqualified success, and people who didn't really have to cross the river drove from miles around just to ride on the strange affair. And far from resenting having to furnish the motive power themselves, they fought for the honor, jockeying themselves into position so that they would be the last car aboard, or, if coming from the far shore, the first. There were a few untoward incidents—such as the time a truck won the coveted honor and applied its power to the treadmill with such happy abandon that the side wheels thrashed around like egg beaters, and the Susie Q raced across the river like a startled turtle and hit the far bank so hard that she skidded up the landing high and dry. But in general she was all that could be asked of her, and Grandpop had the satisfying knowledge that his operating costs had probably established an all-time low.

During this time Ned had been having difficulties with the ogrelike watch which the old railroader kept on his granddaughter. And one afternoon, just after Grandpop had unloaded a batch of cars brought over from the Kentucky shore, Ned drove up with Anne cuddled up beside him.

"Take us over, Grandpop?"

"Drive aboard, son."

Ned drove the car aboard and stopped with its wheels on the treadmill. Grandpop motioned him forward.

"There'll be some more cars along in a moment, young man. Make room for 'em."

"Can't wait, Grandpop. We got to get across in a hurry."

"You do, eh? What's the rush?" Grandpop wanted to know.

"We're getting married," Ned explained.

Grandpop's eyes twinkled wickedly. "You are, eh? Old Henry know it?"

"He will pretty soon," said Anne. "I left a note for him. When he gets back to the house he'll know."

"Still got the firing pin out o' that squirrel rifle?"

"Don't think so," said Ned. "He discovered it was missing the other night when he tried to use it on me. Reckon he's fixed it by now."

"Reckon he has. All right—but wait a minute. Here comes a truck. Move on ahead. I'll put it on the treadmill."

Ned drove his car up to the bow of the ferry, but by the time the truck was aboard two other cars appeared and the truck moved up behind Ned. Then two more cars came along, and they had to double up alongside of Ned and the truck. When Grandpop got back to the stern he saw a sight that brought his river blood to the flash point.

Old Henry had driven aboard.

He had driven aboard, and his squirrel rifle reposed malignantly on the seat beside him. Grandpop expected to see him jump out of the car and rush forward with the ordnance, but instead the old railroader put his car on the treadmill and leaned out of the window and shouted: "When did that skunk of yours and my granddaughter cross the river?"

"None o' your business," roared Grandpop. "Take your car and that popgun off this boat."

"This car is staying put until I get on the other side, you fossilized piece of driftwood. And when I get there you'll see what this popgun is for!"

"Get off this craft!" shouted Grandpop, and so mighty was his voice that a tremor went through the boat's timbers. But no riverman was going to intimidate Old Henry. He shook his finger at Grandpop.

"You're a common carrier, ain't you?"

"I ain't common enough to carry the likes o' you."

"You're a common carrier," retorted Old Henry, "and the law says you'll carry anyone who comes along. Just try and get me off this flea-bitten barge and I'll have the law on you. I'll get your charter revoked."

Old Henry had something there, and Grandpop knew it. He searched frantically for some face-saving device, and his eyes lighted on the squirrel rifle.

"I know my rights as master of this craft," he shouted triumphantly. "I'll take no one across who's armed."

Grandpop had the law with him there, and Old Henry wriggled uneasily. By this time all the occupants of the various cars had come aft for ringside seats, all except Ned and Anne who, Grandpop noticed, had the good sense to remain hidden in their car at the bow. Some took Grandpop's side and some took Old Henry's side, and one man whispered something into Old Henry's ear. He nodded vigorously and thrust the squirrel rifle out of the car window.

"The law says I can check this with you, you dry-rotted old hulk. Take it. I'll get it back when I get across. And when I find that grandson of yours, he'll know what I got it for."

Grandpop took the squirrel rifle and climbed up into the pilothouse, concealing his satisfaction behind a barrage of muttered threats. He had the situation sized up: Old Henry didn't know that his prey was within reach, and if things worked right Old Henry would never know until it was too late.

Grandpop's plan was simple. When they reached the far shore, he would refuse to block the treadmill rollers. Old Henry would be unable to get his car off the rollers. And being the last car, everyone else would be gone so there'd be no one to push him off for a while. Ned and Anne would have a good start. Thinking of his prospective triumph, Grandpop figured his loss of face was a good investment. He shouted down to Jim, the ferry hand, to cast off the lines, and when that was done Old Henry, not deigning to wait for orders from a riverman, put his car into gear.

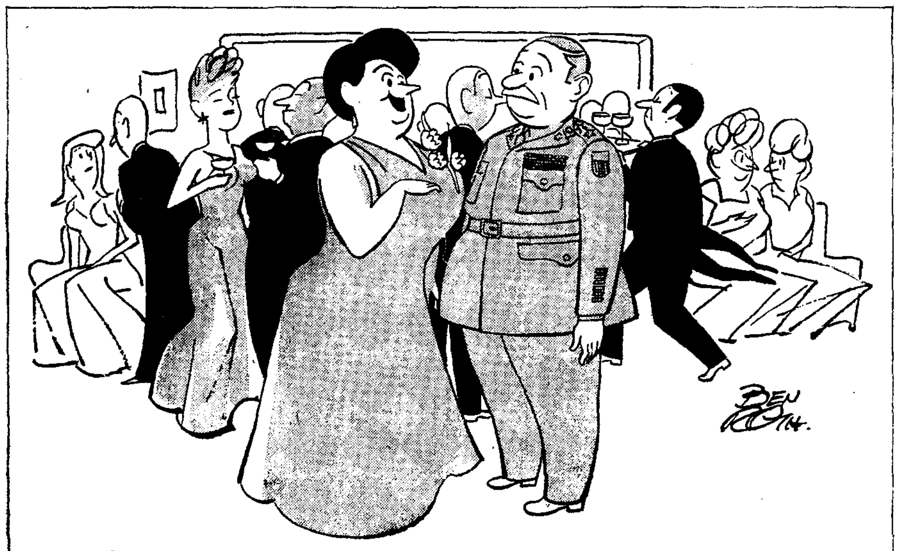
THE side wheels revolved faster and faster—Old Henry was in a hurry—and the Susie Q moved majestically toward midstream. Grandpop pointed her diagonally across the current and chuckled into his beard. Then he examined the squirrel rifle and saw that the firing pin had indeed been replaced. This he quickly remedied.

Things might have gone as planned had not Old Henry become bored about midstream and begun studying the cars ahead of him. He couldn't see too much of the car ahead of the truck, but what he did see made him crane his neck out of the car to see more. And when he saw more, he jumped out of his car and started forward, with an enraged bellow. With no urgent foot on the throttle the car cut down to idling speed, the side wheels ceased their thrashing and revolved lazily. Grandpop knew what had happened and came down the ladder with astounding agility. When he reached the bow of the ferry Anne was sitting in determined immobility in the car and Ned was standing with folded arms, facing the apoplectic railroader.

"Sorry," Ned said. "Anne and I are getting married and there's nothing you can do about it."

"Nothing I can do about it!" Old Henry shook his fist in Ned's face. "I'll show you what I can do about it! Wait till I get that rifle from that doddering old river rat!"

Ordinarily Grandpop would have



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reached down into the linguistic lore of fifty prolific years on the river for a suitable reply. But Grandpop had the soul of an artist. He produced a little metal object from his pocket.

"Tain't no use," he said mildly.

And he deftly flicked the firing pin overboard.

Things looked dark, but not for nothing had Old Henry driven locomotives thundering across the rails of the country. He looked around at the delighted crowd, and saw that their sympathy was now with the young lovers. Whatever must be done, must be done by him alone.

"Get out of my way," he roared, and with magnificent defiance for the rabble he strode aft to his car. He entered it and slammed the door. He raised the windows on both sides until there was space enough only for his voice to filter through. Then he locked the car from the inside.

"Now," he said grimly, "we'll see where this turtleback tub is going." With a clash of gears he put the car in reverse and gave her the gas.

THE Susie Q trembled violently as the side wheels spun in reverse. They didn't turn as fast as before, but Old Henry was doing all right with what he had. They spun fast enough to kill the craft's way and to start her back toward the home shore while Grandpop hopped up and down and threatened to hang Old Henry at the yardarm for mutiny.

When it became apparent that Old Henry would not be intimidated, Grandpop sent Jim up to the pilothouse. "Turn her around," he ordered. "I'll teach this mutinous cinder-fed clinker hound who's master of this craft."

Jim swung the large wheel around and gradually the Susie Q turned in midstream until she was again thrashing her way toward the Kentucky shore. But hardly had she started in this new direction when Old Henry put the car into second, stepped on the gas, and the side wheels churned the river into angry spray as their buckets bit into the water and urged the puzzled boat back toward the Ohio shore.

Again Jim turned her around, and again Old Henry applied full speed astern. Grandpop fumed himself into such a state that Ned became alarmed.

"Let him take us back," he said. "He can't do anything when he gets there."

Grandpop gave him a withering look. "Where's your river blood?" he demanded. "Are you going to let a railroader get the best of you?"

Ned shrugged his shoulders. "I'll marry Anne anyway."

"Drat Anne!" shouted Grandpop. "I've been on this river, man an' boy, for fifty years, and no railroad man has ever bested me yet."

"What are you going to do? Go round and round in circles all day?"

"All day and all night," bellowed Grandpop. "If I can't get to the Kaintuck shore, damned if he's going to get to the Ohio shore. I'll go round and round in circles until his gas gives out."

"You'll fetch up in Cincinnati by that time," said Ned, "seeing as the dams are down."

"I'll fetch up in New Orleans before I let that railroad castoff run my boat!"

By this time Jim was swinging the boat back to the Ohio shore. Quite patiently Old Henry was but waiting the right moment to throw her into full speed ahead again, and the passengers, happily oblivious to the passage of time, were making side bets on what shore they would eventually wind up. Anne was with Ned, trying very hard not to laugh, and Grandpop's eye had fallen speculatively on the large wooden wedge which, if inserted in the rollers, would solve everything except how to keep the Susie Q moving.

The thought of the wedge and what it might do offered fascinating possibilities as he looked at the whirling wheels of Old Henry's car. He picked up the wedge and hovered over the rollers, and the devil that had stood by his side for fifty years, man and boy, whispered temptingly into his ear.

And that was the exact moment when he felt the Susie Q shiver protestingly as her bottom scraped along the sand bar to which her peregrinations had taken her.

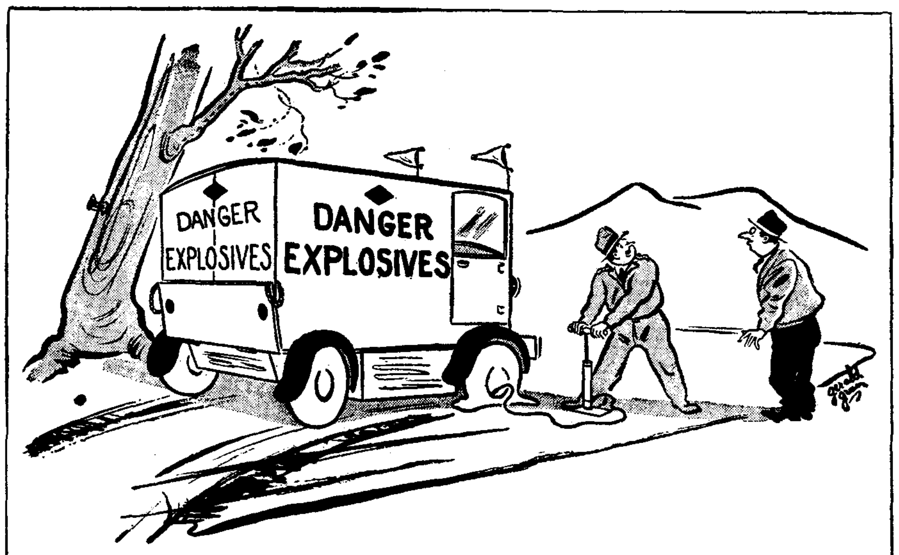
GRANDPOP didn't need the devil's coaching at his elbow then. It was obvious that the first thing a competent master will do when his vessel grounds is to cut off the power. It was equally obvious that drastic action must be taken. Grandpop took it. He dropped the wedge into the rollers.

The results were excellent. Old Henry's car, racing at full speed in reverse on the rollers, found itself suddenly on what amounted to solid ground. With a bounding leap it lurched off the rollers, scampered off the stern of the Susie Q, and landed upright in three feet of water.

The movement was beautifully executed, and it apparently took Old Henry a few stunned seconds to realize that he and the ferry had parted company. He could be seen through the windshield, sitting defiantly at the wheel, while bewilderment gave way to incredulous indignation as the river invaded the car and lapped gently at his knees. The window glass went down and he thrust out his head, which made the car and him resemble somewhat an astonished turtle with a crick in its neck.

Meanwhile, the Susie Q, eased of the weight of the car, lifted herself free of the bar and drifted away from Old Henry with quiet dignity. Old Henry was neither quiet nor dignified. Which was a pity, because there was really nothing he could do. He floundered out of the car and waded waist deep toward the Susie Q, looking like the Old Man of the Sea on a rampage. But he couldn't go far because the bar ran the other way and the water was too deep. Anne put her hands to her ears because, after all, some of the things Old Henry was saying weren't very nice. And Grandpop told the driver of another car to move in on the treadmill. Then he climbed up to the pilothouse to resume command.

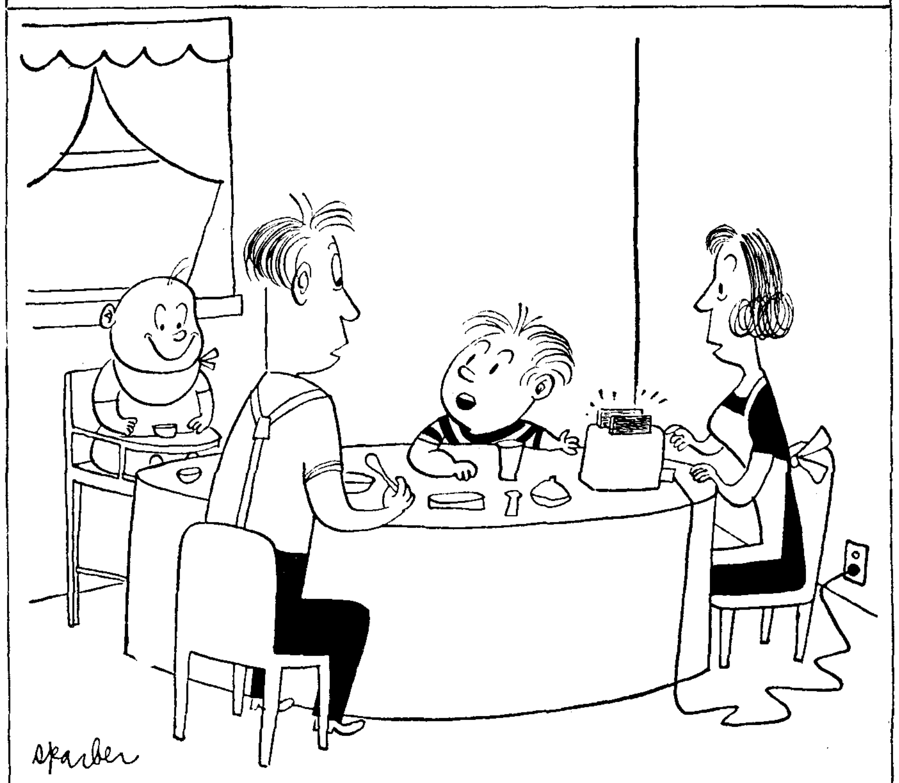
THE END



"Okay, so it's silly, but I can't help feeling squeamish about pushing the pump handle down"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



"Hanky thinks it works by magic—he doesn't know there's a little man in there who pushes up the toast"

COLLIER'S

Among men whose fine perception guides them unerringly to the niceties of living, one whiskey stands out as of topmost choice. That whiskey is OLD TAYLOR, a glorious bourbon superlatively distilled according to Old Kentucky's best tradition. For moments of reflection and relaxation—for pleasant hours with congenial friends who value fine whiskey, make your choice OLD TAYLOR.

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100
PROOF

FUN WITH FURS

BY DOROTHY ROE LEWIS

Once upon a time, furs were for keeping people warm. Nowadays, anything goes

IN CASE you've been wondering who's responsible for the rash of unexpected fur garments currently breaking out throughout America's higher income-tax brackets, meet Esther Dorothy—a lady who carries out her convictions about furs to the point of wearing a moleskin bathing suit, dyed blue to match her navy-blue hair, who loafs about in fur dungarees with vest and shoes to match, and who has managed to cajole some of her customers into wearing such oddities as fur slacks, fur bathrobes and fur bathing suits.

Don't get the idea, however, that Esther Dorothy is any mere prankster as a designer of furs. Her meteoric success has left her less imaginative male competitors gasping. Her salons in New York and Boston house some of the world's most fabulous furs and she herself is an accomplished showman who could have rivaled Ziegfeld in his heyday. When she hops a plane for a trip to one of the smart shops around the country which feature her creations, she takes along a million dollars' worth of furs. Armed guards accompany the pay load, and an armored truck meets the plane at the airport.

Spectacular in every gesture, she loves to dazzle friends as well as her customers. In her current collection, she shows a wedding gown with an ermine train, muff and headdress; for example, a bathrobe of green-dyed Eurasian lamb and a wraparound skirt and bolero of amber mink—very practical, she explains, because the skirt also doubles as a cape. The same thrifty spirit inspired an ermine apron which can also be worn around the shoulders.

A Horatio Alger Heroine from Russia

Esther Dorothy is understandably proud of the fact that she has been able to attain her present success solely through her own efforts. She never finished grammar school; she started to earn a living for the family at the age of 13. She doesn't remember much of her Russian birthplace, but she does remember all too clearly the poverty of her childhood in Boston, where her family immigrated when she was four years old.

Esther takes unaffected delight in the luxury of her country place at Natick, Massachusetts, which is a cross between a New England farmhouse, a French boudoir and a Hollywood set, where she can indulge to the hilt her love of furs. She hops out of her maroon-and-silver bathtub onto a huge circular fur rug, dyed shocking pink, blue and white, with her monogram in the middle in letters two feet high, wraps herself in a green fur bathrobe and reclines on a pale blue brocaded satin chaise longue under a zebra blanket on a white bearskin rug.

Later she slips into a pair of broadtail slacks and weskit for a hike through the woods, or dons a white fur housecoat for dinner at home. Before bedtime she may take a dip in her swimming pool attired in her moleskin bathing suit, with a mink coat handy to throw

(Continued on page 97)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY JERRY COOKE-PIX

Envious penguins gaze at this mermaid in her blue-dyed moleskin suit sun-bathing on her zebra blanket

After a hard day's work, Esther Dorothy sips champagne in her New York apartment swathed in her green-dyed Eurasian lamb robe. Exotic jewelry, gold sandals and chiffon nightie complete her glamor act

Esther Dorothy keeps warm in the country with a champagne ermine throw and a white broadtail weskit. Guests enjoy Hollywood luxury at her New England farm

Periwitski! Lightweight and comparatively inexpensive, this mongrel of Russian sable makes a cozy outfit for Esther Dorothy's country cycling

With the aid of props, Esther Dorothy displays most of the 800 pelts of her $25,000 ermine cape. This six-yard sweep of ermine could pinch-hit for an electric blanket

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Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

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THREE FEATHERS

Reserve

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HOW TO MAKE THE THREE FEATHERS EGG-NOG . . . *For 20 servings, beat, separately, yolks, whites of 6 eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating; ¼ cup sugar to stiff-beaten whites. Mix together with 1 pt. cream; 1 pt. milk, ¾ bottle THREE FEATHERS RESERVE, 6 oz. Rum Carioca (Gold Label, 86 proof). Stir thoroughly, serve very cold, with grated nutmeg. It's delicious!*

Blended Whiskey 86 proof, 70% neutral spirits, distilled from grain or potatoes. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

WE'LL KICK IT AROUND

BY JAMES A. KIRCH

HALF-DEAD smoke rose in the hotel room like ground fog, enveloping the three tense figures. Harry, the slim one, kept it alive with nervous puffs on his cigar.

"They've got to meet *cute,*" Harry said. Harry was chief story doctor for Gottlieb Productions. He talked like a trailer announcement.

"Cute!" Josh made an oath of it. He was a huge man, with long, thick arms and hands more like those of a farmer than a playwright. His dark eyes were hungry for sleep. He closed them now and slumped back on the bed, pounding his right fist into his open left palm.

"You'll ruin my play," he said. He opened his eyes and glowered at Sam. "Why did they buy it?" he demanded. "Why did Gottlieb Productions buy Daydream?"

Sam was the oil that kept the machinery from tearing apart. He didn't have a new idea in his round, smooth head, but he had all of the old ones. And he knew writers. He could tell you to a week how long it would take to straighten one out so that he could carry his weight at a story conference. When it was the writer's own play, as it was with Josh, it took longer.

"Broadway ain't Peoria," Sam said. "We've got to look beyond Broadway."

"On a bus," Harry said, suddenly. "Take it like this. She's getting off and he's getting on. Her packages fly all over the street. He picks them up, then says, 'How about—' "

"How about nothing," Josh said. "How many girls do you meet on a bus?"

"One is enough," Harry said. "This guy ain't Sinatra. Once we get the girl in the story, we're set."

"Oh, Lord," Josh said. He took an open bottle of soda from the bedside table and shook it, watching the soda fizz up inside. He put it back on the table and turned to Harry. "For forty-two weeks, they've met. On Broadway. In the play."

Harry nodded. "But not *cute,*" he explained. "Flat."

"Naturally," Josh said. "The way you meet a girl, the way I meet one. Not flopping all over busses or trains."

"A train." Sam picked up the word. "You could maybe fix something up on a train. Like she's trying to rack up her own suitcase and it spills out all over him. When it's fixed, he says, 'How about—' "

Josh dug blunt nails into his palms. "There's no train in the play," he said, slowly and carefully. "They don't even get on a train."

Sam shrugged. "For the movies, that's easy. Just a quick flash." He smiled proudly. "In the movies, that's simple."

Josh towered to his feet. "You'll ruin it," he said. "A lot of movie conventions. Stuff that doesn't happen." He ran his fingers through his dark hair. "Listen," he said. "Do you know what made Daydream a hit?"

"Sure," Sam lied, swiftly. He hadn't read a review since his cousin's show had folded in Philly, but he knew what they'd have said about Josh Haskin's play. He covered his belt buckle with clasped hands and half closed his eyes. "A slice of LIFE," he offered. He said the word that way, as if it were all capital letters. "A breath of clean air in a foggy season. Honest. Realistic."

Josh smiled triumphantly. "And you want to make it the usual Hollywood tripe, where they trip over each other in a bus or on a plane."

"Not on a plane," Sam said, soberly. "We used a plane in Secrets for Three. We need something new."

Josh held himself in. He made the effort deliberately, understanding now that he was dealing with morons, that he must show the patience one would use with a child. He opened and closed his huge hands ten times before he spoke. He counted the times. "Look!" he bellowed, when he had himself under control. "These people are real. They live, breathe, sleep, eat—"

"Eat," Harry said, suddenly. "Eat. That could be it. Everybody eats." His pale green eyes came alive. "We open with a cafeteria shot. He's fighting his way through the crowd, balancing a tray. When he passes her table, she shoves back the chair—"

Josh shuddered aloud. "Stop," he begged. "Please stop." He dropped to the edge of the bed. A soft glow covered his face and his voice went dreamily singsong. "A Ferris wheel," he mocked them. "They're marooned at the top when the machinery locks. When they finally get down, he says, 'How about—' "

"No!" Sam struggled to his feet and, bounced to the door. He opened it, peered down the corridor, then closed it carefully. "This is not generally known," he announced. "But my hands are forced." He paused impressively. "Gentlemen, in the new Gottlieb production, Heaven for Six, that is the exact opening scene."

That did it. Josh broke. He collapsed on the bed. His huge hands trembled. "I shouldn't have come out here," he moaned. "I should never have done it."

Sam read the signs. The oil was called for. "Wait a minute," he said. "Let's not get excited. We're tired. Our heads spin. So we call it a day. Tomorrow, everything looks to us different."

He grabbed Josh's arm, tugging him to his feet. "Forget it," he pleaded. "Have a drink. Take a walk by the park."

"In the park," Harry said. "We could work something on that. Like she's feeding the pigeons and he comes up—"

Sam scowled. "Our heads spin," he reminded. He borrowed a word from his lawyer-cousin's vocabulary. "Hold it in abeyance," he said. He used it again, liking the sound of it. "Hold it in abeyance. Josh needs a rest." He worried the young playwright to the doorway. "Forget it," he said.

"I'll break the contract," Josh muttered. "I'll sue."

"Tomorrow," Sam soothed him. "My cousin's a lawyer. He'll fix it." He opened the door and propelled Josh through it, closing it after him. He turned back to Harry, rubbing his hands. "Now," he said. "This business of pigeons—"

Josh staggered to the elevator. "I'll sue," he mumbled. When the door slid back, he stumbled inside. He braced himself on the handrail, staring at the operator with unseeing eyes. "Idiots!" he growled.

The operator slid the lever to *fast* and nonstopped to the lobby. He gasped "Main!" and crouched back, out of the way. Josh thundered forth.

His shoulder struck something soft and he hesitated, puzzled. He watched it spin twice in front of him, and then he reached out and held her. "Idiot," he said. "Stop spinning."

She misunderstood him. She said, "You probably are. Running people down in the lobby." She studied him coolly. "But you don't look it," she admitted. Her voice was like cool, clean rain.

Bells chimed softly inside him. "I'm a playwright," he said.

"Naturally," she said. She smiled and the bells pealed out a crescendo.

His huge hand still enveloped her arm. "I'm sorry," he said. "I could explain. I was thinking."

She drew away from his hand, swaying a little. "You think too hard," she said. "I'm dizzy." She took a wavering step toward the elevator. The bells dropped to nothing.

"Please," he pleaded. "Please let me explain." He reached out, not touching her, but shadowing her with his hand. "Look," he said. "How about—"

She stopped and the bells rang gently. She smiled and they caroled a Mozart sonata. She said, "I *am* dizzy." She moved backward, under his arm. "The bar's right behind us."

JOSH explained it over the drinks! This was a girl he could talk to. This was no Hollywood moron. Her eyes sparkled with anger at the threat to his brain child. "So you see," he finished.

"It's no wonder," she said. She looked in his eyes and he wondered how blue was the Pacific. She smiled and he thought of stars in the night.

"But you must have a contract," she said. "You would have to approve any changes."

"Of course," he said, absently. He conjured up a vision of angels.

"Don't you see?" she said. "You've *got* them. When they offer a change, you say—"

He saw. "I say, 'No!' " he said. " 'Not in Daydream.' When Harry says, 'They've got to meet *cute,*' I say—"

"Phooey," she said.

"Phooey," he agreed.

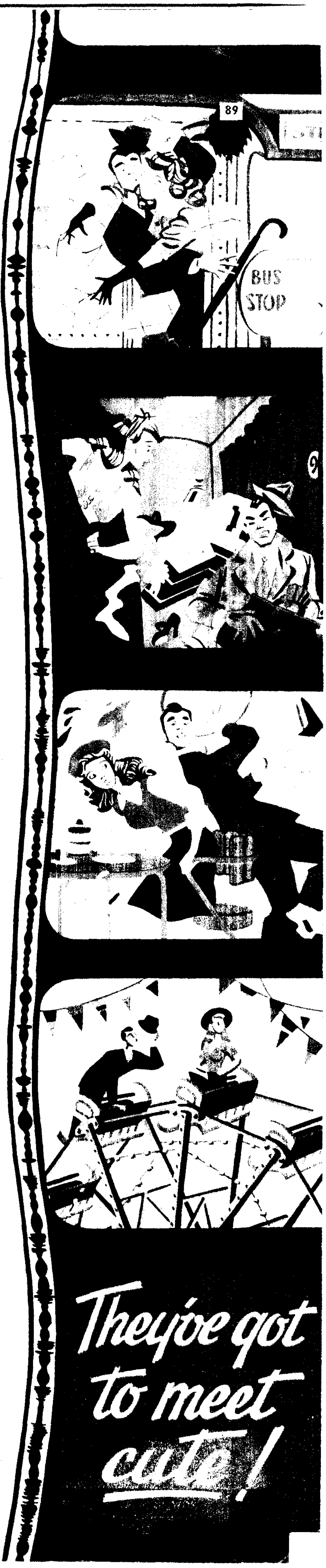
"Let them rave," she said. "Let them dream up their silly ideas. When they're finished, you say—"

"Tripe," he said.

"Tripe," she agreed. She laughed, and apple blossoms floated about her. "Meet *cute,*" she said. "Moronic."

"Idiotic," he said.

The delightful, fantastic unreality of the Hollywood mind struck them both. Her laughter rippled and warmth welled up inside him until he laughed with her, and the bartender and the gray-haired old man in the corner smiled nostalgically, for their intimate laughter was as alive and beautiful and true as Iowa corn.


BUS STOP
They've got to meet cute!

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

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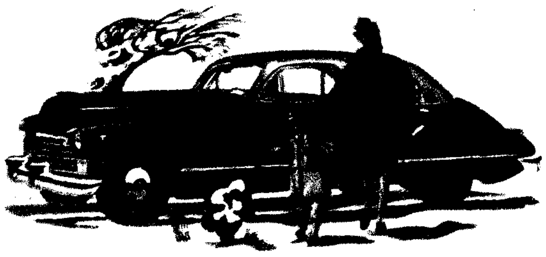


1946 Cadillac, Series 62

RUSSIA'S RECONVERSION JITTERS

Continued from page 20

of young and energetic citizens are scattering across the fantastic breadth of the Soviet nation, able for the first time to measure life in their old home town against what they saw in the West.

When Ivan comes home to Poltava and finds that he and his newly wed Sofiana must live in a lean-to which housed pigs before the Germans drove them all off to slaughter, he is not likely to be very happy about it. The fact that he has arrived fresh from a little Hungarian village where he slept in a feather bed and had plenty of rich butter, cheese and fat roast pigs to eat is not calculated to soothe his temper. Those whose faith is faltering in democracy's ability to cope with postwar problems would probably be profoundly comforted by Ivan's language.

There are millions of Ivans in Russia today. Some have no place to live. Some find they must work in dirty broken-down factories. Others become embroiled in bureaucratic tangles. All are looking at Russia with new eyes, eyes which have seen in the West many things which are not to be found in Russia. It would be absurd to suppose that in their minds they have not placed question marks after many conclusions which they had always regarded as certainties.

Soviet vs. Western Way of Life

Behind the newspaper reports of the purges, the shake-ups and the firings lies, in fact, a virtual trial of strength between the Western way of life and that of the Soviet. There is no secret about this battle. No censors are suppressing the story of it; on the contrary, day by day, the Russian newspapers and magazines devote most of their attention to it.

Actually, of course the West has little chance to win this battle for the Soviet mind. For ranged behind the government are all the organs of public opinion, the newspapers, the radio, the ceaseless personal propaganda work of trained Communists, the whole powerful apparatus of the state which can and does force dissenters to hew to the line. And most important of all are the habits of a lifetime of discipline.

But the very fact that such a contest should be raging, that after nearly thirty years of indoctrination and training, doubts can be sown in Soviet minds by exposure not to the skyscrapers of New York or the libraries of England, but to the rubble-strewn cities of Germany, poverty-stricken Vienna or the primitive peasant villages of Rumania constitutes a tribute to the strength of Western ways.

The Kremlin prides itself on foresight, on long-term analysis of political trends through what it regards as the key to the solution of all human ills and problems, the doctrines of Karl Marx, as elaborated and modified by Nikolay Lenin and Josef Stalin. The Kremlin saw the problem of the returning Russian war veteran coming a long way off. It began its campaign to hold the confidence of its fighting forces the moment they moved across the Soviet frontier for the first time in the spring of 1944.

Russia's best correspondents marched with the Soviet troops and their first dispatches after the capture of Bucharest set a tone which has been maintained to this day. Vasili Grossman, one of the better Soviet correspondents, wrote in bitter contempt for Rumanian "culture," for Rumanian women, their silk stockings, their painted fingernails and lips, their mincing manners. He drew sharp contrasts between the estates of wealthy Rumanian landlords and the miserable lives of Rumanian peasants.

Throughout his article there was a warning to look behind the enamel on the fingernails or the rouge on the lips, to recognize the façade behind which was hidden misery, poverty and exploitation. That appeal still persists in frequent articles in Red Star, Red Fleet and the Communist Agitator.

The heaviest guns in the Soviet propaganda battery were unlimbered to "explain" the West to the troops seeing it for the first time. Party agitators and morale officers lectured them repeatedly on the "true significance" of Western bourgeois culture. They hammered away at the point that the fine buildings, good highways, excellent houses and the better food were the privileges only of the few and resulted from the exploitation of the masses. In Russia, said the agitators, there were, perhaps, fewer watches, fewer cooking pots and less food, but all shared equally in what there was.

There was also introduced a drive for stricter discipline. The new code emphasized the subordination of men to officers, the need for implicit obedience to orders, the necessity for saluting and military courtesy. It was presented in Stalin's own name with a fanfare of wide publicity.

"The commander's order is the fatherland's order and cannot be broken," said Red Star, the Army newspaper. "There is not and there cannot be any deviation from the commander's order. No difficulties, privations, or dangers, even if they involve the risk of life, can prevent the Soviet soldier from carrying out his commander's orders. Iron military discipline is necessary."

COLLIER'S "Sometimes I feel the flies would be less bother" HANK KETCHAM

The Returned-Soldier Problem

As the Red Army began to return to its homeland in increasing numbers, the campaign entered a new phase. Special reindoctrination centers were established. The Communist party press harangued itself on the need for adjusting troops to civilian life and to the new tasks, trials and hardships that lay ahead.

There was sugar as well as vinegar for the returned veterans. By government edict each was to be provided with a job, a place to live, new civilian clothing and generous discharge pay. When local officials fell down on this assignment, punishment followed swiftly. In one typical case the chief prosecutor of Kiev, a man named Lanchukovsky, was fired from his job when four returned Red Army men reported that he refused to hear their complaint against local bureaucrats who had neglected to provide them a place to live.

Before long, as the Red Army men spread across the land and took up their old places at work benches and on the farms, the government's campaign to keep the people's minds free from infectious Western ideas broadened and broadened until by this fall it had practically blanketed all Soviet life and thought.

This drive has taken two principal forms: First, there has been an aggressive, open attack against any kind of thinking, writing and action which might conceivably bear a taint of Westernism. Second, there has been a parallel drive against inefficiency, graft and poor conditions in Soviet industry and agriculture with the objective of closing the still yawning gap between Soviet and Western standards.

It would be easy to oversimplify these campaigns. The challenge of the West is not the only thing the government is striking at. During the war every resource of the country was thrown into the fight against Germany. Russia ran down at the heels badly. Factories began to fall apart. The living standard of most people dropped to a submarginal level. Slipshod, incompetent work and management became commonplace because the best personnel was drafted into the Red Army and key war industries. The government had no time to worry about these conditions. Now it is going to work on them with a vengeance.

The war even affected Russia's shock troops, the Communist party itself. Always the party had been kept lean, small and disciplined. Now it became sprawling and lax, its membership tripled through rewards to soldiers for heroism or to workers for high production. No longer were party members carefully indoctrinated and tested repeatedly before being 'let into the coveted inner circle.

Now, too, Russia is plunging into massive tasks of reconstruction, tasks so vast that the government must throw virtually all the production of the new five-year plan into rebuilding and rehabilitation, leaving little surplus for any improvement of the low living standards endured during the war. Were there no question of the appeal of Western ideas the dust would still be flying in Russia today.

What sort of Western ideas are under attack? There really seems to be no limit. Every day some newspaper finds a new target.

The newspaper, Evening Moscow, a popular sheet, lambasted Russia's two leading jazz bands for displaying too great fondness for Western music, which appealed only to "low taste." The Evening Moscow told the maestros to play more home-grown jive—or else. The editors of a Red Army newspaper were tidily dressed down for "poisoning the minds of their readers with false morals." Their crime was to recommend the Sherlock Holmes stories as "a model of magnificent strength of thought and great culture."

More serious was the indictment of a literary group of Leningrad which was charged with encouraging the spread of "alien decadent ideas." It also had approved the publication of satirical sketches which were said to hold up Soviet life to ridicule. Since Leningrad might be regarded as the Boston of Russia and certainly as its leading artistic center, the penalties for deviating from the straight and narrow were severe.

The leading literary magazine, Leningrad, which had been founded during the terrible Nazi siege was suppressed and the writings of Satirist Mikhail Zoschenko and of an elderly poetess, Anna Akhmatova, were banned. The head of the All Russian Union of Writers, named Tikhonov, lost his job for encouraging the Leningraders, and a dozen others, including some leading Communists, were censured.

The chief whipcracker in the campaign to clean up Russian thought has been a new magazine named Culture and Life, which apparently had been founded by the Central Committee of the Communist party for this particular purpose.

Criticism For Intellectuals

Culture and Life levels its blasts every week along two principal lines—that Russian intellectuals are too much influenced by the "alien, decadent, bourgeois" notions of the West and that they fail to mirror accurately the great current issues and problems of Soviet life.

The stage and film industries have been turned upside down by the magazine's campaign. The Central Film Committee was raked over the coals for allowing producers to base their pictures on escapist themes from history rather than "thought-provoking topics of the day." The State Arts Committee was shaken up because of its poor choice of Western plays to be staged in Russia. Two plays by Somerset Maugham, The Circle and Penelope were banned outright. So were several by Ferenc Molnar and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, on the grounds that they were "bourgeois and degenerate."

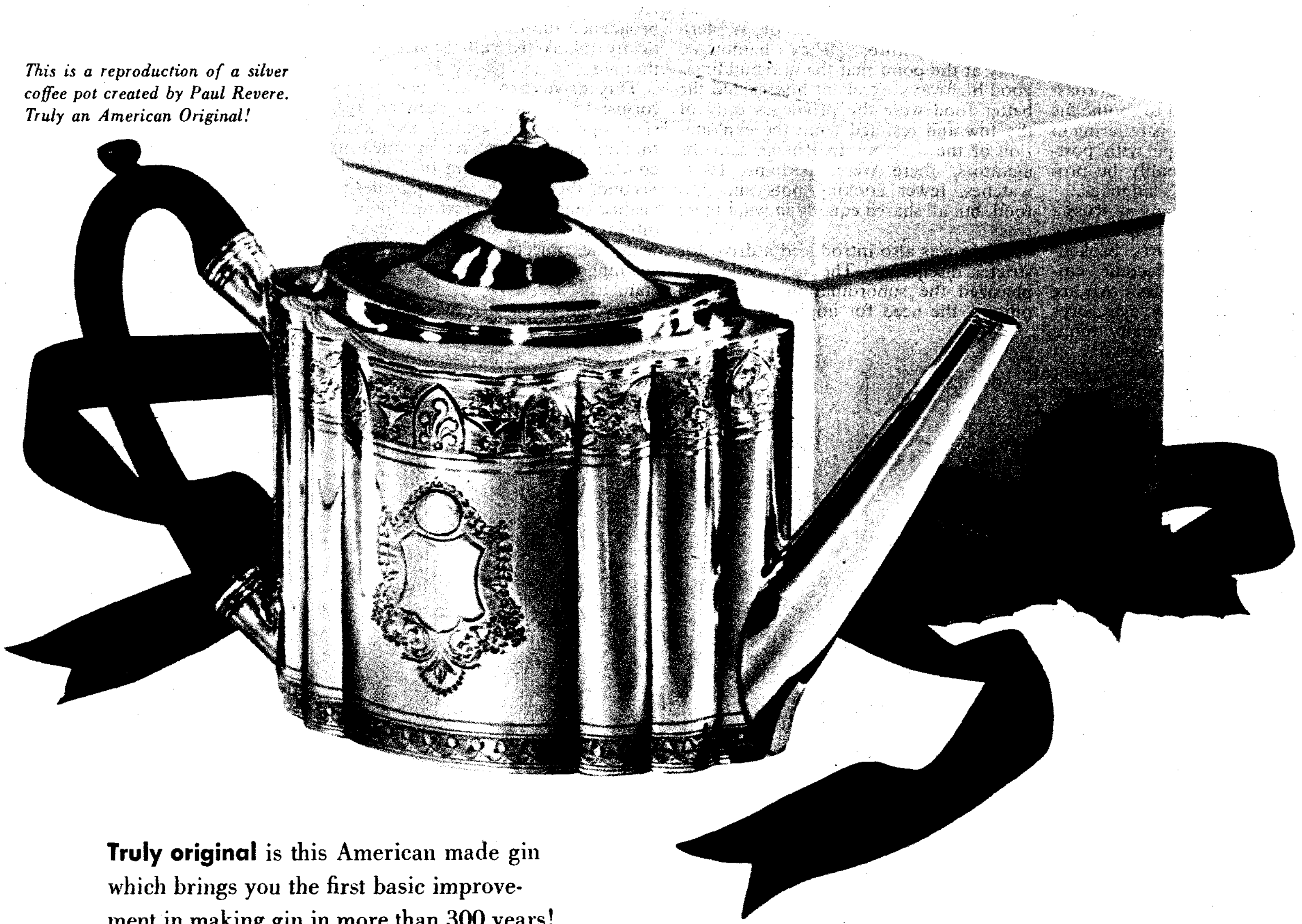
The fact that Soviet critics had previously praised these plays for revealing so dramatically the errors and degeneracy of Western life was quite overlooked.

Next, Culture and Life blasted a new collection of one-act plays just issued by the State Publishing House. The plays, by British and American authors, were called "an example of the base and low quality of foreign drama." It forbade the presentation within the borders of Russia of The Man Who Came to Dinner and wound up denouncing John Hersey's A Bell for Adano because, they said, it actually contributed to the growth of Fascism even though ostensibly attacking it.

But Western ideas are not the only target. Individuals prominently associ-

American Originals

This is a reproduction of a silver coffee pot created by Paul Revere. Truly an American Original!



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DISTILLED DRY

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ated with the West are fair game, too, and there have been at least three prominent examples. One was Marshal Grigori Zhukov, who was quietly removed from his post as commander of all Soviet ground forces last July. He was sent down to Odessa to command a provincial garrison. No public announcement of this demotion of Russia's Number One general has been made, nor has there been any official explanation. But Zhukov's personal relations with such Western commanders as Generals Dwight D. Eisenhower and W. Bedell Smith were unusually warm and friendly.

Another case was that of Sergei Eisenstein, the noted film producer. His association with the West stems from many years spent in Hollywood. Eisenstein was the object of a bitter attack for his production of Part Two of his three-part epic on the life of Ivan the Terrible. The picture was banned from distribution for Eisenstein's alleged failure to depict Ivan as a progressive statesman. Instead, the director was said to have shown Ivan as "a maniaclike scoundrel who behaves in a crazy manner, surrounded by gangs of young cutthroats." The picture was called "antihistorical and antiartistic."

Probably no one in Russia is more closely identified with friendship with the West than Maxim Litvinov. The same issues of the Moscow press which reported the ever-widening offensive against Western thought printed a three-line item saying that Litvinov had been released from his duties as Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs. There was no elaboration, no explanation.

"What shall I do, Mother? He simply refuses to beat me"

COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

Fears That Haunt the Kremlin

Against this background it is probably natural that the Kremlin has displayed nervousness regarding those parts of Russia closest to the West—the Ukraine, the Baltic States and particularly regions where the German occupation lasted longest.

The magazine Bolshevik, also an organ of the Communist Party Central Committee, summed up the situation with an article by a writer named V. Kolbanovski, who warned that "survivals of capitalism have not yet been overcome in the minds of the people and the danger of the influencing of some layers of the population by the psychology of private property hostile to Communism has not been liquidated."

"It should be kept in mind," he emphasized, "that during the war years the people in the regions occupied by the Germans were subjected to the influence of Fascist propaganda which tried to implant sentiments for private property and against collective farms and the Soviet system."

Writing in the same vein, the Communist party organ, Pravda, warned that "the party organization in the Baltic republics and the new regions should take account of the particular conditions reigning there and only pick tested persons devoted to the cause of Communism."

And this was the theme of two of the biggest individual clean-up drives so far undertaken by the government, one to purge the whole Communist party and government setup in the Ukraine and another to shake up the collective farm system, which embraces more than two thirds of Soviet agriculture.

The Ukraine, of course, has long been Russia's Number One trouble spot. It still is, if the words of Nikita Khrushchek, a Politburo member, are to be believed. Speaking to an assembly of comrades in Kiev he announced that one out of every three party secretaries in the Ukraine had been fired and that two thirds of the executive committee heads and tractor station bosses were being replaced. The reason, Khrushchek told the party, was that in spite of all efforts the Ukraine was still a breeding ground of "bourgeois and nationalist" ideology, a reservoir of sympathy toward the institution of private property and a land of persistent and possibly occasionally willful inefficiency.

The indictment of the collective farm system echoed the same complaints. The collectives were alleged to be ridden with graft and inefficiency, to have failed to conduct their affairs in a properly democratic manner. They were also charged with allowing the institution of private property to rear its ugly head. Farmers were increasing their own land tracts at the expense of those collectively owned and paying more heed to their own cows, pigs and chickens than to those on which the state was dependent for its food supply.

The drive against plain, old-fashioned graft, inefficiency and bad management spread across the entire country. The director of a great Donbas steel mill was thrown out of his job because his workers had to sleep for months in hotel corridors and never got their pay on time. A rubber-plant manager was sent to jail for adding sand and gravel to the tires in order to boost tonnage and win cash bonuses. Three members of the Soviet Cabinet have been fired for incompetence. On some days page one of Izvestia is almost entirely devoted to exposés of goings-on which blend the more colorful features of Baton Rouge in Huey Long's time, the Chicago of Al Capone, and U.S. railroads in the Jim Fisk era.

Where Strikes are Infrequent

The long gap in officially reported strikes in Russia probably sets some kind of world record. Not long ago Vasili Kuznetsov, head of the Soviet Trade Unions, was asked about strikes in the Soviet Union. He recalled that in 1919 there had been a two-day strike in a Russian steel mill and that in 1923 there had been "a little strike" in western Russia. He blamed that strike on the fact that Russia was changing over in 1923 from Czarist currency to Soviet rubles and said that when the difficulty was explained to the workers they returned to their jobs.

"There have been no strikes since then," he said.

Reference to contemporary accounts discloses that in December, 1923, large numbers of Soviet workers went on strike.

There has even been a strike in Russia recently—the first since 1923. On April 6th the newspaper of the Trade Unions, Trud, revealed that a strike had been called in a metal-working plant by officials of the electrical workers union.

The work stoppage was ordered because the managers of the plant had ignored, since 1944, complaints of the workers concerning their working conditions. The men in 1944 had passed resolutions asking the management to install a ventilating system and suction pumps to remove dust from the polishing machines. They also complained regarding their housing facilities. Nothing happened. Two years later, in January of this year, they renewed their complaints and received promises from the management of better conditions. In March, when nothing had yet been done, the indignant union officials pulled the men off the job.

Trud did not report the outcome of the strike but the implication was that the men did not go back to work until their demands were met.

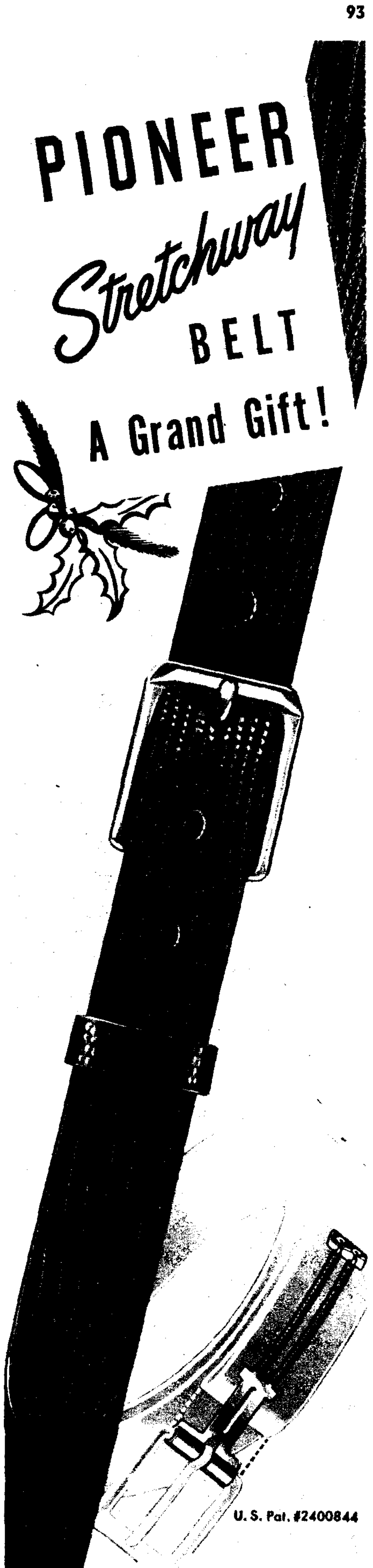
Yet so far there have been no allegations of deliberate "wrecking," no charges of conspiracy against Stalin or the government, no charges of collaboration with any foreign power. What does emerge from this picture, drawn, incidentally, entirely from the Russian press' own reports, is an impression of a government beset by more problems than even a Soviet man can solve between dawn and dusk. And over and above all is the problem of justifying to Soviet citizens—both those who have seen the West and those who are now hearing it secondhand—the sacrifices which must be made for the Soviet way of life.

Russia under Stalin seems to be facing a test and a challenge almost as great as the recent one flung at it by Hitler's Germany.

Sometimes we Americans become so preoccupied with our own troubles that we think nobody else has any problems. I know of a woman who recently wrote to the editor of her newspaper, asking whether there were strikes anywhere except in the United States. "I don't know whether they have strikes in Europe or not," she said, "but if they do I'd like you to print something about them. It would make me feel better to know that they have their troubles, too."

Well, there is trouble in Russia.

THE END



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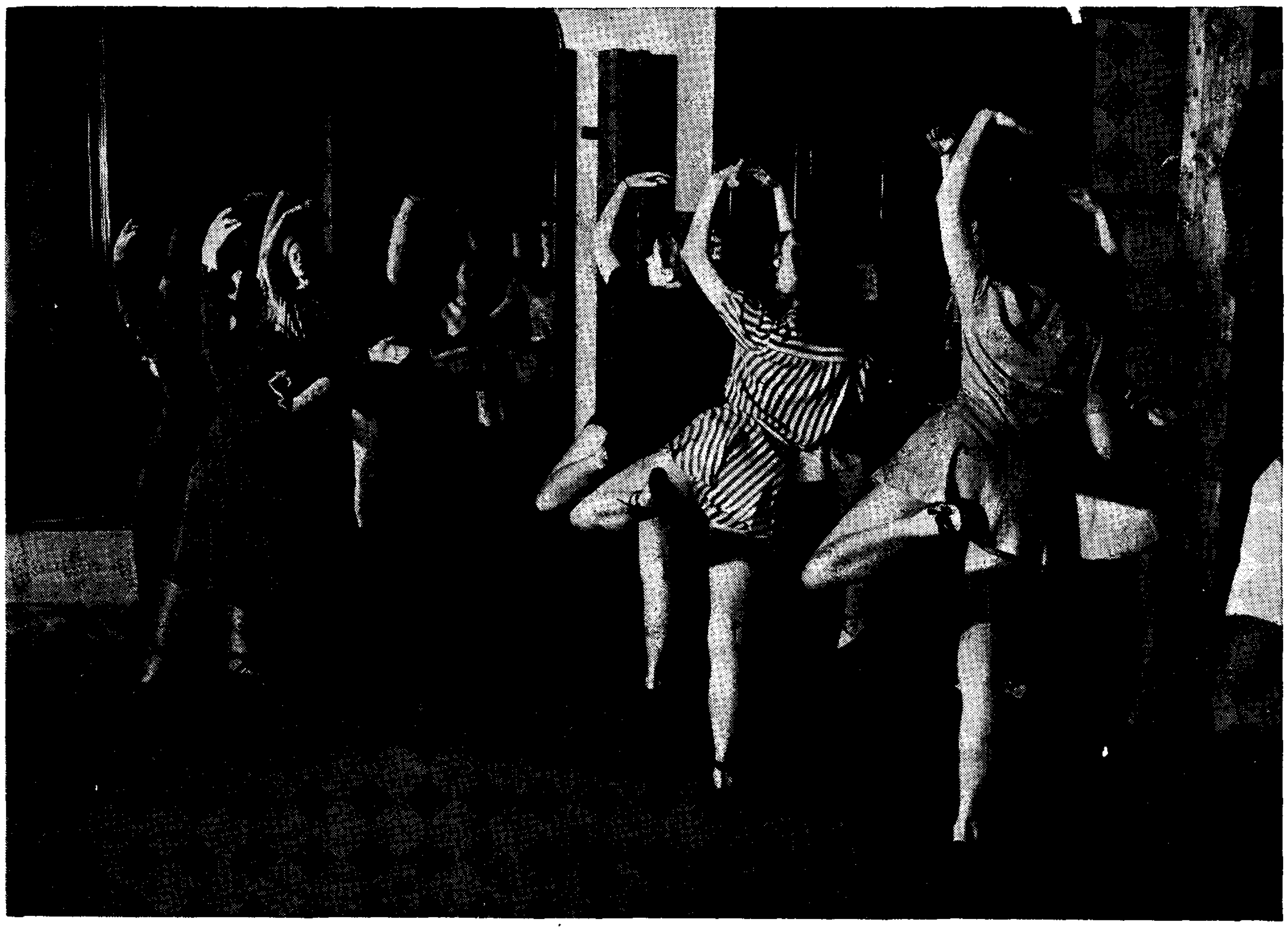


The regimen at the Academy is definitely not for softies. Courses in ballet and modern dance are interlarded with lectures on the history, literature, culture and psychology of other nations, plus many technical subjects

SMÖRGÅSBORD CIRCUIT

Continued from page 12

sufficiently moved by her manner to note, "While she has too much the appearance of a country girl, she is very natural, and is the type that does not use make-up on her face or on her mind." Encouraged, Miss Bergman tackled Rostand's L'Aiglon and August Strindberg's A Dream Play in the remaining eliminations, and survived.

Greta Garbo, on the other hand, was less inhibited when she faced the initial elimination. She had worked in a Stockholm barbershop, where women lather customers' faces and men shave them, and then had taken a job in a mammoth Stockholm department store selling hats. Finally she graduated to modeling them. She was discovered, according to the most general Stockholm story, by Ivar Kreuger, the Match King, and encouraged to try out for the Royal Academy. She breezed through the first elimination and the trials that followed with noisy confidence and a theatrically low voice.

Weeding Out for the Finals

During this year's trials the seven judges—including Mr. Wendbladh, a quartet of Royal Theater professionals, and two wealthy Stockholm citizens—watched an average of 22 contestants daily for five days, made notes and conferred. At last, of the original 112 applicants, 37 were permitted to enter the second elimination. Here the applicants had to play scenes selected by the judges. This elimination lasted two days, and the judges selected 16 women and men to compete in the finals.

The final elimination was held in a single day. There is, of course, no yardstick for measuring which young woman or man possesses the most potential talent, but the judges watch for certain things. "We observe a young girl's feeling for fantasy," says Mr. Wendbladh, "we study her emotional range, we watch if she has nerve, we gauge her temperament. If she is beautiful, well, of course that helps, but with us, it is the least important."

In Sweden many of the best actresses, while attractive, are Amazons. Almost none of them wears cosmetics. They usually have ruddy apple-cheeks, and their faces shine as if they've just ducked out of the shower. Most Swedish young women have very thick legs and feet like Clementine. Greta Garbo, regarded as a gal with petite feet by the Swedes, wears size 9 shoes. Furthermore, most Swedish girls know nothing whatsoever about grooming; their hair straggles, and their hats and dresses are tasteless.

Yet these items are regarded as superficials by the Royal Academy. Swedish girls, as well as men, have sincerity, simplicity and feeling, and these are considered sufficient. Mr. Wendbladh points out that one of Sweden's leading young movie actresses today is almost ugly, yet a tremendous favorite. Mr. Wendbladh took a Hungarian diplomat to see this girl in a new film, and the Hungarian was aghast. "How can you sit all evening and look at that face?" he exclaimed. But the Swedes happily look at it, because, says Mr. Wendbladh, "this woman's beauty radiates from within."

Grappling with such intangibles, the judges must make their selections. There is no tuition for the winners. They are the guests of the state. And when they reach their third and final year—the premier year, it is called—they receive a salary of 2,000 kronor (about $600) for their studies. All students must, however, pay their own living expenses. Since most come from Stockholm, they dwell with their families or their husbands. "But we never wish economics to stand in a student's way," says Mr. Wendbladh, "and if one manages his budget badly, and needs money for rent, food or clothing, we loan him that money from our special Donor's Fund. Wealthy people send us gifts ranging from 50 to 500 kronor, and we loan this money out as it is needed."

Students are further permitted, even as freshmen, to earn extra money working nights and summers on the stage or for Swedish movie firms. Many built their earliest reputations this way. Viveca Lindfors spent an entire summer vacation doing one-night stands throughout Sweden in an Irwin Shaw play. She managed to save most of her small earnings for her next school year.

The star student currently attending the Royal Academy, now in her third year, is a twenty-one-year-old beauty named Maj-Britt Nilsson. She is a gorgeous golden blonde, in the Hollywood manner, with a perfect complexion, generous lips, unusually shapely legs. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 116½ pounds. Though still a student participating in the daily Academy grind, Miss Nilsson already has a reputation throughout Sweden. Last summer she played a bit in her first movie, and was so outstanding that the Svenska Film-industri, Sweden's leading movie company, this summer gave her leads in two pictures. For these two parts, which rocketed her to stardom, Maj-Britt Nilsson received 20,000 kronor (about $6,000). She was required to give the Academy 35 per cent commission, but still netted enough to take care of her needs until graduation.

"First-year students are rarely permitted on the stage," says Mr. Wendbladh, "but second- and third-year students, I am sorry to say, are very often there." Freshmen live a merry-go-round of lectures on world literary and theater history and on the complex lives of historical figures they might one day play. In private and in groups, they hear talks on the technique, the fine points, the tricks of the acting art.

A Comprehensive Curriculum

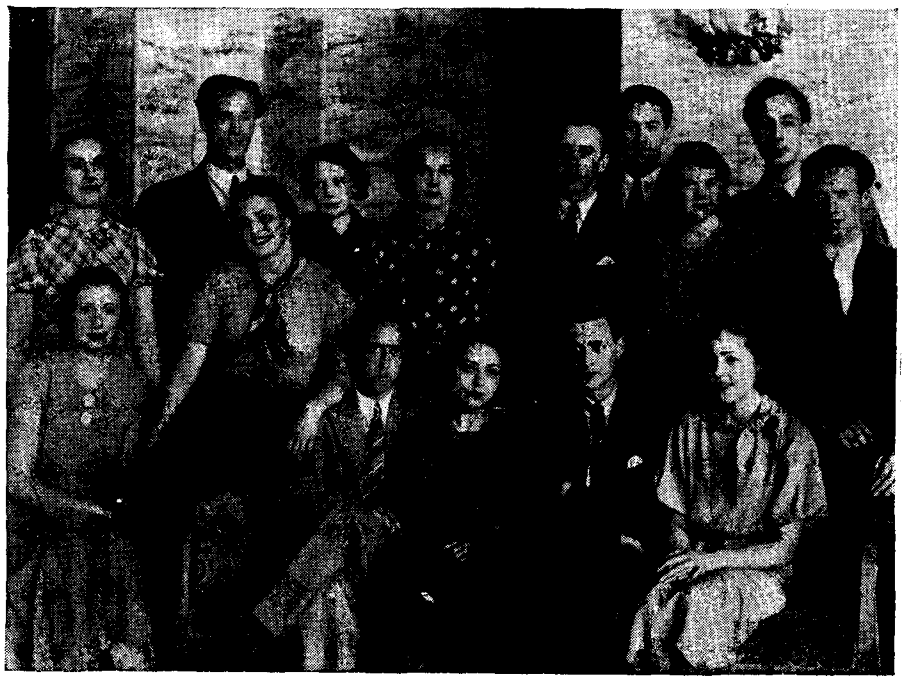
There are the usual courses in body culture, how to stand, how to sit, how to walk out of a room, how to move up a flight of stairs; there is Swedish diction (all students also speak at least broken English, learned previously in grammar school from London-published textbooks); there is a course on Shakespeare and his works; there are long sessions of tongue-twisting poems read aloud; there are hours devoted to learning elementary stage make-up; finally there are series of lectures, of a type unknown to American dramatic schools, on the art and music of all countries, and on the manners and customs and psychology of the citizens of other nations.

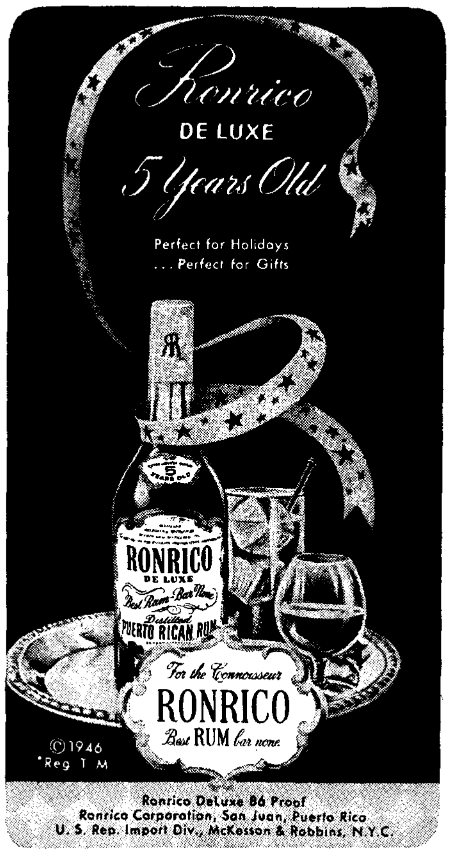
This last course, incidentally, is not a seminar for good will. The Royal Academy realizes that Swedish horizons are limited and that many of its pupils may eventually go abroad for their careers. Therefore they should know the backgrounds of foreign audiences.

When the freshman year is done and the second year under way, the student at last ascends the Academy's miniature stage. Most of the courses except the historical ones are continued, but in addition the student is permitted to carry spears, play the voice-off-stage or a walk-on maid in evening performances of the august Royal Theater.

Most third-year students arrive at the

Ingrid Bergman (second from left, front) was just a fresh-faced country girl when this picture was taken in 1934. Signe Hasso stands behind her

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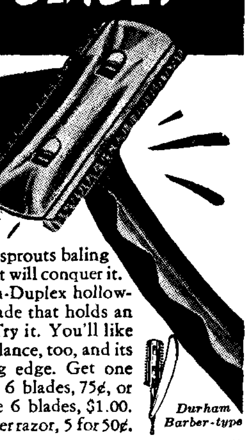
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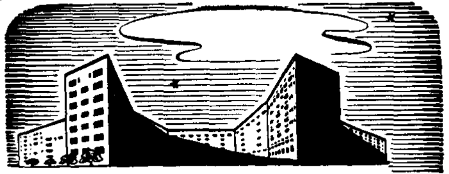
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school at ten and study the bulletin board for the day's schedule. The first class may be in good manners. It lasts one hour. After that the routine begins.

In the cafeteria at lunchtime, the students gossip about Hollywood and Swedish actors. Here, over the ever-present Swedish coffee and open sandwiches, the favorite school stories are repeated. The time Greta Garbo was rehearsing her role as Mary, Queen of Scots, and refused to play the part until she knew more about the Queen's life. Instructors tried to orient her. Miss Garbo tackled the role, but continued to have trouble with it and continued to ask for more and more information on the Queen's past. At last, one day, in the middle of rehearsal, unable to grasp the characterization, she blew up. "This lady is impossible!" she cried. "Did she not ever know a man?"

Echoes of the Bergman Legend

There is rarely gossip about Bergman. Her school days were somewhat austere, and never, then or after, was she touched by even a scandalous rumor. Almost every boy in the school was in love with her, but her feminine classmates disliked her aloofness. The only Bergman jokes the girls persist in repeating are those regarding her alleged parsimony. The criticisms of Miss Bergman's Hollywood performances are usually aimed at her "coldness" and "stiffness" which the Nordics do not consider typically Nordic.

After lunch, if there is time, the premier students watch rehearsals of a big-time Royal Theater play, conducted in the same building. Then, for four hours in the afternoon, they go through grinding rehearsals of their own. At five o'clock the day is officially over. But more often than not, students like Maj-Britt Nilsson have to perform at the Royal Theater. When she does have a free evening, Miss Nilsson may reserve a seat for a Bette Davis feature. She tries to average seeing six movies a week, and thinks she learns a lot about being emotionally relaxed from watching Hollywood actresses. Recently she saw some of Garbo's old films, which were reissued, and she now thinks Garbo is twice as good as Bergman. But like most of the students of the Academy, she feels Signe Hasso, who starred in The House on 92nd Street, is the school's greatest talent.

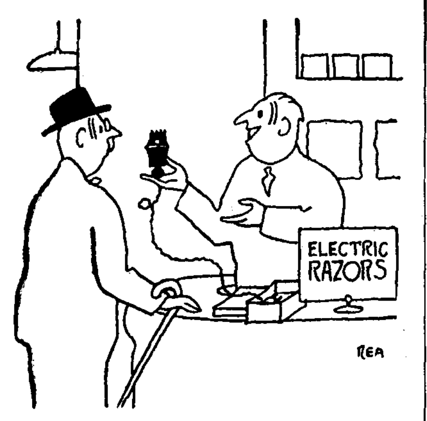
Maj-Britt Nilsson and her seven classmates will graduate next year in May. An annex of the Royal Theater is taken over for this important occasion. Invitations are issued to relatives, friends and talent scouts. The second-year students provide the curtain raiser with their ten-minutes sketches. Then the premier students present long excerpts of famous plays plus complete one-act dramas. Last May, W. Somerset Maugham's work was used at graduation, and next May, Miss Nilsson will appear in slices from Clifford Odets.

As they approach these exercises, the students know that the most famous alumni of the Academy received their initial breaks at graduation performances or shortly thereafter. Of course, they know also that all graduates have not become renowned abroad. Some, in fact, have given up acting itself for marriage or equally stable professions. The average Academy graduate does not become another Bergman. Failing to get offers to go abroad, she takes the best she can get in Sweden, and usually that's impressive.

But most Academy graduates prefer more reckless dreams. They remember that Greta Garbo was signed for pictures by a great director, Maurice Stiller. Shortly thereafter he directed her in the saga of Goesta Berling. It was a sensation throughout Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland. Louis B. Mayer, of M-G-M, touring Europe, saw the film. He urged Stiller to come to Hollywood. Stiller insisted that Garbo go with him. She was cast in The Temptress under Stiller's direction. After ten days, the studio dismissed Stiller, who went back to his homeland heartbroken, to die a year later—and Garbo, somewhat embittered, went on to become a legend.

In Ingrid Bergman's case a representative of Svensk Film-industri spotted her at graduation exercises for older students. At the time Miss Bergman was helping to support several relatives by running a photographic shop she had inherited from her father. The film offer seemed to be a solution to all her problems. Yet she was tied to the school by contract. The director refused to allow her to work regularly for films while still attending classes. So Miss Bergman decided to quit. The Academy angrily tore up her contract.

After several false starts as an ingénue, she was given dramatic roles. Her reputation grew, her salary rose from 15,000 to 25,000 kronor ($4,500 to $7,000) a picture, she made Intermezzo in Swedish, was beckoned by Hollywood, agreed to sign with Selznick only if she did not have to pluck her eyebrows or pose in bathing suits, sailed over on the Rex—and has just finished making The Arch of Triumph for Enterprise, for which she is receiving $175,000, plus a cut of the net profits.



"It simply yanks out each little whisker by the roots and ends your shaving problems for good and all"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Viveca Lindfors, after her graduation, remained on the stage of the Royal Theater, then entered Swedish movies. Her popularity grew and her salary pyramided to 30,000 kronor, almost $10,000, for every film role. She quit Sweden only when Warner Brothers made the offer attractive enough.

All of these great successes, of course, have been on the distaff side. Since Lars Hansen, Royal Academy '08, no Swedish man has gone from the school to international fame. But there is every indication that this may soon change. A sturdy young Swede named Frank Sundström, who graduated from the Academy in 1931, was summoned to New York last year to appear in Irwin Shaw's ill-fated The Assassins. Now Sundström is in Hollywood, and under contract, and minor prophets like Hedda Hopper are predicting he will become a household name.

These are the case histories Maj-Britt Nilsson and her classmates carry about with them as they rehearse for their graduation. Of course, Miss Nilsson vehemently denies any longing for Hollywood's peppermint-stick world. "I want only to visit Hollywood," she says, "and perhaps make one, two pictures But I do not wish to stay there. I know it is lovely there—but Sweden is lovely too, and I want always to make Sweden my home."

Now where have we heard that before?

THE END

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FUN WITH FURS

Continued from page 86

around her shoulders when she comes out.

Esther was married once, in her youth, to the boy next door, but found that marriage interfered with business, so they ended it all amicably. After a few trial flights as a secretary and an artist's model, she opened a shop in the most exclusive part of Boston, making custom millinery. She still has the millinery business, although her adventures in fur now account for most of her staggering annual take. The Boston shop, as luxurious and lavish as her home, occupies four floors of her building.

Esther spends two days a week in her New York salon, directing the vast wholesale and retail fur business she has built up on a national scale in four short years, commutes the rest of the time from Boston to Natick. No little of her success is due to her own dramatic sense of showmanship. Exponent of the fabulous, she dresses to dazzle her public, and does. When she puts on a fashion show at one of her client stores around the country, Miss Dorothy does the commentary in person, and usually steals the show from her own models, even though they be displaying her $25,000 ermine cape, containing six yards of priceless pelts, or one of her breath-taking mutation mink creations, in white, platinum or silver blue.

Quite a Choice of "Creations"

Esther, as prima donna of the show, may be swathed in sable or muffled in mink. She may be wearing a suit and hat of silky Russian broadtail, black in back, white in front, with a towering two-tone hat to match. Or she may choose to appear in a simple creation of ermine or chinchilla.

Whatever her costume, you may rest assured it will be both spectacular and lavish, guaranteed to shock the customers into a state of admiring stupor. Esther's taste in jewels runs to the Christmas-tree-ornament school, but is strangely effective. She works on the theory that if one bracelet is good, ten are ten times as good. Since they don't make earrings big enough to please her, she wears clips in pairs on her ears.

She contends that anything that can be done with cloth can be done with fur. It may cost more, but it lasts longer, she points out. A few years ago she created a sensation with her fur dress of gray Russian broadtail, gleaming like silver satin. Hailed as a gag, the fur dress has become a staple, is shown in some version in every collection.

The same is true of the fur suit, usually shown also in broadtail, which, being a thin, sleek fur, lends itself to draping. This season she added carriage boots and a beret to match.

In one of her early New York showings, Esther showed jeweled fur ear muffs which took the debutante set by storm, allowing them to go hatless but still keep their ears expensively warm.

She introduces color into furs with a daring hand. The green Eurasian lamb bathrobe is one case in point. Another is her series of moleskin coats dyed in jewel tones of red, green and blue. Nice for college girls, says Esther.

Fur accessories are a passion with Esther Dorothy. She believes that if a girl can't afford a mink coat, she can make just as big a swish with a mink hat and outsize shoulder bag or muff. Or she can wear a sable stole and steal the show at any first night.

She advocates white fur weskits, jackets and capes with all black costumes, does pastel-dyed furs for the Palm Beach crowd, says furs should have an important place in every wardrobe.

Not above putting her best designing efforts into a stunning coat of budget-priced mouton lamb, she demonstrates how it can be worked as skillfully as beaver.

Esther Dorothy doesn't like imitations. If you can't afford a mink coat, she advises, don't buy something that looks like mink. Invest, instead, in something that is less expensive, but honest. Midnight-black Hudson seal is one of her favorites, recommended as smart, long-wearing and thrifty.

The periwitski fur which she uses for casual coats, pedal-pushers, vests and such, is one of her pets, being, she explains, a mongrel of the Russian sable family. Brown with yellow and black markings, it is supple, lightweight and effective. And since it has no pedigree, it is comparatively inexpensive.

When Miss Dorothy dyes a fur, she does it frankly, making it some impossible shade such as pink, green or blue, and not to imitate some other fur. She has presented every known shade of mink in her collections—but there's not a dyed or blended pelt in a planeload. Natural mutations, ranging from snowy white to almost black, are her forte. She is particularly fond of the new amber mink, a shade flattering to blondes.

Miss Dorothy says that when a woman sets out to buy a mink coat she should consider its color as carefully as its cut and the quality of its skins. The fabulous silver-blue mink is most flattering to some complexions, completely ineffective with others. Dark ranch mink may be one woman's dish, while taffy-colored wild mink brings out the hidden beauty of another.

So great is the range of natural color in pelts produced by modern fur magicians that any woman can find a fur to enhance the beauty of her eyes and hair, or match them, says Esther.

Where Designer's Skill Comes In

After she has selected her pelts, the styling of the coat is of next importance. Even the most beautiful furs can be ruined by clumsy handling. And this is where the Dorothy touch comes in. She designs a fur coat as she would a dress of slithery satin, concentrating on line, eliminating bulk, paying particular attention to proportion.

It's a far cry from the stiff, bulky fur coats of 20 years ago to the chiffon minks and satiny broadtails that flow from the Esther Dorothy workrooms today.

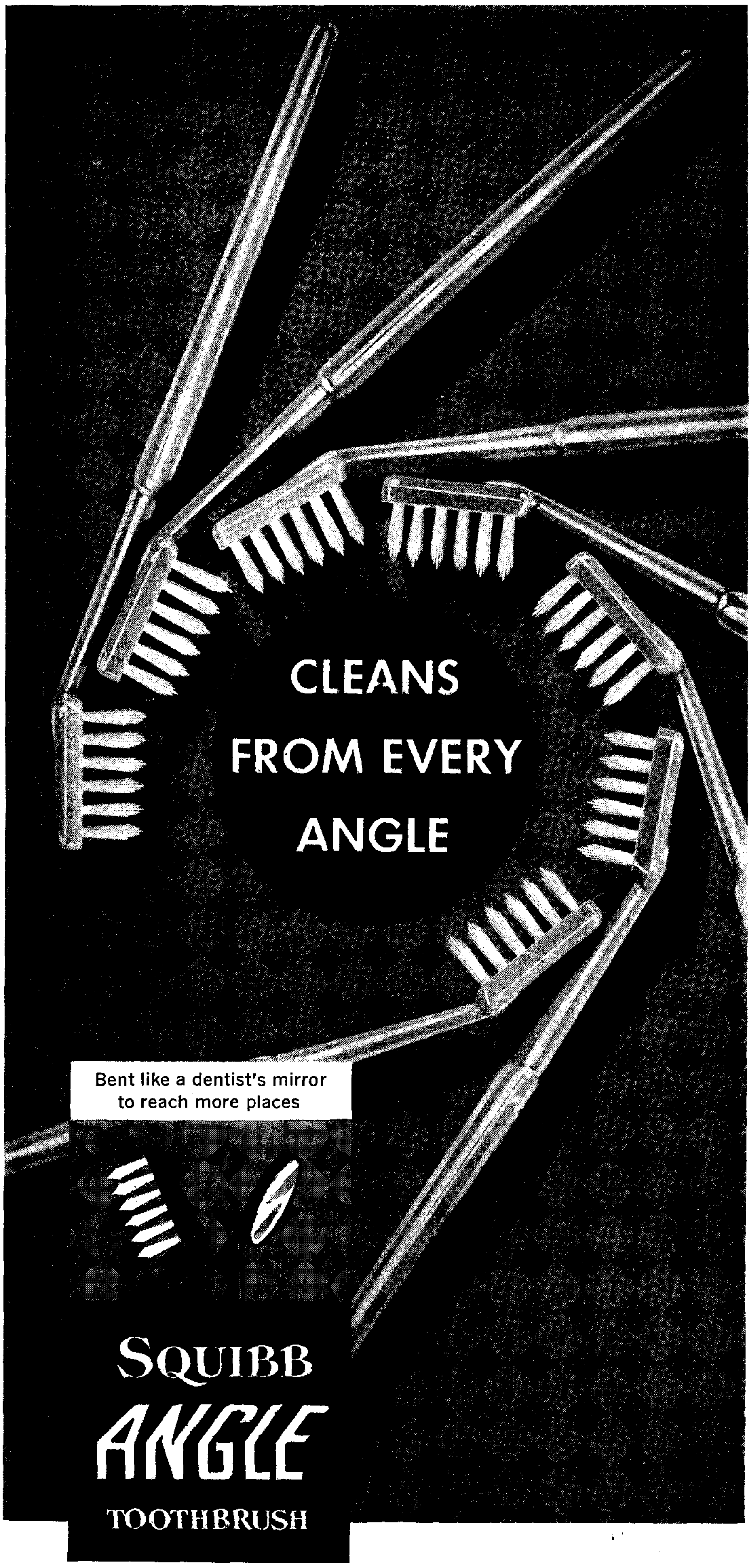
The things he is cooking up for her 1947 show would make Dan'l Boone discard his coonskin cap in shame. One of these is a complete fur wedding dress. It will be of the finest white Russian broadtail, which looks something like white satin. The gown, Esther confides, will take eight months to make, and will be worked all over in bead embroidery—a gown worthy of a maharani or at least a movie bride.

The unpredictable Esther is toying with the idea, too, of an ermine tennis dress—a little fur skirt, she points out, would not only be suitable attire for a queen of the courts, but also could be used at other times as a capelet.

After all, says Esther, there's nothing so new about the idea of wearing fur for all occasions. The cavewomen started it, back in the dim dawn of history, wearing leopard skins to do their cavehold chores and finding them most practical.

So don't lift your eyebrows at the ermine apron Esther Dorothy shows in her current collection, or the periwitski pants. The designer is merely following the lead of our earliest ancestors, and "doin' what comes naturally."

THE END



TEETH CAN'T ESCAPE the angled head of this unique toothbrush. Its scientific design helps you reach all your teeth with an ease you never before experienced. Departing from old-fashioned ideas, the Squibb Angle Toothbrush is made to get around your mouth gracefully—to clean *every* tooth from *every* angle. It was the inspiration of a practicing dentist. Good druggists have it. Your teeth need it. It costs no more than other brushes. Your choice of hard or medium bristles.

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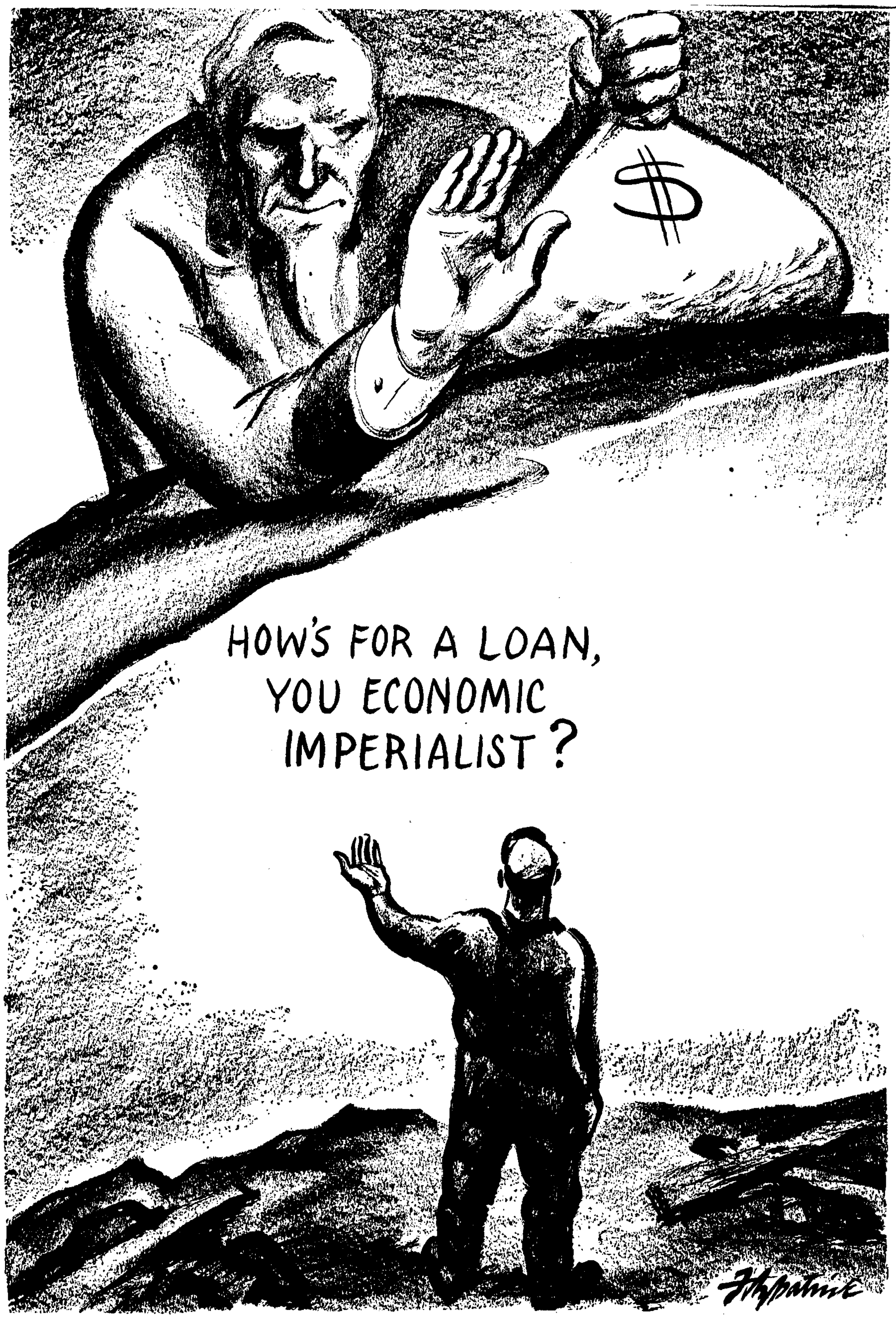

HOW'S FOR A LOAN, YOU ECONOMIC IMPERIALIST?
Fitzpatrick

OUR DOLLARS; OUR DETRACTORS

WE FELT certain we heard a nation-wide sigh of pleasure when Secretary of State Byrnes announced that U.S. dollars, credits, etc., were not going to be available any more to nations whose leaders were in the habit of publicly slurring the United States. This announcement came shortly after the suspension of $90,000,000 worth of financial assistance to Czechoslovakia, a nation to which the UNRRA already had allocated $270,000,000 worth of supplies.

Czechoslovakia had taken to buying American war surplus goods with money advanced by the United States, and then reselling them to Rumania at a profit. Czech representatives during the Paris Peace Conference, too, had endorsed the Soviet Russian mahoola about the United States practicing "economic imperialism" in Eastern Europe.

We'd be foolish to expect any overwhelming gratitude from any nation we've helped. Finland seems to have a monopoly on national gratitude. But we're entitled to expect that our help shall be received in the spirit in which it is given. That spirit is a genuine desire to help the postwar world.

We don't have to take insults in return for our help. We had taken more than enough of these before Byrnes said we weren't having any more. Tito had shot down a couple of our planes over Yugoslavia. His regime had camouflaged the U.S. origin of a lot of UNRRA food and clothing, and had told the Yugoslavs the stuff came from Russia. The Russian government had been telling its people that we were conducting big relief operations in Byelorussia and the Ukraine because our capitalist system was frightened for its life and was trying to buy time and mercy from Communism.

There would be no sense in going to war over such insults. But neither would there be any sense or dignity in continuing to take these tweaks to the national nose without protest. We can best protest by cutting off help from those who show no appreciation of our help. Plenty of nations will show some appreciation—among which, just as a starter, we'll mention the Philippines Republic, a more than friendly power which could use a good deal more help than we've yet given it in its efforts to recover from the war.

WHITHER PARIS?

WHEN Paris closes its brothels, that's News. This is just what Paris recently did, on the insistence of various heroes and heroines of the wartime resistance movement.

Mowed down by the Paris police were 192 bordels, with 1,300 rooms. Thrown onto the streets, though maybe that isn't the most accurate term for it, were 6,600 ladies of the evening. Among the casualties were the famous Sphinx, and 122 Rue de Provence. Some of these places are scheduled to be reborn as venereal clinics.

What happens next in Paris? The answer to that question should be of great interest to sociologists, criminologists, and plain coppers all over the world.

In the United States a generation or so ago, a reform wave shut down most cities' segregated and plainly delimited red-light districts. What happened here was that the girls merely infiltrated all around town, so that the police could no longer keep thorough tabs on them.

White slavery got less and less sensational write-ups in the papers. The last we heard, though, there was still some prostitution being practiced here and there in the United States. Whether the suppression of red-light districts materially cut down disease and crime in this country is an open question.

Anyway, it will be extremely interesting to watch the progress of the antiprostitution experiment in the City of Light. If said city can actually stamp out prostitution, it will be entitled to call itself the City of Miracles at the very least.

BETTER RAISE RAILROAD RATES

THE railroads are asking the Interstate Commerce Commission for a freight-rate increase of about 19 per cent over wartime rates. Our feeling is that some increase had better be granted, and fairly soon.

The I.C.C.'s duty under the law is to fix rates which will yield "revenues sufficient to enable the carriers . . . to provide . . . efficient transportation." Its duty is not to keep the roads starving along until they are forced into bankruptcy or until doctrinaires persuade public opinion to demand that the government take over.

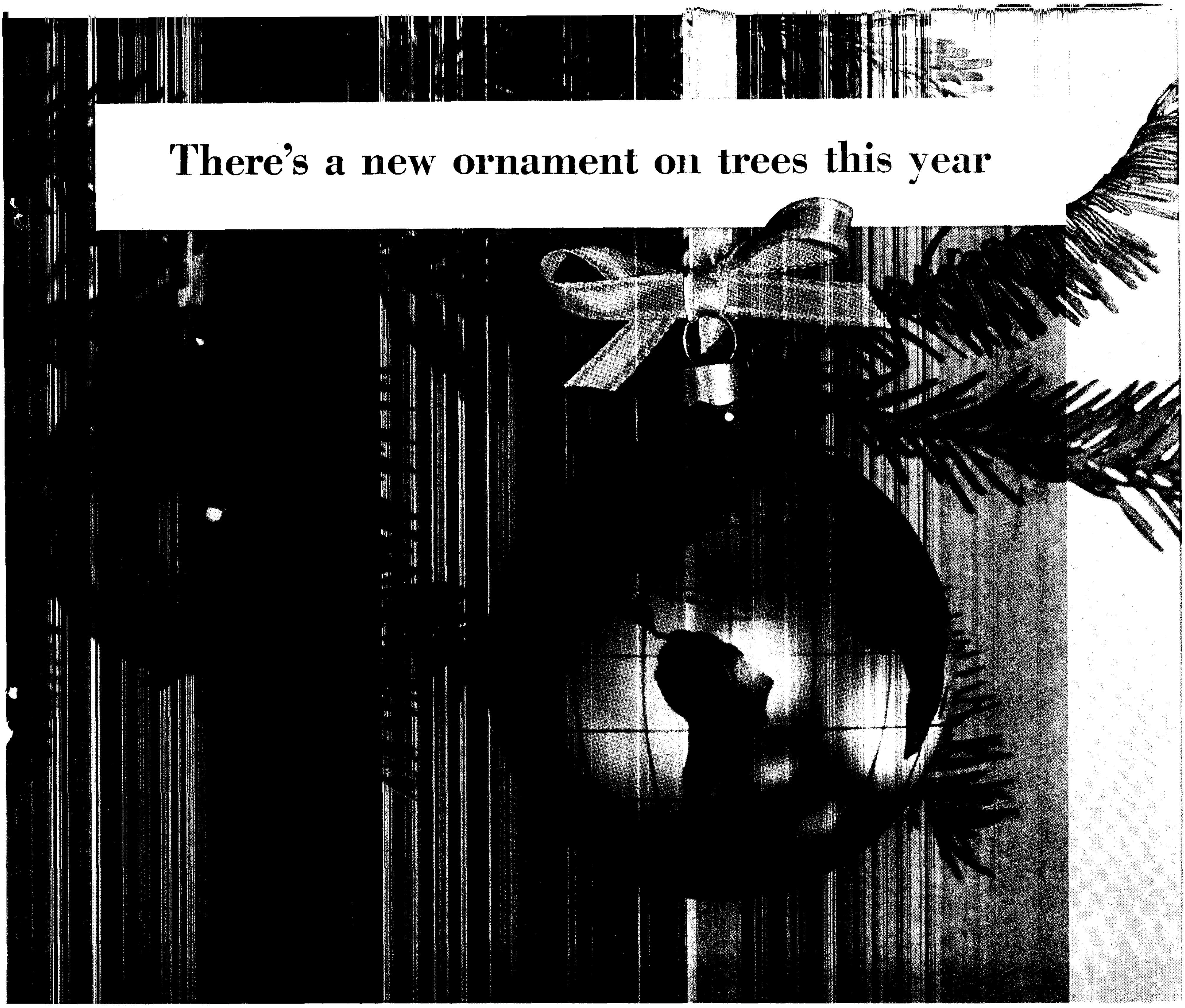
According to the railroads, they are now losing money. In the first six months of 1946, they report, every dollar of rail revenue was spent as follows: for wages, 53.1 cents; for materials and fuel, 25.1 cents; other operating costs, 10 cents; taxes, 7.5 cents; interest, rentals and other fixed charges, 5 cents. That adds up to 100.7 cents—which puts the rails just .7 cents on the red side of the books for each dollar taken in.

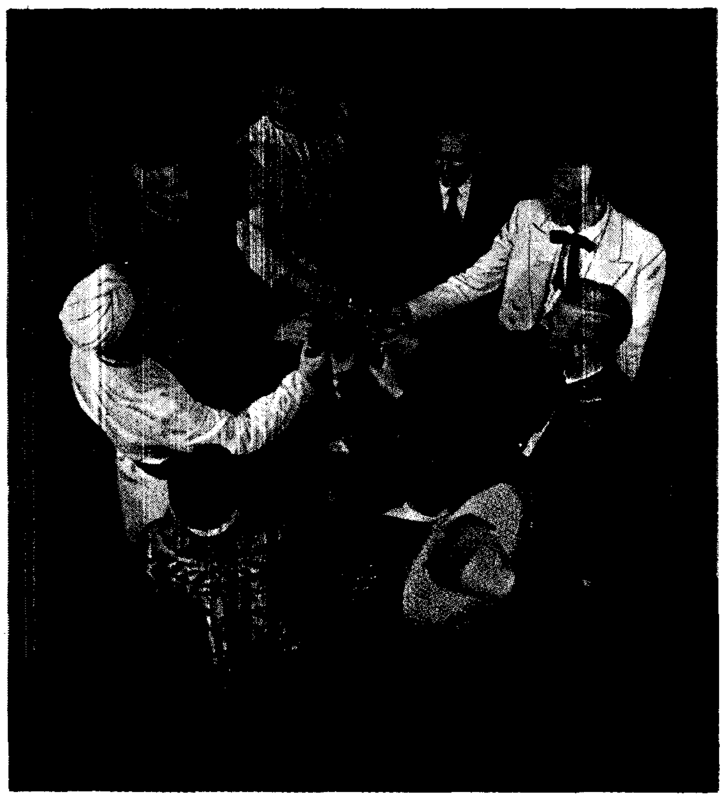
It is calculated that since 1933 there have been five wage boosts on the railroads, for a total of 90 per cent; and that fuel prices are up 117 per cent over 1933 and other supplies 86 per cent.

The war boom is over on the railways. They are still carrying tremendous numbers of passengers, but freight haulage is getting back to normal. There is no sign that planes or trucks will ever supplant the rails as our great carriers of heavy and essential freight. The rails are indispensable to us, in peacetime as well as in war.

All this being the case, we'd suggest that the I.C.C. get a move on, figure out what would be a rate increase yielding "revenues sufficient to enable the carriers . . . to provide . . . efficient transportation," and then just grant such increase.

There's a new ornament on trees this year





Worldwide renown in 87 lands has made a gift of Canadian Club come to mean a rather special "Merry Christmas" in *every* language!

IT'S BRIGHT with promise and burnished with hope. In every home, that globe is an eloquent symbol of the new kinship which we have with all the World.

And it's gained such luster because men and women everywhere decided that the spirit which prevails at Christmas is a pretty good idea the year round.

That's a *big* idea, a *high* ideal. *So* high that we can't expect to achieve it without tensions and the trials of time. But the will is there, the wish closer to fulfillment than it's ever been before!

There's a livelier give and take of opinions among men everywhere. There's good fellowship that in 87 lands so often starts over a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky.

When you stop to think of it, there *must* be something rather special about a whisky that tastes "just right" both to Americans and to men of *every* tongue.

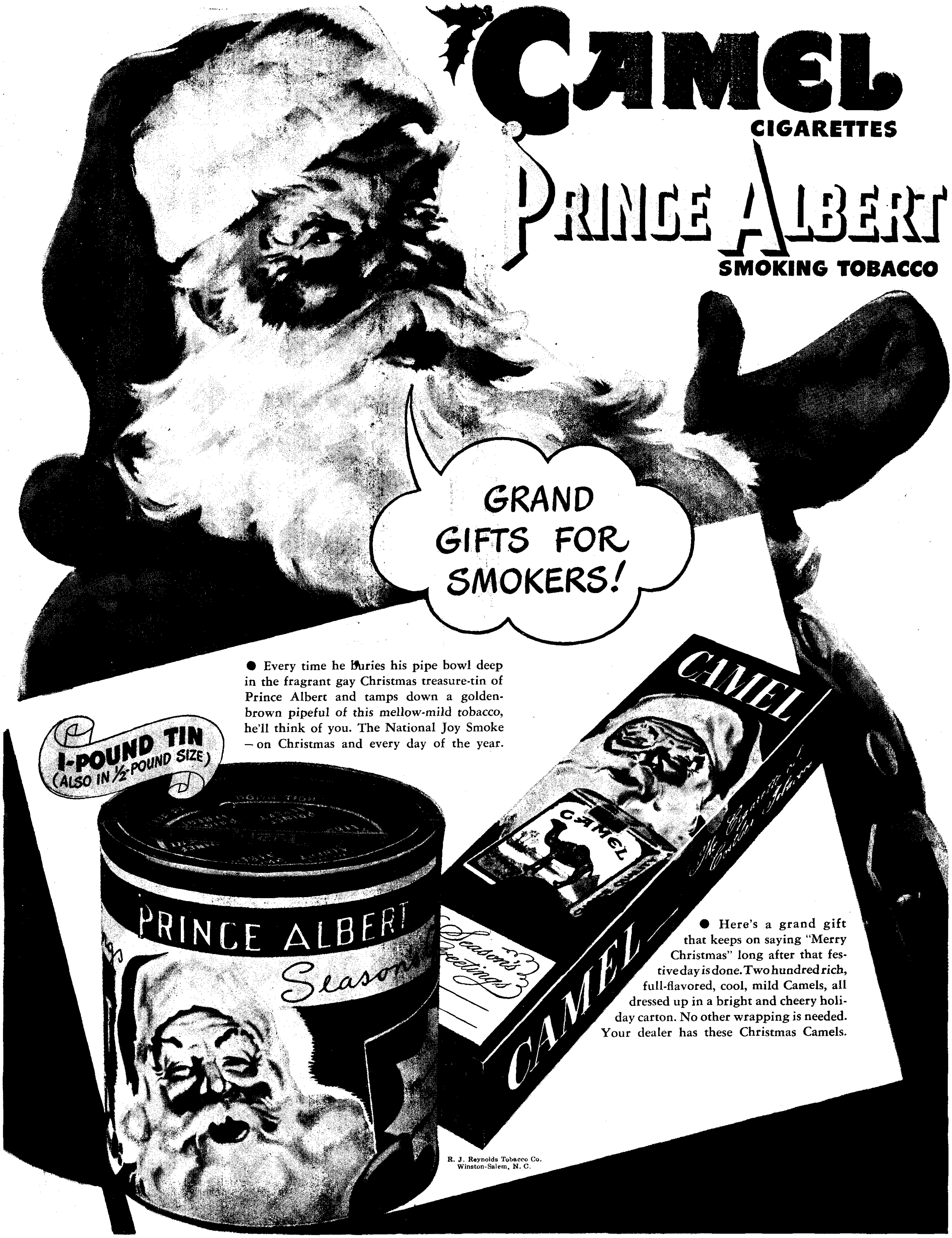
There *is* something rather special about Canadian Club. It is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening... in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof.

CAMEL
CIGARETTES

PRINCE ALBERT
SMOKING TOBACCO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1-POUND TIN (ALSO IN ½-POUND SIZE)
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Season's
CAMEL
CAMEL
Season's Greetings
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● Every time he buries his pipe bowl deep in the fragrant gay Christmas treasure-tin of Prince Albert and tamps down a golden-brown pipeful of this *mellow-mild* tobacco, he'll think of you. The National Joy Smoke — on Christmas and every day of the year.

● Here's a grand gift that keeps on saying "Merry Christmas" long after that festive day *is* done. Two hundred *rich,* full-flavored, cool, mild Camels, all dressed up in a bright and cheery holiday carton. No other wrapping is needed. Your dealer has these Christmas Camels.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
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